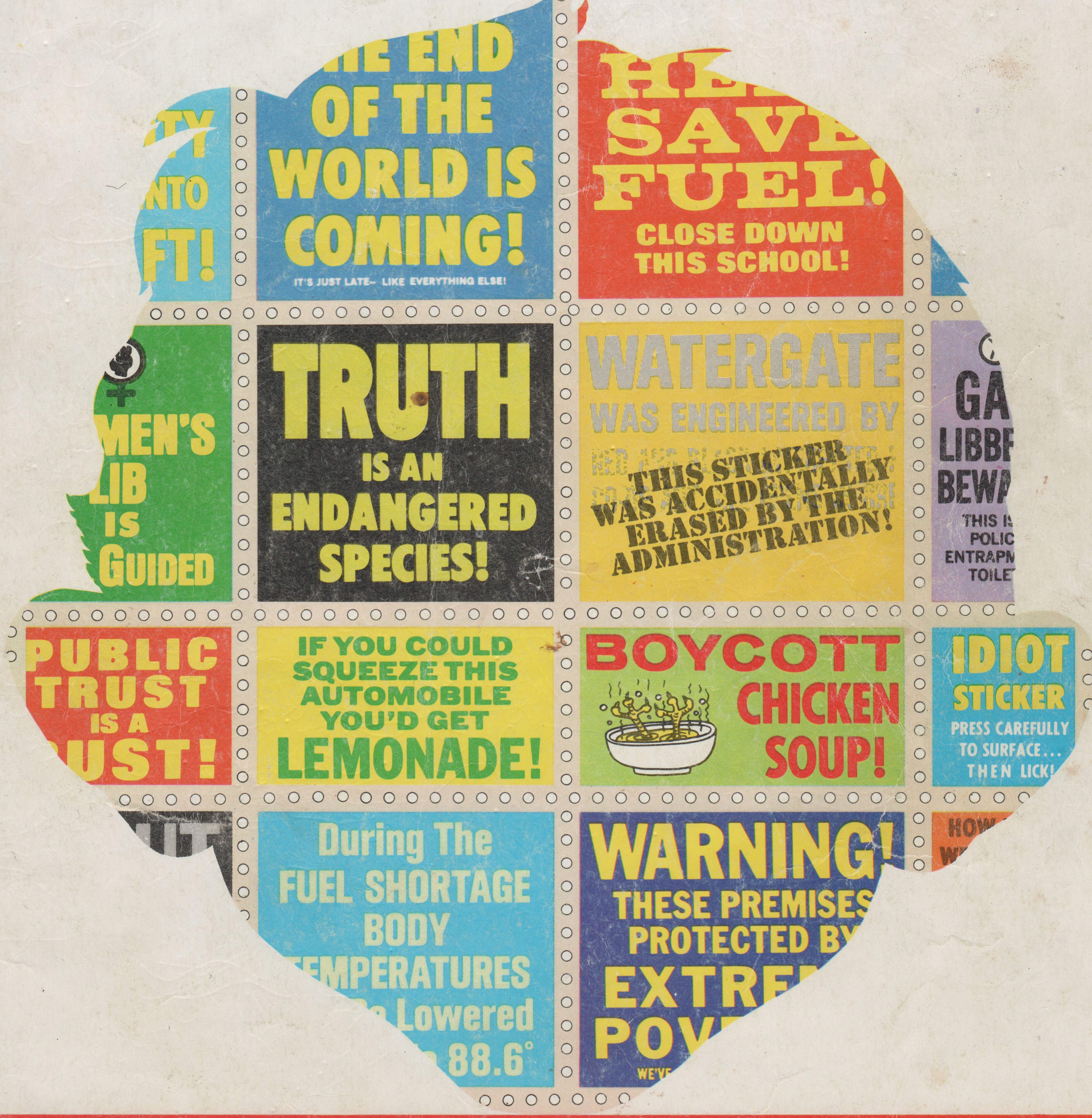
MAD

OUR PRICE
75 c
SUPER
CHEAP
34080

SUPER SPECIAL

NUMBER
THIRTEEN



NTO
FT!
THE END OF THE WORLD IS COMING!
IT'S JUST LATE– LIKE EVERYTHING ELSE!
SAVE FUEL!
CLOSE DOWN THIS SCHOOL!
MEN'S LIB IS GUIDED
TRUTH IS AN ENDANGERED SPECIES!
WATERGATE WAS ENGINEERED BY
THIS STICKER WAS ACCIDENTALLY ERASED BY THE ADMINISTRATION!
GA LIBBE BEWA
THIS IS POLIC ENTRAPM TOILE
PUBLIC TRUST IS A BUST!
IF YOU COULD SQUEEZE THIS AUTOMOBILE YOU'D GET LEMONADE!
BOYCOTT CHICKEN SOUP!
IDIOT STICKER
PRESS CAREFULLY TO SURFACE... THEN LICK!
During The FUEL SHORTAGE BODY TEMPERATURES Lowered 88.6°
WARNING! THESE PREMISES PROTECTED BY EXTRE POV
WE'VE

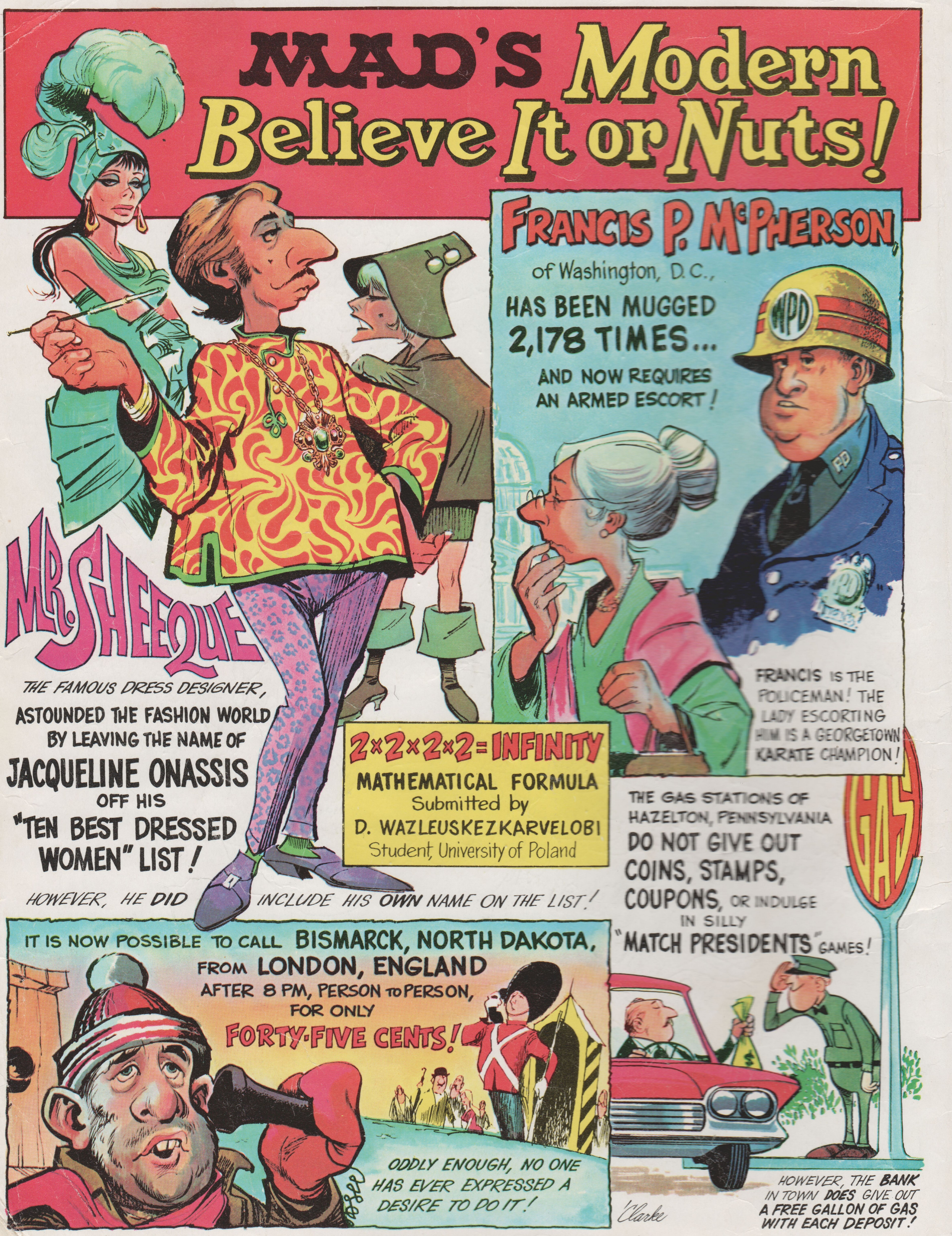
FEATURING A FULL-COLOR DOUBLE FOLD-OUT SUPER BONUS:

MAD SICKIE-STICKIES

(PRE-GLUED AND PERFORATED FOR IMMEDIATE USE, MISUSE AND ABUSE)

PLUS 14 PAGES OF NEVER-BEFORE-PUBLISHED MATERIAL

MAD'S Modern Believe It or Nuts!



MR. SHEEQUE

THE FAMOUS DRESS DESIGNER, ASTOUNDED THE FASHION WORLD BY LEAVING THE NAME OF **JACQUELINE ONASSIS** OFF HIS **"TEN BEST DRESSED WOMEN" LIST!**

*HOWEVER, HE **DID** INCLUDE HIS **OWN** NAME ON THE LIST!*

FRANCIS P. McPHERSON,

of Washington, D.C.,

HAS BEEN MUGGED 2,178 TIMES...

AND NOW REQUIRES AN ARMED ESCORT!

FRANCIS IS THE POLICEMAN! THE LADY ESCORTING HIM IS A GEORGETOWN KARATE CHAMPION!

2×2×2×2 = INFINITY

MATHEMATICAL FORMULA

Submitted by

D. WAZLEUSKEZKARVELOBI

Student, University of Poland

THE GAS STATIONS OF HAZELTON, PENNSYLVANIA **DO NOT GIVE OUT COINS, STAMPS, COUPONS,** OR INDULGE IN SILLY **"MATCH PRESIDENTS"** GAMES!

*HOWEVER, THE **BANK** IN TOWN **DOES** GIVE OUT **A FREE GALLON OF GAS WITH EACH DEPOSIT!***

IT IS NOW POSSIBLE TO CALL **BISMARCK, NORTH DAKOTA,** FROM **LONDON, ENGLAND** AFTER 8 PM, PERSON TO PERSON, FOR ONLY **FORTY-FIVE CENTS!**

ODDLY ENOUGH, NO ONE HAS EVER EXPRESSED A DESIRE TO DO IT!

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN

MAD

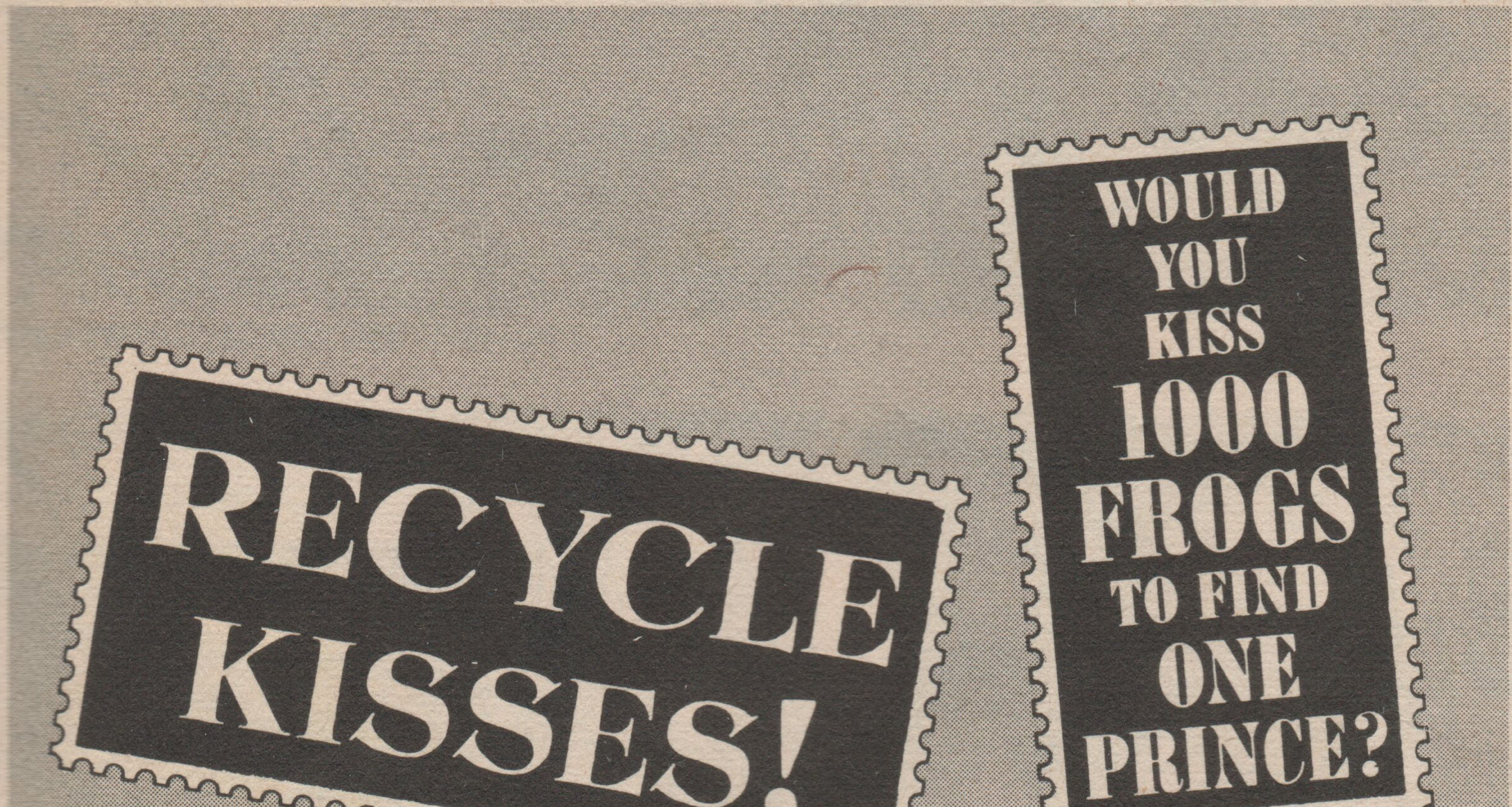
SUPER SPECIAL
NUMBER THIRTEEN

"Blessed are the Censors, for they shall inhibit the Earth!"
—Alfred E. Neuman

WILLIAM M. GAINES *publisher* **ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN** *editor*

JOHN PUTNAM *art director* **LEONARD BRENNER** *production*
JERRY De FUCCIO, NICK MEGLIN *associate editors*

contributing artists and writers
THE USUAL GANG OF IDIOTS


RECYCLE KISSES!
WOULD YOU KISS 1000 FROGS TO FIND ONE PRINCE?
GOD MUST HAVE LOVED MUGGERS! HE MADE SO MANY OF THEM!
DO NOT DISTURB! I'M HAVING AN ENERGY CRISIS!

MAD SUPER SPECIAL NUMBER 13—Published by E.C. Publications, Inc., 485 MADison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022 Entire Contents Copyright © 1969, 1970 and 1974 by E.C. Publications, Inc. The names and characters used in all MAD fiction and semi-fiction are fictitious. A similarity without satiric purpose to a living person is a coincidence.
Printed in U.S.A.

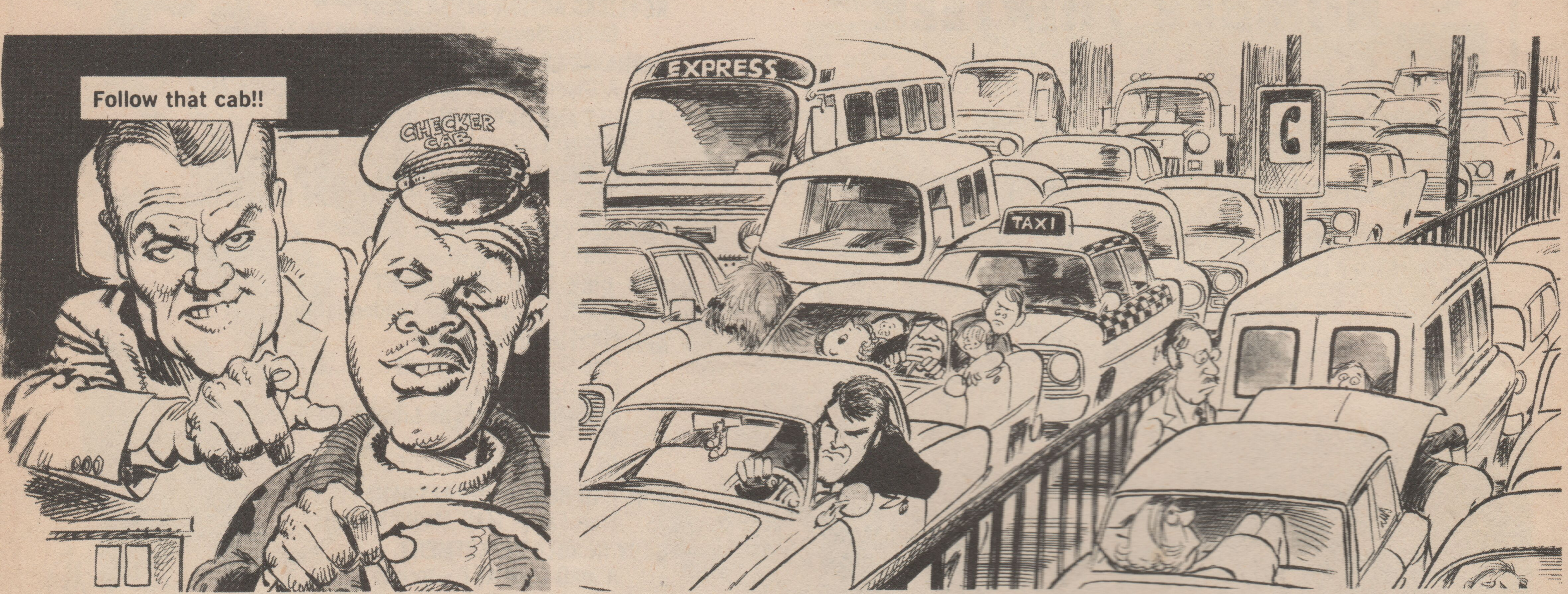
DEPARTMENTS
(In Order Of Their Appearance)

RE-FLICKS ACTION DEPARTMENT
Cliche Movie Scenes Brought Up To Date 2
FRANKING-LY SPEAKING DEPARTMENT
A Glance At A Congressman's Outgoing Mail 5
ASSAULT AND BATTERING DEPARTMENT
A MAD Look At Wars Of Yore 8
HIRE EDUCATION DEPARTMENT
MAD's Famous Department Store Clerk's Course....12
TONGUE-FOO DEPARTMENT
MAD's Sickie-Stickies ....Insert
RUN, DICK, RUN! DEPARTMENT
The Richard Nixon Presidential Primer 17
DON MARTIN DEPARTMENT
One Day In A Tenement 21
One Day Downtown 33
One Morning In The Life Of An Optician 61
The Fitting 75
Once Again In Front Of A Novelty Shop 89
GRIT AND BEAR IT DEPARTMENT
True Fat (A MAD Movie Satire) 22
BODY IN SOLE DEPARTMENT
A MAD Look At Footprints 28
ASK A STUPID QUESTION DEPARTMENT
MAD's Modernized College Entrance Exam 30
MINOR ADJUSTMENT DEPARTMENT
A MAD Look At Two High School Generations 35
BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPARTMENT
The Lighter Side Of Money 38
The Lighter Side Of Family Gatherings 80
JOKE AND DAGGER DEPARTMENT
Spy Vs. Spy 43, 85
POSTAL MORTEMS DEPARTMENT
MAD Condolence Cards For Life's Other Tragedies..44
DOING IT UP "BROWN" DEPARTMENT
If "Peanuts" Were A Weekly TV Series 46
AUTO-SUGGESTION DEPARTMENT
Sports Cars We'd Like To See 50
THE "FAMILIAR" FORM DEPARTMENT
Folksy Income Tax Returns 53
THE STERILE CUCKOOS DEPARTMENT
Makeus Sickby, M.D. (A MAD TV Satire) 55
SPLENDOR ON THE GRASS DEPARTMENT
I Remember, I Remember The Woodstock Fair 62
RIB A DUBBED DUD DEPARTMENT
MAD's Foreign Film Producer Of The Year 65
WE WILL BURY US! DEPARTMENT
21st Century Outdoor Magazine 69
INSIDE-OUCH DEPARTMENT
A Peek Behind The Scenes At The U.S. Congress 76
DEFAMATION OF INDEPENDENCE DEPARTMENT
You Know You're Really On Your Own When... 78
TUNES OF GORY DEPARTMENT
More Up-To-Date Health And Safety Songs 86
COFFEE, TEA OR MILKED DEPARTMENT
"Airplot" (A MAD Movie Satire) 90
MARGINAL THINKING DEPARTMENT
"Drawn-Out Dramas" By Aragones ....**

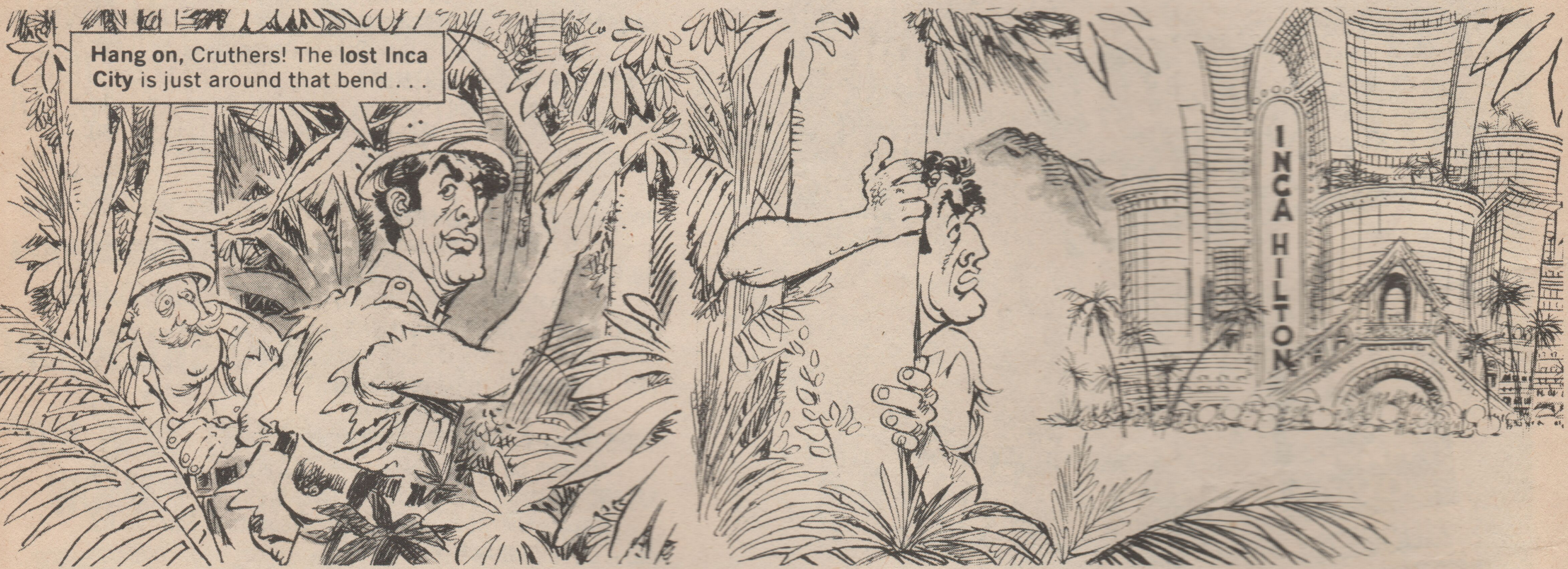
**Various Places Around The Magazine

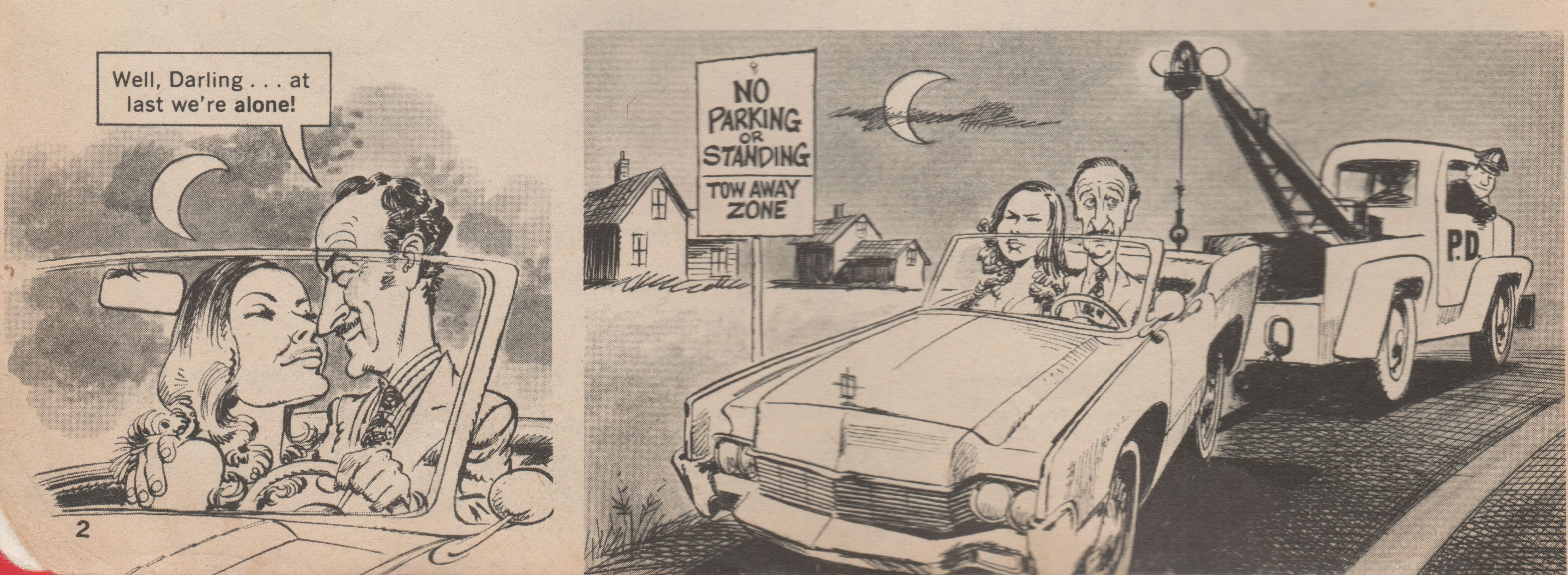
RE-FLICKS ACTION DEPT.

CLICHÉ MOVI

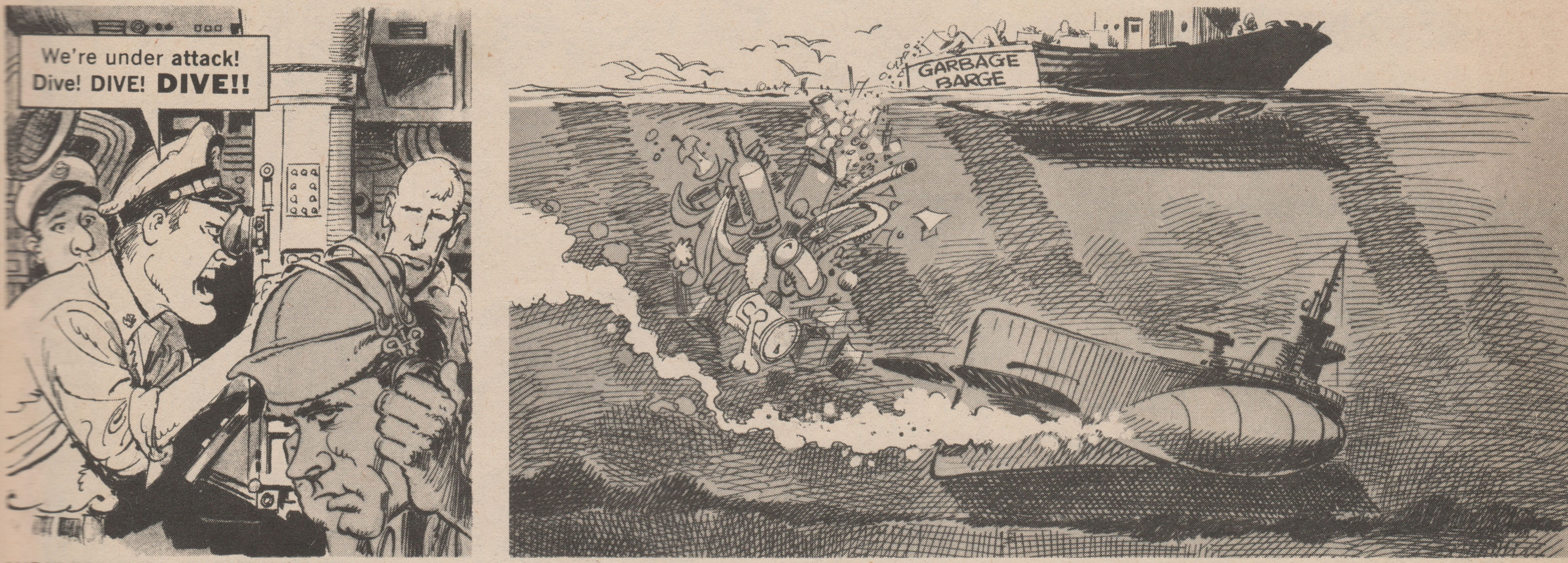

Follow that cab!!
CHECKER CAB
EXPRESS
C
TAXI

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

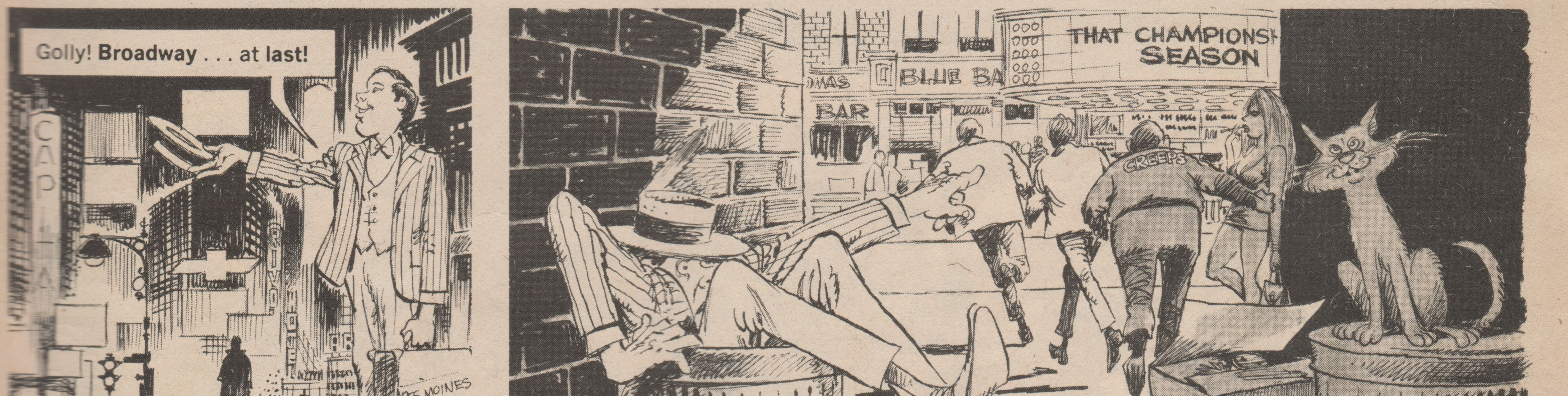

Hang on, Cruthers! The lost Inca City is just around that bend . . .
INCA HILTON

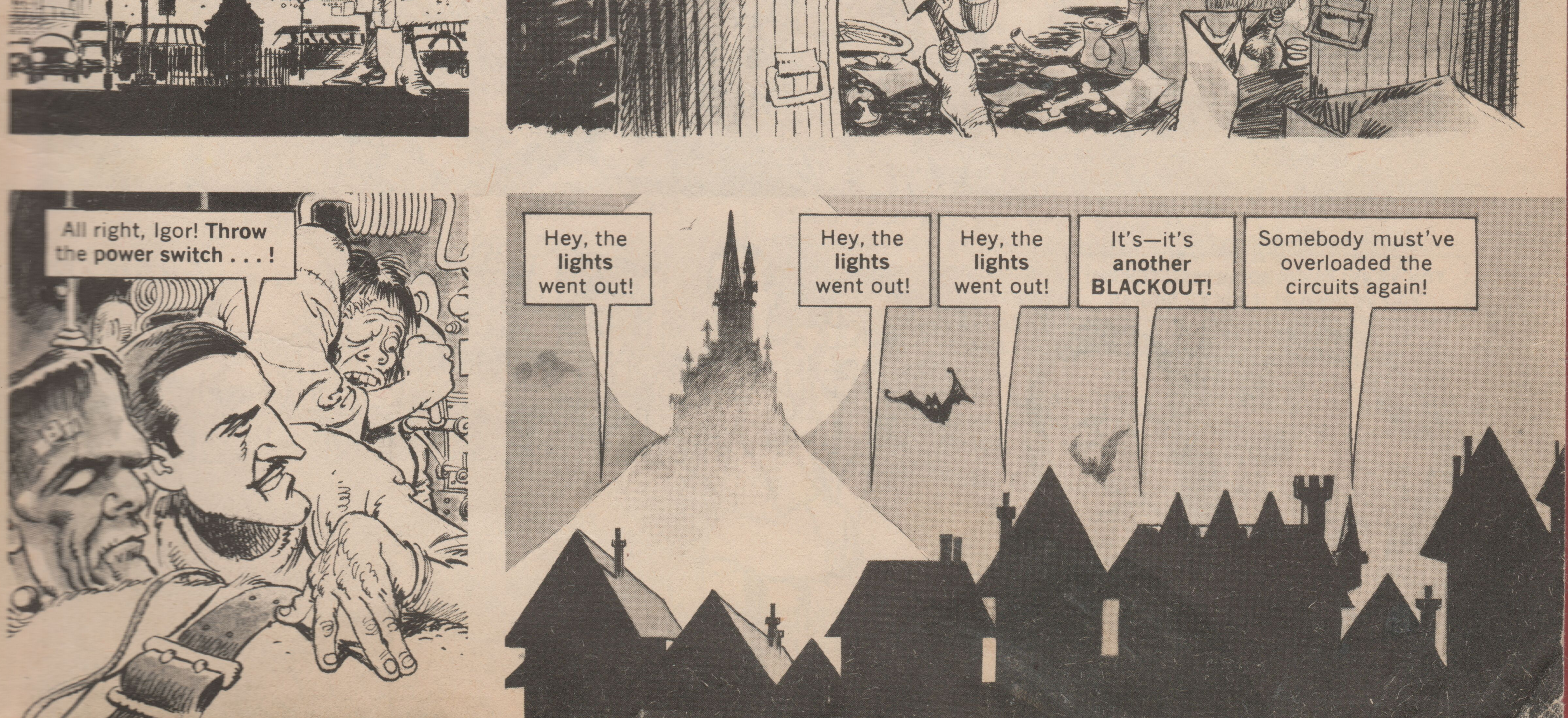

Well, Darling . . . at last we're alone!
NO PARKING OR STANDING
TOW AWAY ZONE
P.D.

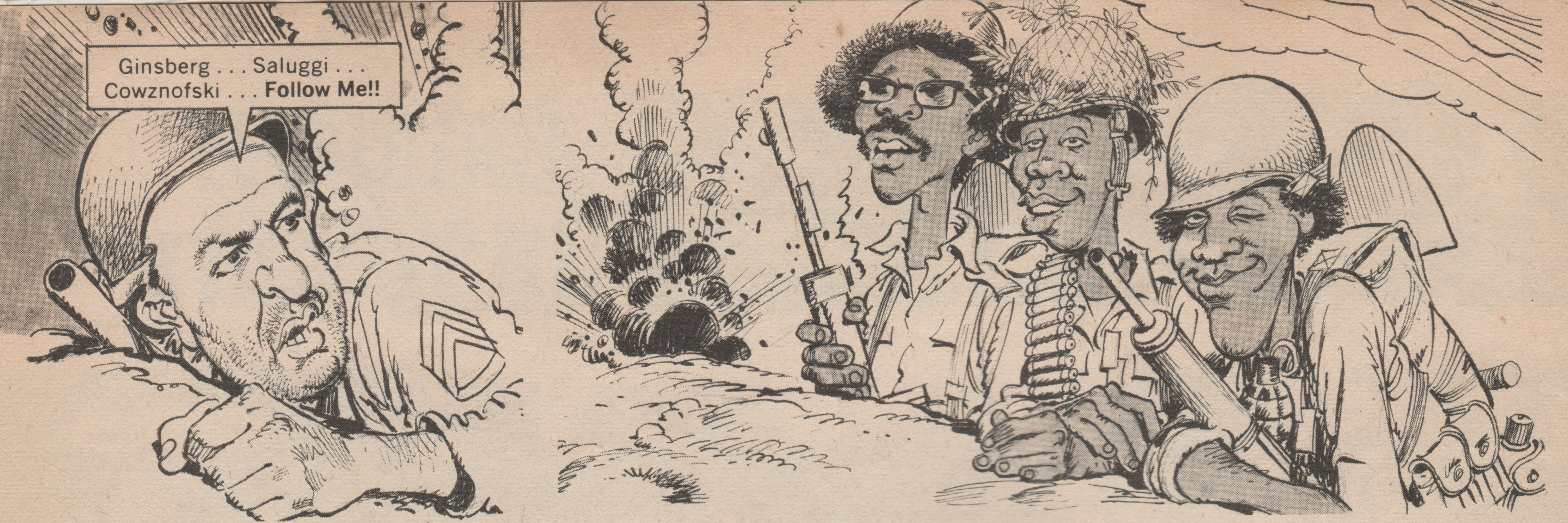
E SCENES BROUGHT UP TO DATE

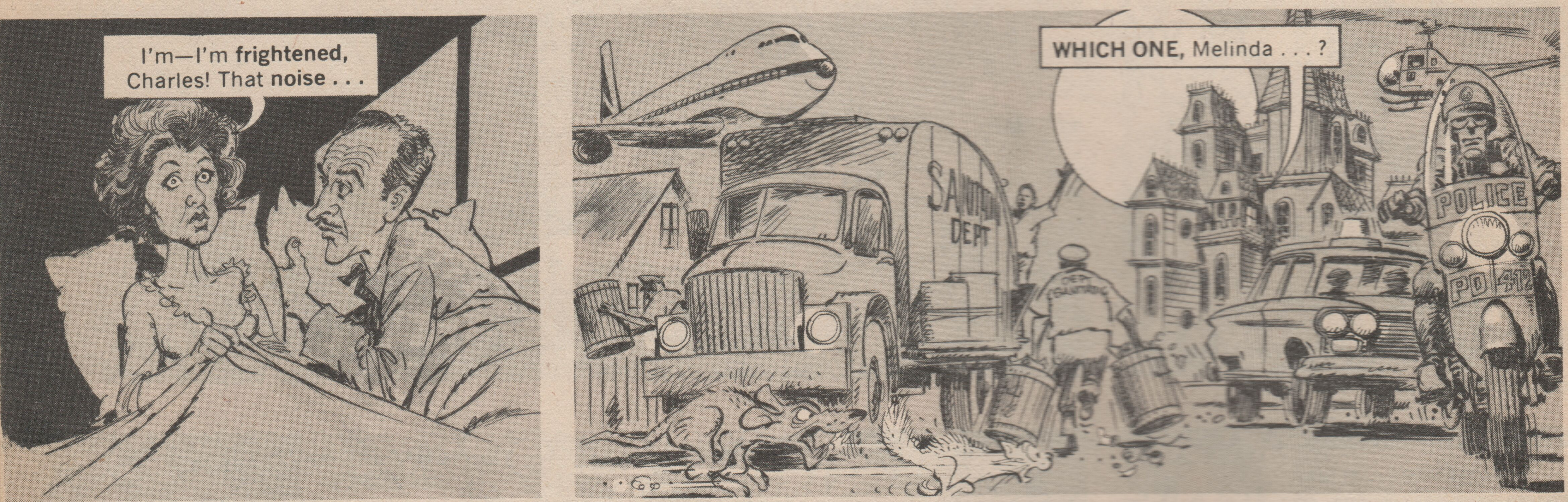

We're under attack! Dive! DIVE! DIVE!!
GARBAGE BARGE

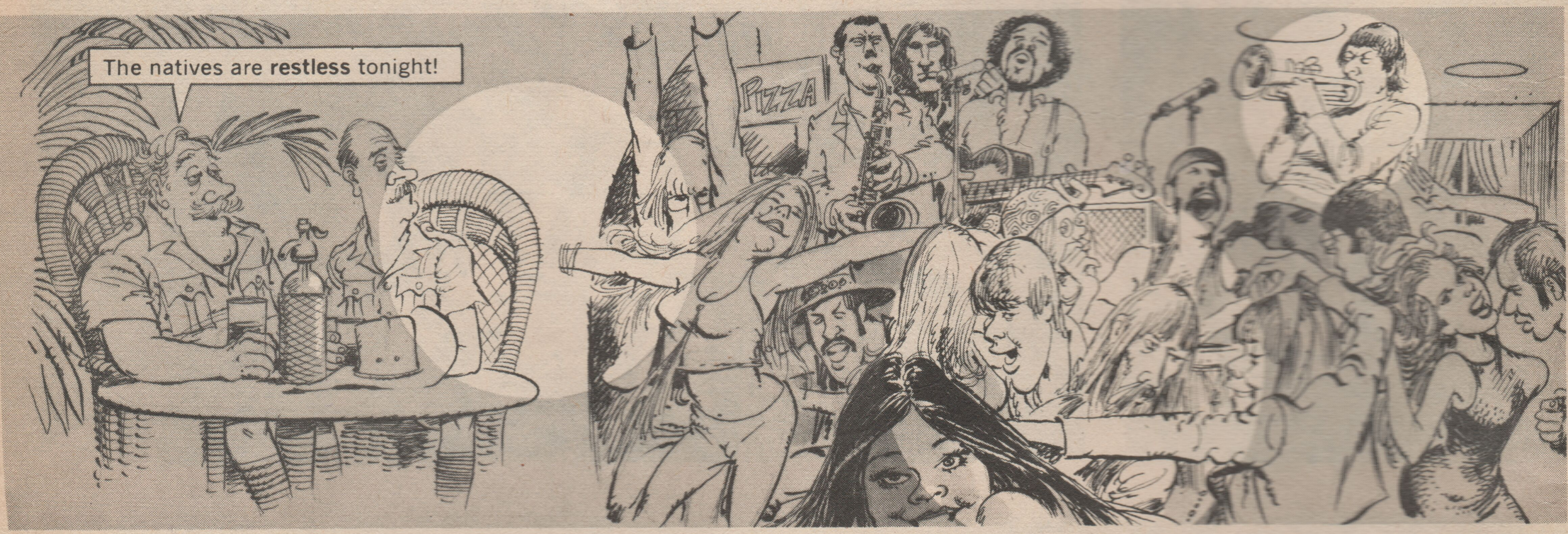
WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES

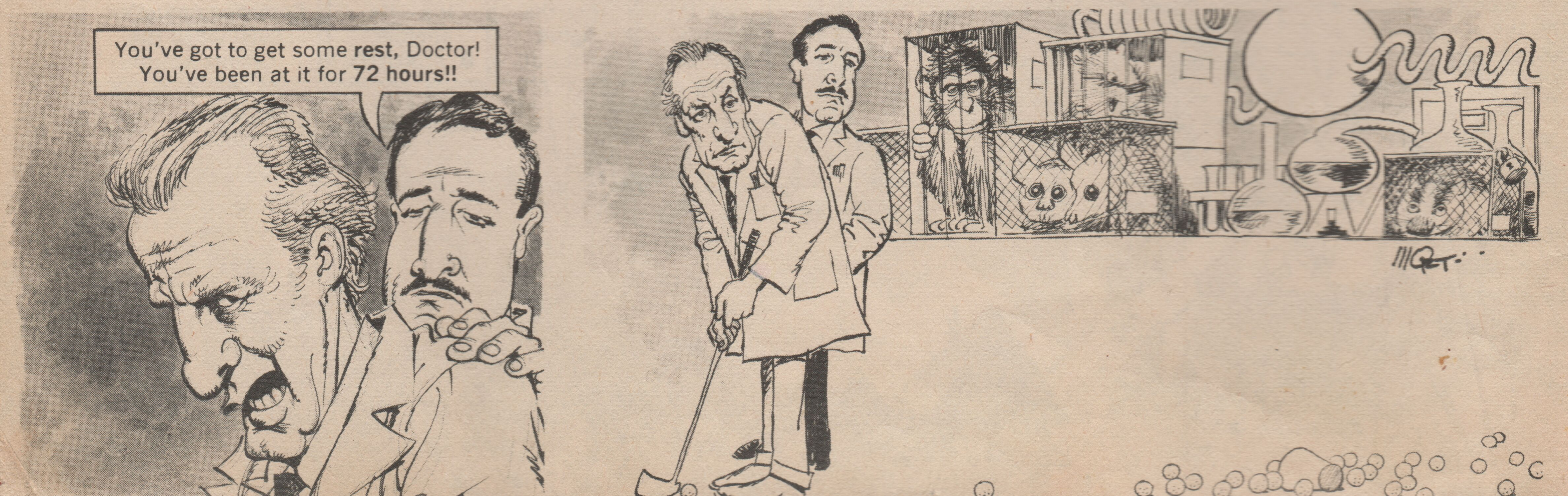

Golly! Broadway . . . at last!
CAPI
DES MOINES
THAT CHAMPIONSH
SEASON
BLUE BA
BAR
CREEPS


All right, Igor! Throw the power switch . . . !
Hey, the lights went out!
Hey, the lights went out!
Hey, the lights went out!
It's—it's another BLACKOUT!
Somebody must've overloaded the circuits again!


Ginsberg . . . Saluggi . . . Cowznofski . . . **Follow Me!!**


I'm—I'm **frightened,** Charles! That **noise . . .**
WHICH ONE, Melinda . . . ?
SANITATION DEPT
POLICE
PD 412


The natives are **restless** tonight!
PIZZA

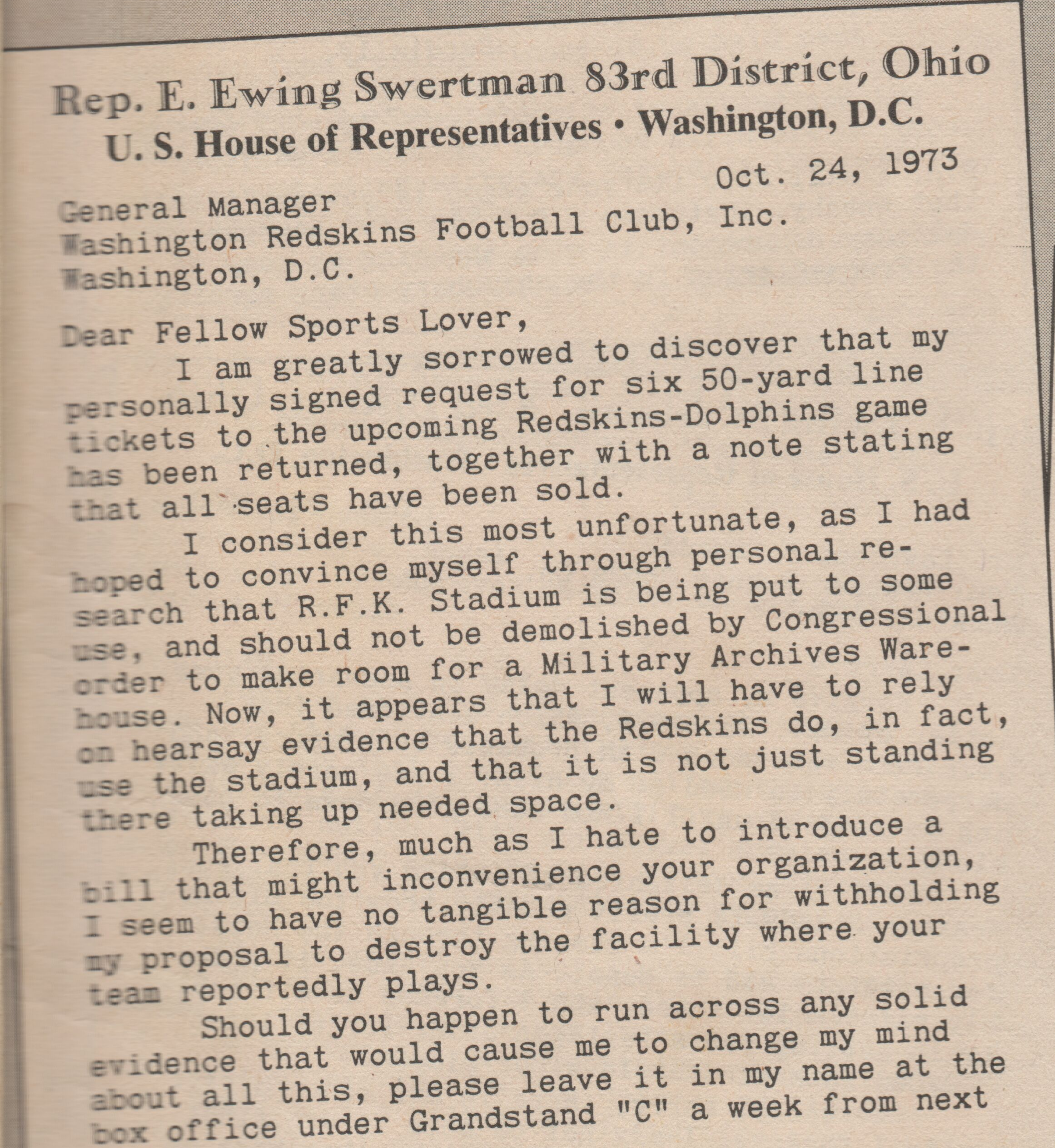

You've got to get some **rest,** Doctor! You've been at it for **72 hours!!**

FRANKING-LY SPEAKING DEPT.

Every year, your Congressman is given thousands of dollars for stationery and secretarial help. But if you write to him, all you ever get back is a two-sentence Form Letter thanking you for your opinion and promising to think about it sometime. So who needs a whole fleet of secretaries to say that? Suddenly curious as to what all those typists really do to use up all that stationery, MAD sneaked into a typical Congressman's office one night and checked out some of his more vital correspondence that few ever see and nobody ever talks about. Since your taxes helped pay for getting these letters written, we think you deserve to look at them too. So come join us for

A MAD GLANCE AT A CONGRESSMAN'S OUTGOING MAIL

WRITER: TOM KOCH



Rep. E. Ewing Swertman 83rd District, Ohio
U. S. House of Representatives • Washington, D.C.

Oct. 24, 1973

General Manager
Washington Redskins Football Club, Inc.
Washington, D.C.

Dear Fellow Sports Lover,

I am greatly sorrowed to discover that my personally signed request for six 50-yard line tickets to the upcoming Redskins-Dolphins game has been returned, together with a note stating that all seats have been sold.

I consider this most unfortunate, as I had hoped to convince myself through personal research that R.F.K. Stadium is being put to some use, and should not be demolished by Congressional order to make room for a Military Archives Warehouse. Now, it appears that I will have to rely on hearsay evidence that the Redskins do, in fact, use the stadium, and that it is not just standing there taking up needed space.

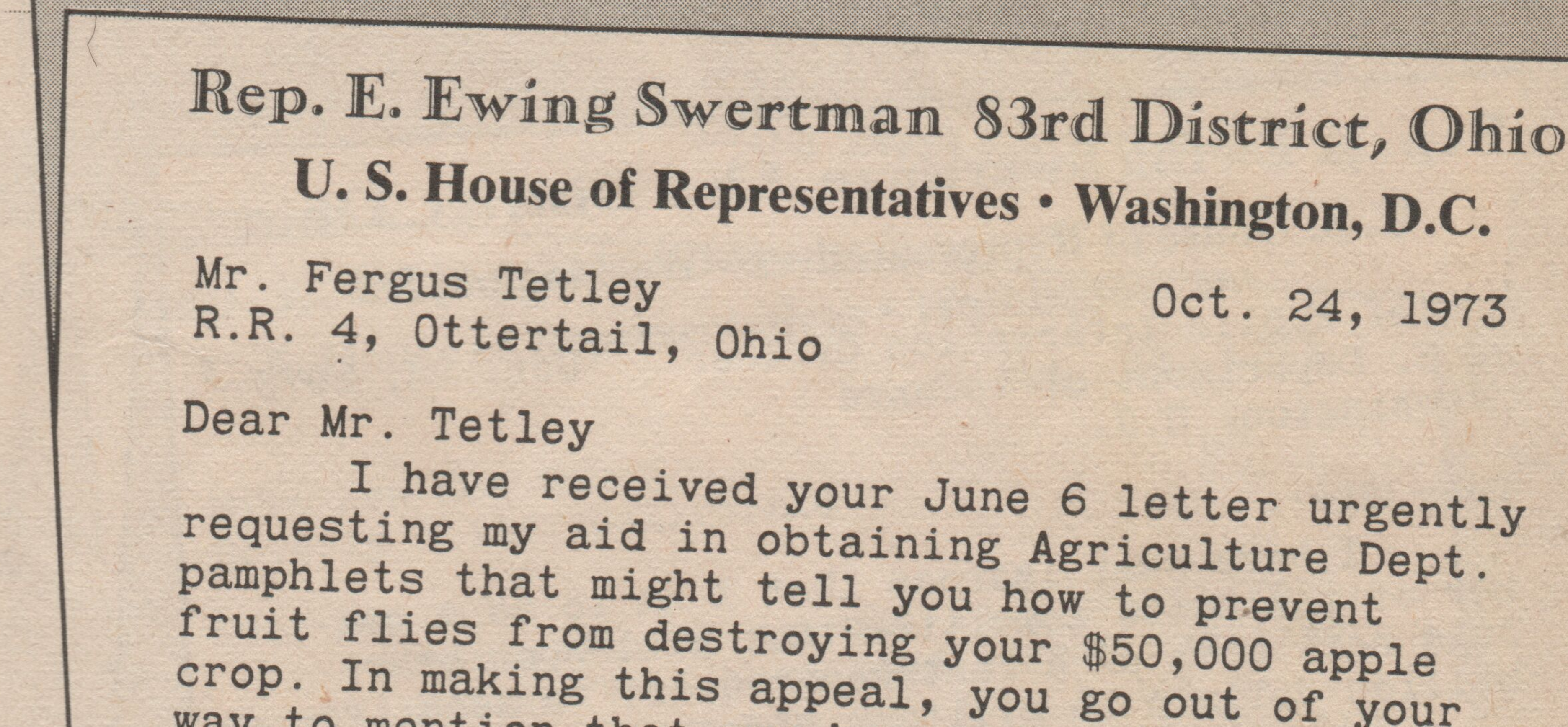
Therefore, much as I hate to introduce a bill that might inconvenience your organization, I seem to have no tangible reason for withholding my proposal to destroy the facility where your team reportedly plays.

Should you happen to run across any solid evidence that would cause me to change my mind about all this, please leave it in my name at the box office under Grandstand "C" a week from next Sunday.

Yours in the cause of just legislation,

E. Ewing Swertman

E. Ewing Swertman
Highly Influential Congressman



Rep. E. Ewing Swertman 83rd District, Ohio
U. S. House of Representatives • Washington, D.C.

Mr. Fergus Tetley
R.R. 4, Ottertail, Ohio

Oct. 24, 1973

Dear Mr. Tetley

I have received your June 6 letter urgently requesting my aid in obtaining Agriculture Dept. pamphlets that might tell you how to prevent fruit flies from destroying your $50,000 apple crop. In making this appeal, you go out of your way to mention that you have voted for me in every election since 1966, and made a large donation to my 1972 campaign.

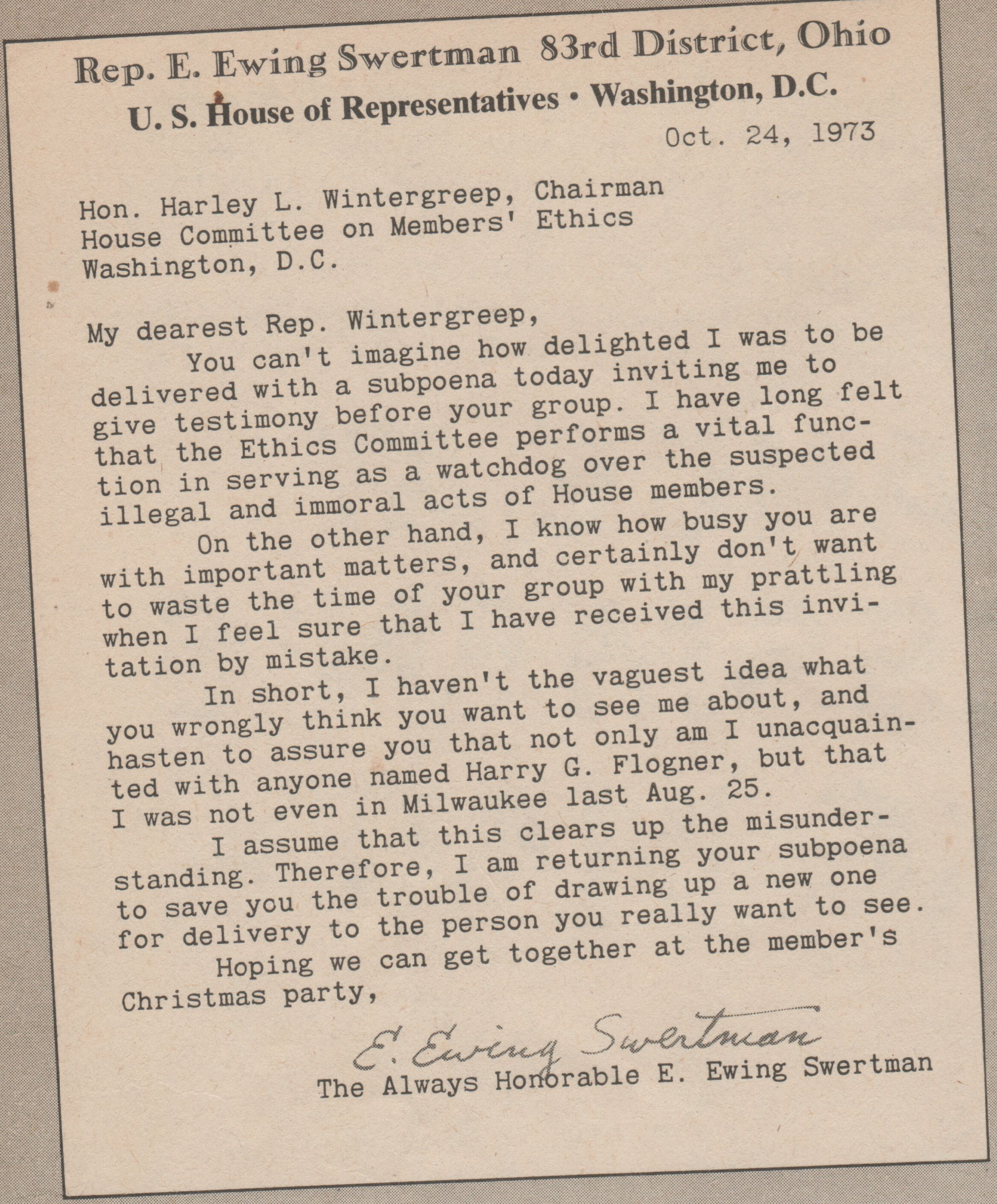
May I state in response that I am not some tinhorn politician who can be bought off by your kind. You may not know it, but there are laws to punish campaign contributors who then seek special favors for their money. Also, you may not know that I am a deeply religious man who believes that if the good Lord had meant for your crop to be spared from fruit flies, He would have so provided. You may not even know that I am an ardent conservationist who assumes that fruit flies possibly play some role in maintaining the ecological balance of nature.

One final thing you may not know: Right after the 1972 election, new Congressional boundaries were drawn in Ohio, with the result that you no longer live in my district. Therefore, kindly buzz off and stop whining to me over every little problem that comes up in your life.

With forthright and utmost integrity,

E. Ewing Swertman

Rep. E. Ewing Swertman
83rd District, Ohio



Rep. E. Ewing Swertman 83rd District, Ohio
U. S. House of Representatives • Washington, D.C.

Oct. 24, 1973

Hon. Harley L. Wintergreep, Chairman
House Committee on Members' Ethics
Washington, D.C.

My dearest Rep. Wintergreep,

You can't imagine how delighted I was to be delivered with a subpoena today inviting me to give testimony before your group. I have long felt that the Ethics Committee performs a vital function in serving as a watchdog over the suspected illegal and immoral acts of House members.

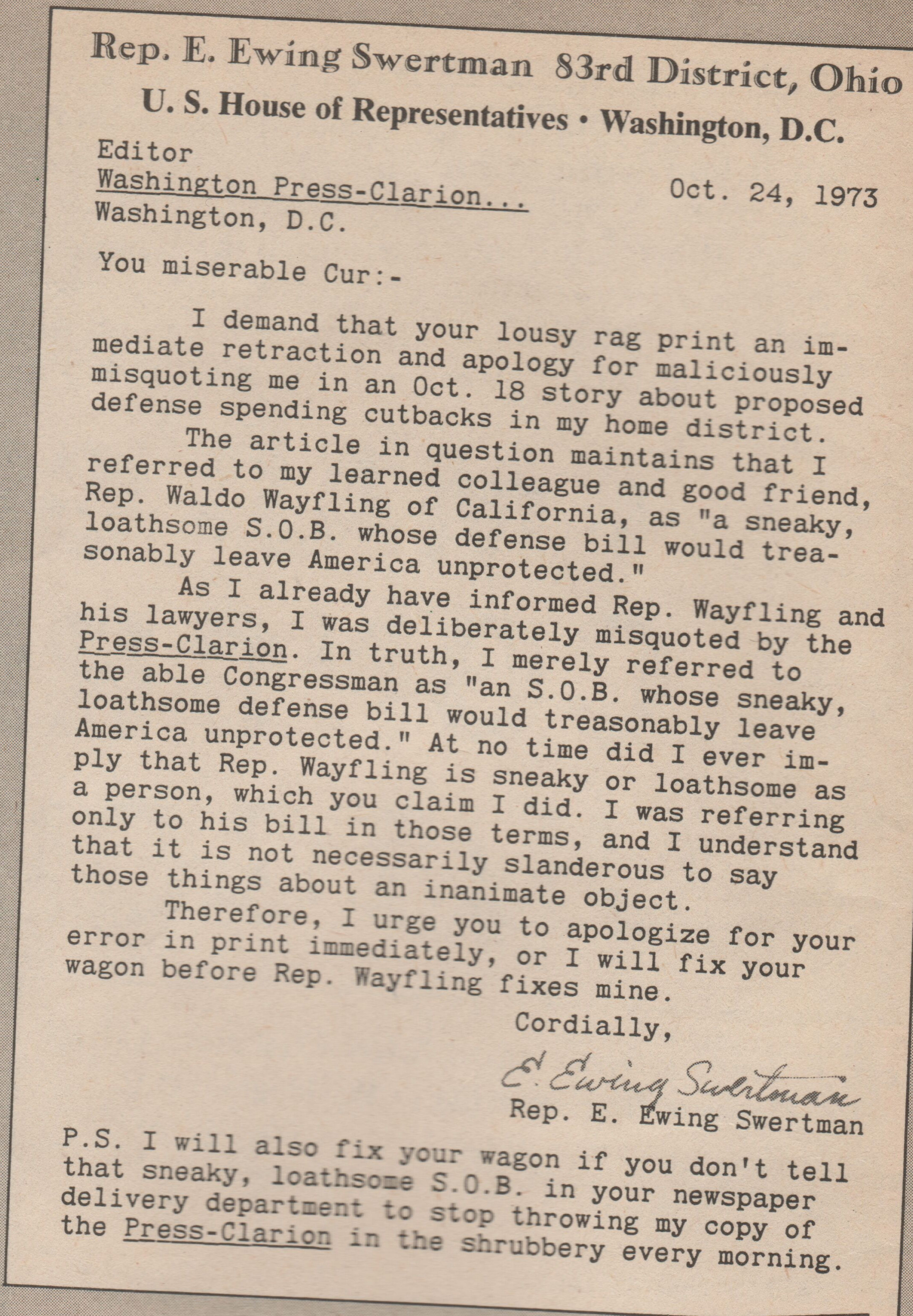
On the other hand, I know how busy you are with important matters, and certainly don't want to waste the time of your group with my prattling when I feel sure that I have received this invitation by mistake.

In short, I haven't the vaguest idea what you wrongly think you want to see me about, and hasten to assure you that not only am I unacquainted with anyone named Harry G. Flogner, but that I was not even in Milwaukee last Aug. 25.

I assume that this clears up the misunderstanding. Therefore, I am returning your subpoena to save you the trouble of drawing up a new one for delivery to the person you really want to see.

Hoping we can get together at the member's Christmas party,

E. Ewing Swertman
The Always Honorable E. Ewing Swertman



Rep. E. Ewing Swertman 83rd District, Ohio
U. S. House of Representatives • Washington, D.C.

Editor
Washington Press-Clarion...
Washington, D.C.

Oct. 24, 1973

You miserable Cur:-

I demand that your lousy rag print an immediate retraction and apology for maliciously misquoting me in an Oct. 18 story about proposed defense spending cutbacks in my home district.

The article in question maintains that I referred to my learned colleague and good friend, Rep. Waldo Wayfling of California, as "a sneaky, loathsome S.O.B. whose defense bill would treasonably leave America unprotected."

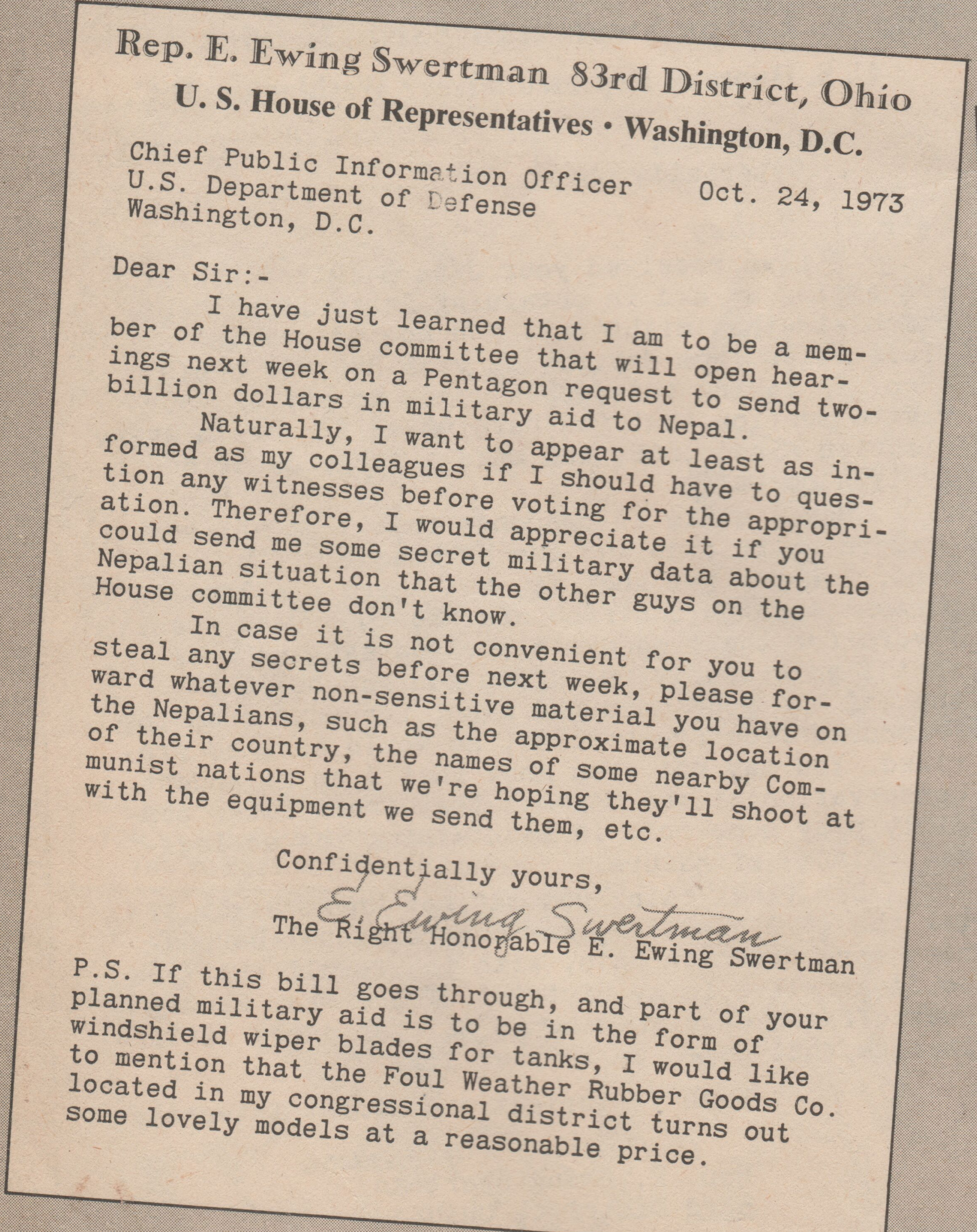
As I already have informed Rep. Wayfling and his lawyers, I was deliberately misquoted by the Press-Clarion. In truth, I merely referred to the able Congressman as "an S.O.B. whose sneaky, loathsome defense bill would treasonably leave America unprotected." At no time did I ever imply that Rep. Wayfling is sneaky or loathsome as a person, which you claim I did. I was referring only to his bill in those terms, and I understand that it is not necessarily slanderous to say those things about an inanimate object.

Therefore, I urge you to apologize for your error in print immediately, or I will fix your wagon before Rep. Wayfling fixes mine.

Cordially,

E. Ewing Swertman
Rep. E. Ewing Swertman

P.S. I will also fix your wagon if you don't tell that sneaky, loathsome S.O.B. in your newspaper delivery department to stop throwing my copy of the Press-Clarion in the shrubbery every morning.



Rep. E. Ewing Swertman 83rd District, Ohio
U. S. House of Representatives • Washington, D.C.

Chief Public Information Officer
U.S. Department of Defense
Washington, D.C.

Oct. 24, 1973

Dear Sir:-

I have just learned that I am to be a member of the House committee that will open hearings next week on a Pentagon request to send two-billion dollars in military aid to Nepal.

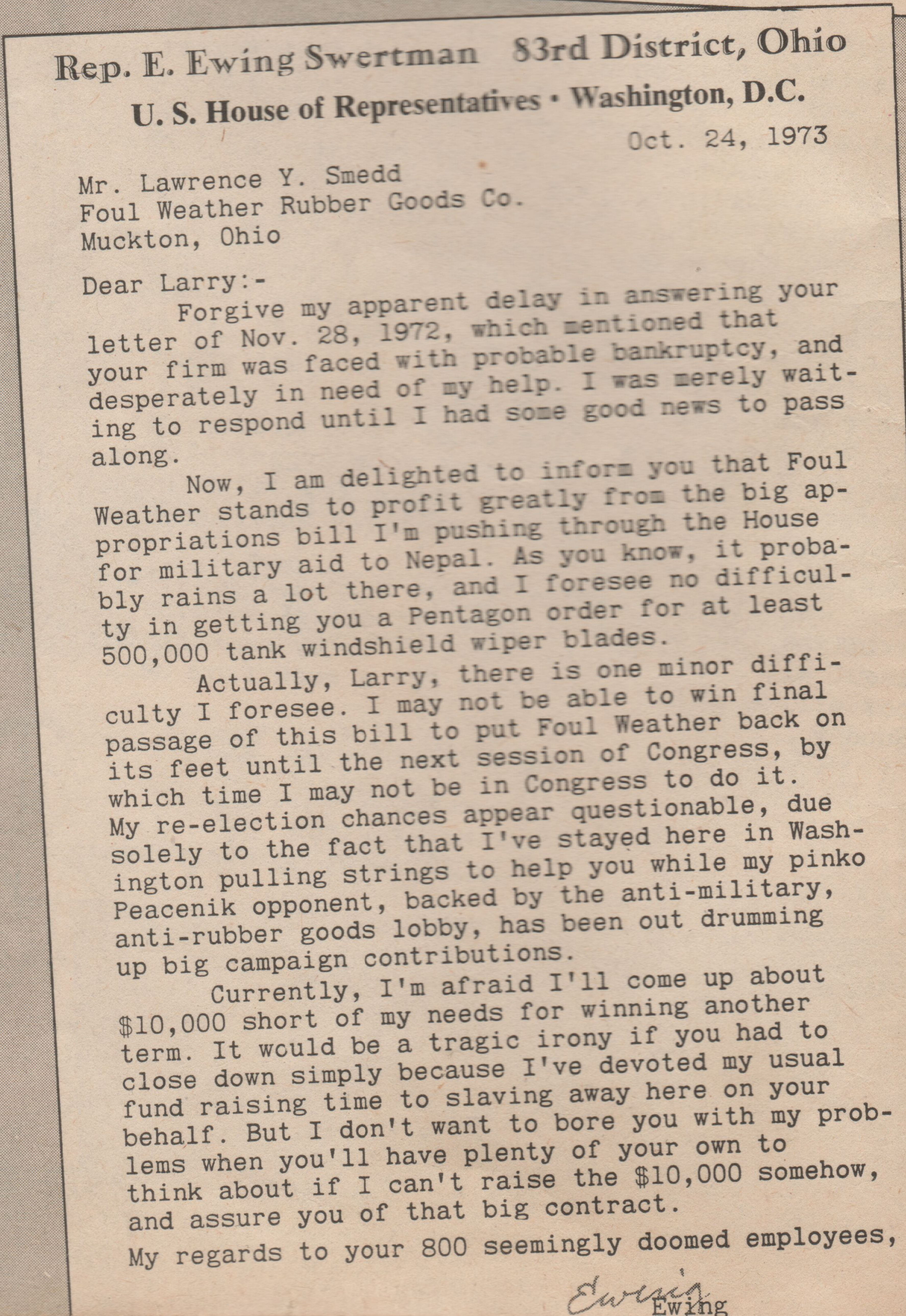
Naturally, I want to appear at least as informed as my colleagues if I should have to question any witnesses before voting for the appropriation. Therefore, I would appreciate it if you could send me some secret military data about the Nepalian situation that the other guys on the House committee don't know.

In case it is not convenient for you to steal any secrets before next week, please forward whatever non-sensitive material you have on the Nepalians, such as the approximate location of their country, the names of some nearby Communist nations that we're hoping they'll shoot at with the equipment we send them, etc.

Confidentially yours,

E. Ewing Swertman
The Right Honorable E. Ewing Swertman

P.S. If this bill goes through, and part of your planned military aid is to be in the form of windshield wiper blades for tanks, I would like to mention that the Foul Weather Rubber Goods Co. located in my congressional district turns out some lovely models at a reasonable price.



Rep. E. Ewing Swertman 83rd District, Ohio
U. S. House of Representatives • Washington, D.C.

Oct. 24, 1973

Mr. Lawrence Y. Smedd
Foul Weather Rubber Goods Co.
Muckton, Ohio

Dear Larry:-

Forgive my apparent delay in answering your letter of Nov. 28, 1972, which mentioned that your firm was faced with probable bankruptcy, and desperately in need of my help. I was merely waiting to respond until I had some good news to pass along.

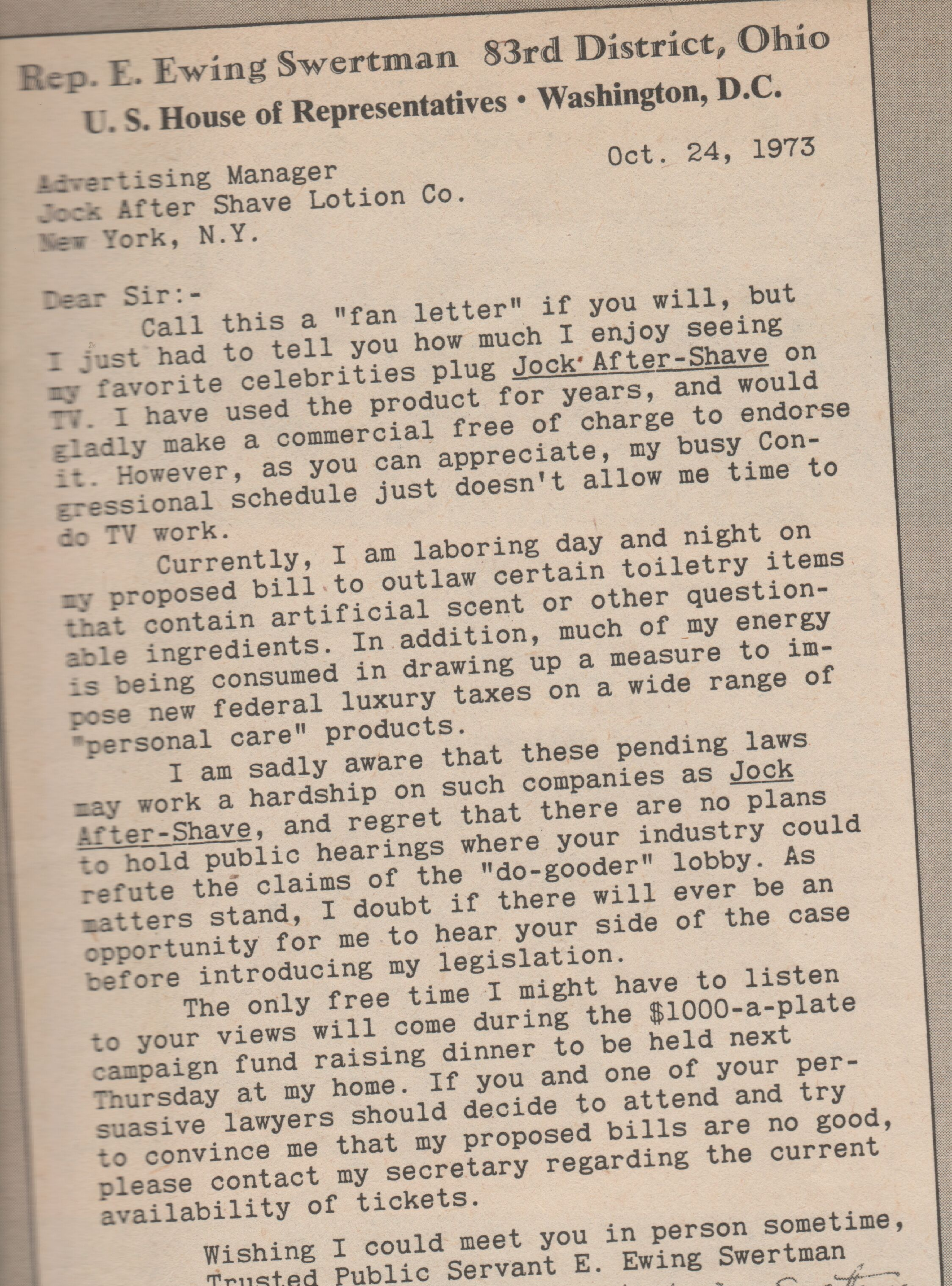
Now, I am delighted to inform you that Foul Weather stands to profit greatly from the big appropriations bill I'm pushing through the House for military aid to Nepal. As you know, it probably rains a lot there, and I foresee no difficulty in getting you a Pentagon order for at least 500,000 tank windshield wiper blades.

Actually, Larry, there is one minor difficulty I foresee. I may not be able to win final passage of this bill to put Foul Weather back on its feet until the next session of Congress, by which time I may not be in Congress to do it. My re-election chances appear questionable, due solely to the fact that I've stayed here in Washington pulling strings to help you while my pinko Peacenik opponent, backed by the anti-military, anti-rubber goods lobby, has been out drumming up big campaign contributions.

Currently, I'm afraid I'll come up about $10,000 short of my needs for winning another term. It would be a tragic irony if you had to close down simply because I've devoted my usual fund raising time to slaving away here on your behalf. But I don't want to bore you with my problems when you'll have plenty of your own to think about if I can't raise the $10,000 somehow, and assure you of that big contract.

My regards to your 800 seemingly doomed employees,

Ewing
Ewing



Rep. E. Ewing Swertman 83rd District, Ohio
U. S. House of Representatives • Washington, D.C.

Oct. 24, 1973

Advertising Manager
Jock After Shave Lotion Co.
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sir:-

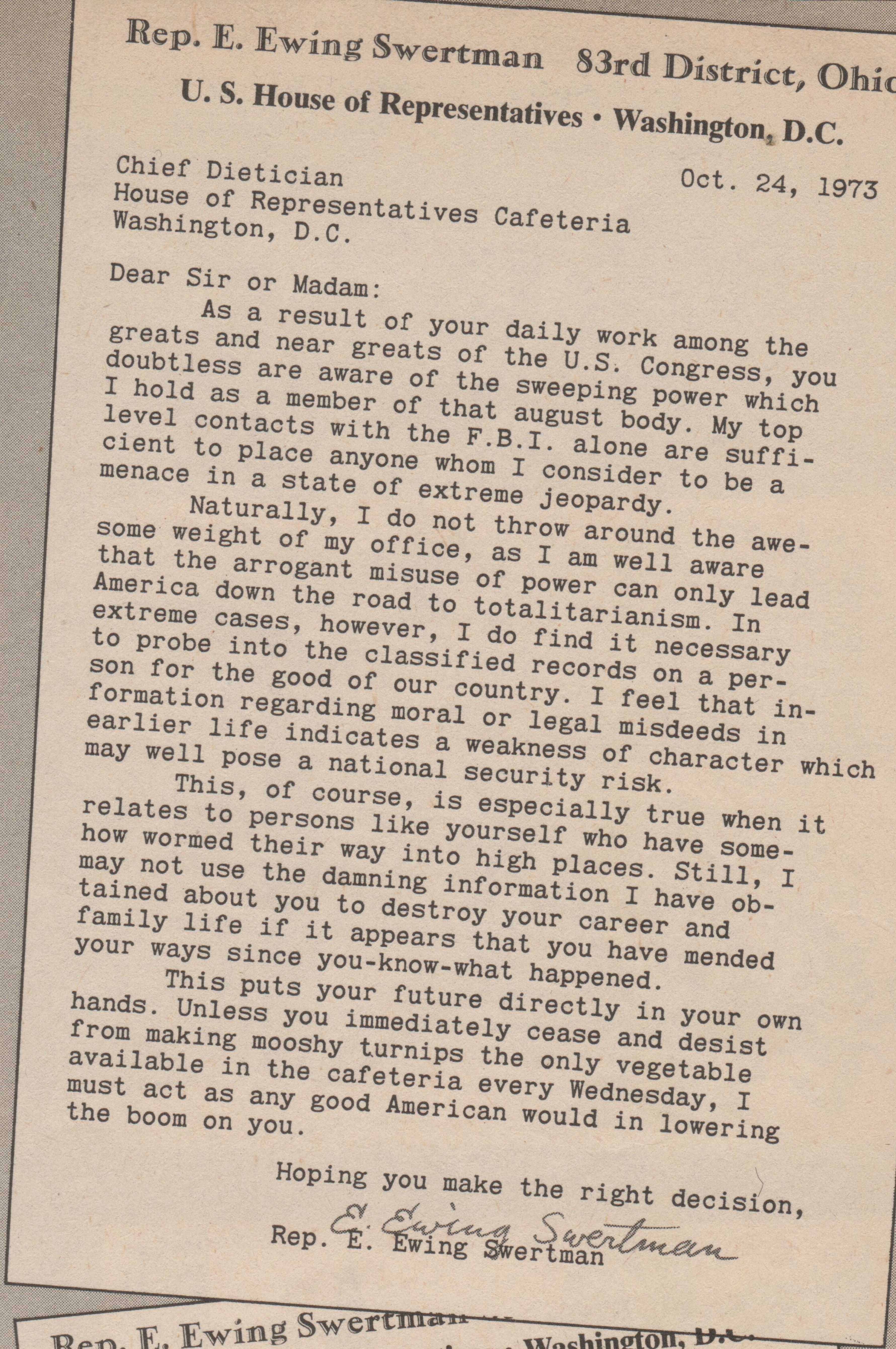
Call this a "fan letter" if you will, but I just had to tell you how much I enjoy seeing my favorite celebrities plug Jock After-Shave on TV. I have used the product for years, and would gladly make a commercial free of charge to endorse it. However, as you can appreciate, my busy Congressional schedule just doesn't allow me time to do TV work.

Currently, I am laboring day and night on my proposed bill to outlaw certain toiletry items that contain artificial scent or other questionable ingredients. In addition, much of my energy is being consumed in drawing up a measure to impose new federal luxury taxes on a wide range of "personal care" products.

I am sadly aware that these pending laws may work a hardship on such companies as Jock After-Shave, and regret that there are no plans to hold public hearings where your industry could refute the claims of the "do-gooder" lobby. As matters stand, I doubt if there will ever be an opportunity for me to hear your side of the case before introducing my legislation.

The only free time I might have to listen to your views will come during the $1000-a-plate campaign fund raising dinner to be held next Thursday at my home. If you and one of your persuasive lawyers should decide to attend and try to convince me that my proposed bills are no good, please contact my secretary regarding the current availability of tickets.

Wishing I could meet you in person sometime,
Trusted Public Servant E. Ewing Swertman
E. Ewing Swertman



Rep. E. Ewing Swertman 83rd District, Ohio
U. S. House of Representatives • Washington, D.C.

Oct. 24, 1973

Chief Dietician
House of Representatives Cafeteria
Washington, D.C.

Dear Sir or Madam:

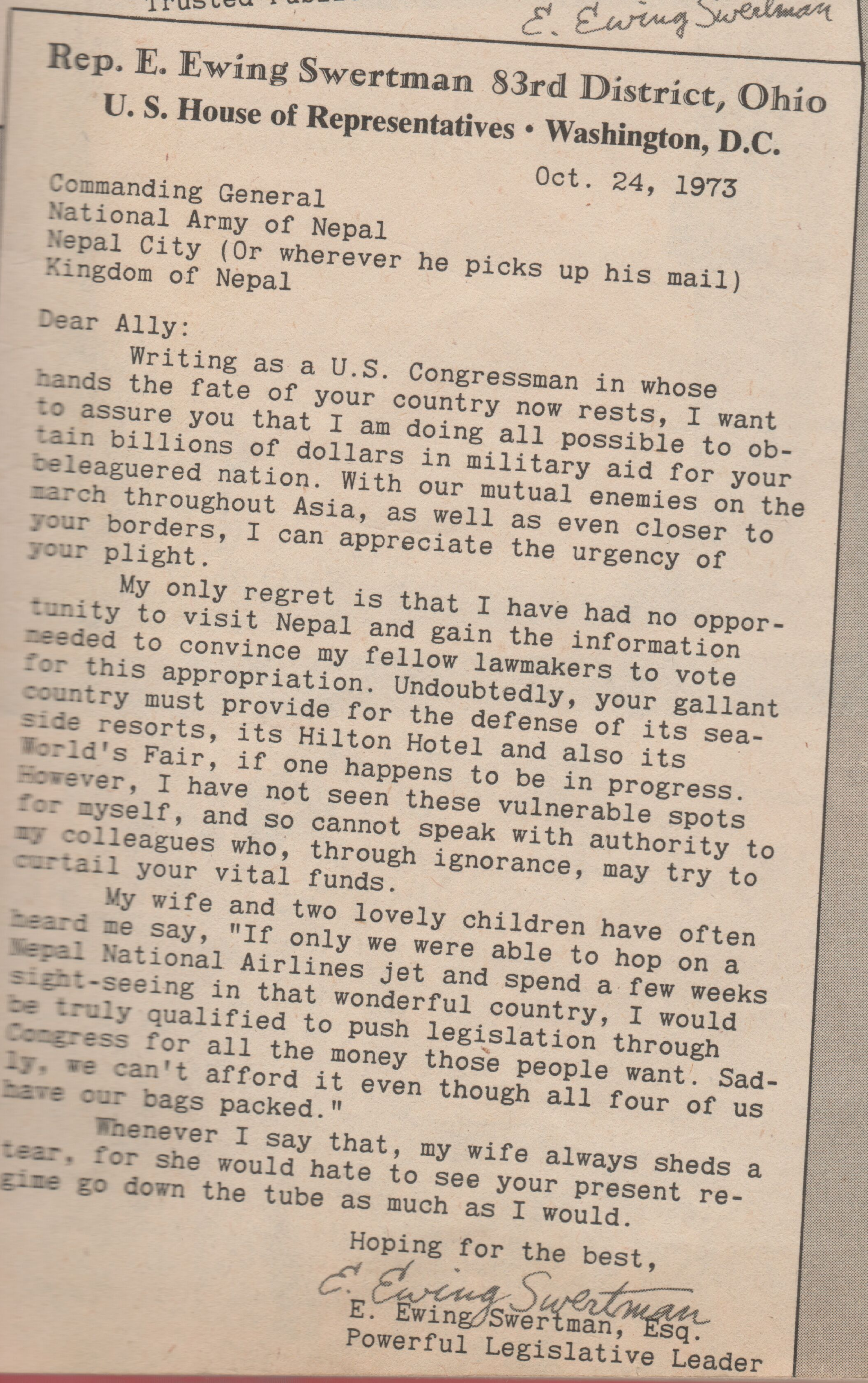
As a result of your daily work among the greats and near greats of the U.S. Congress, you doubtless are aware of the sweeping power which I hold as a member of that august body. My top level contacts with the F.B.I. alone are sufficient to place anyone whom I consider to be a menace in a state of extreme jeopardy.

Naturally, I do not throw around the awesome weight of my office, as I am well aware that the arrogant misuse of power can only lead America down the road to totalitarianism. In extreme cases, however, I do find it necessary to probe into the classified records on a person for the good of our country. I feel that information regarding moral or legal misdeeds in earlier life indicates a weakness of character which may well pose a national security risk.

This, of course, is especially true when it relates to persons like yourself who have somehow wormed their way into high places. Still, I may not use the damning information I have obtained about you to destroy your career and family life if it appears that you have mended your ways since you-know-what happened.

This puts your future directly in your own hands. Unless you immediately cease and desist from making mooshy turnips the only vegetable available in the cafeteria every Wednesday, I must act as any good American would in lowering the boom on you.

Hoping you make the right decision,
Rep. E. Ewing Swertman
E. Ewing Swertman



Rep. E. Ewing Swertman 83rd District, Ohio
U. S. House of Representatives • Washington, D.C.

Oct. 24, 1973

Commanding General
National Army of Nepal
Nepal City (Or wherever he picks up his mail)
Kingdom of Nepal

Dear Ally:

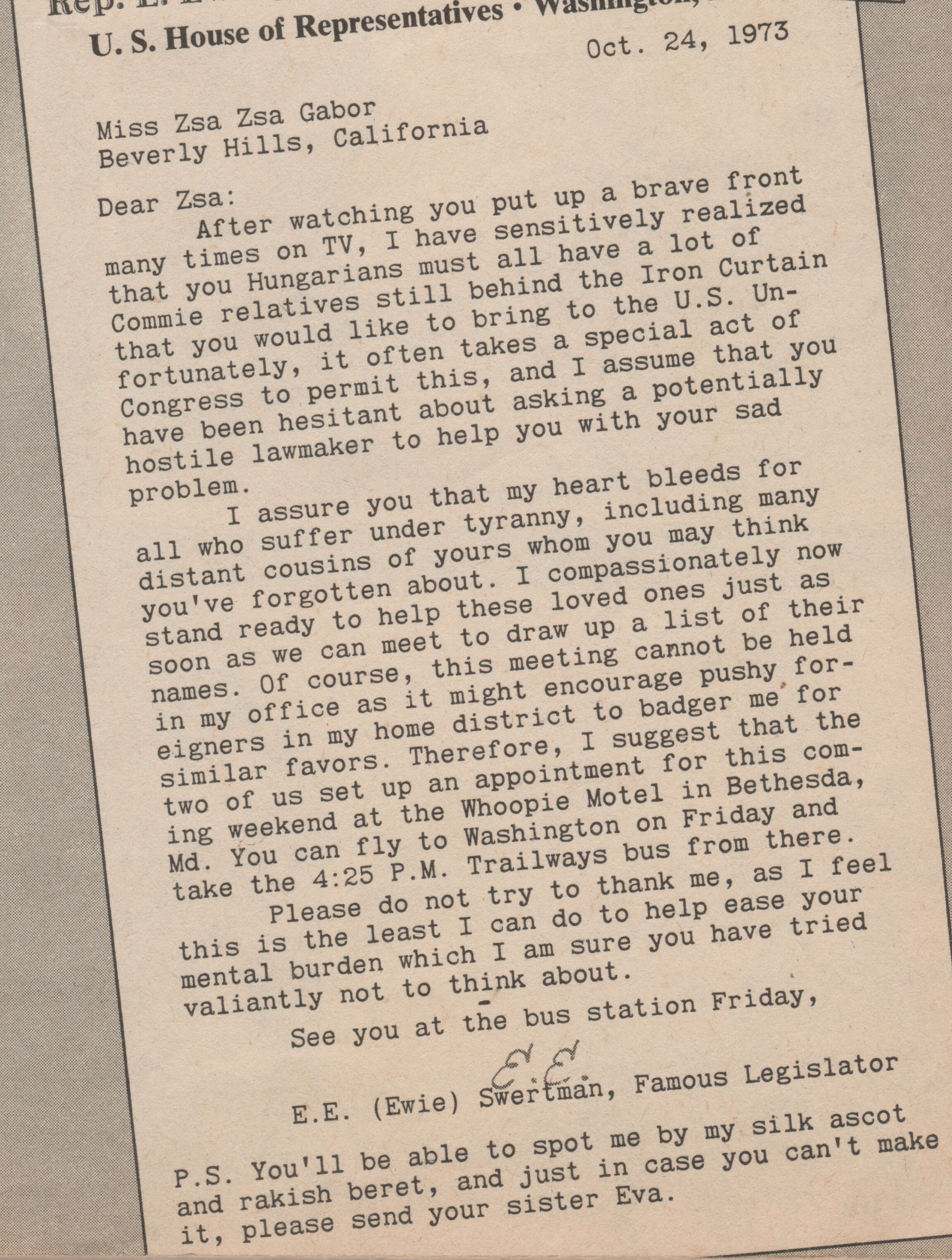
Writing as a U.S. Congressman in whose hands the fate of your country now rests, I want to assure you that I am doing all possible to obtain billions of dollars in military aid for your beleaguered nation. With our mutual enemies on the march throughout Asia, as well as even closer to your borders, I can appreciate the urgency of your plight.

My only regret is that I have had no opportunity to visit Nepal and gain the information needed to convince my fellow lawmakers to vote for this appropriation. Undoubtedly, your gallant country must provide for the defense of its seaside resorts, its Hilton Hotel and also its World's Fair, if one happens to be in progress. However, I have not seen these vulnerable spots for myself, and so cannot speak with authority to my colleagues who, through ignorance, may try to curtail your vital funds.

My wife and two lovely children have often heard me say, "If only we were able to hop on a Nepal National Airlines jet and spend a few weeks sight-seeing in that wonderful country, I would be truly qualified to push legislation through Congress for all the money those people want. Sadly, we can't afford it even though all four of us have our bags packed."

Whenever I say that, my wife always sheds a tear, for she would hate to see your present regime go down the tube as much as I would.

Hoping for the best,
E. Ewing Swertman
E. Ewing Swertman, Esq.
Powerful Legislative Leader



Rep. E. Ewing Swertman
U. S. House of Representatives • Washington, D.C.

Oct. 24, 1973

Miss Zsa Zsa Gabor
Beverly Hills, California

Dear Zsa:

After watching you put up a brave front many times on TV, I have sensitively realized that you Hungarians must all have a lot of Commie relatives still behind the Iron Curtain that you would like to bring to the U.S. Unfortunately, it often takes a special act of Congress to permit this, and I assume that you have been hesitant about asking a potentially hostile lawmaker to help you with your sad problem.

I assure you that my heart bleeds for all who suffer under tyranny, including many distant cousins of yours whom you may think you've forgotten about. I compassionately now stand ready to help these loved ones just as soon as we can meet to draw up a list of their names. Of course, this meeting cannot be held in my office as it might encourage pushy foreigners in my home district to badger me for similar favors. Therefore, I suggest that the two of us set up an appointment for this coming weekend at the Whoopie Motel in Bethesda, Md. You can fly to Washington on Friday and take the 4:25 P.M. Trailways bus from there.

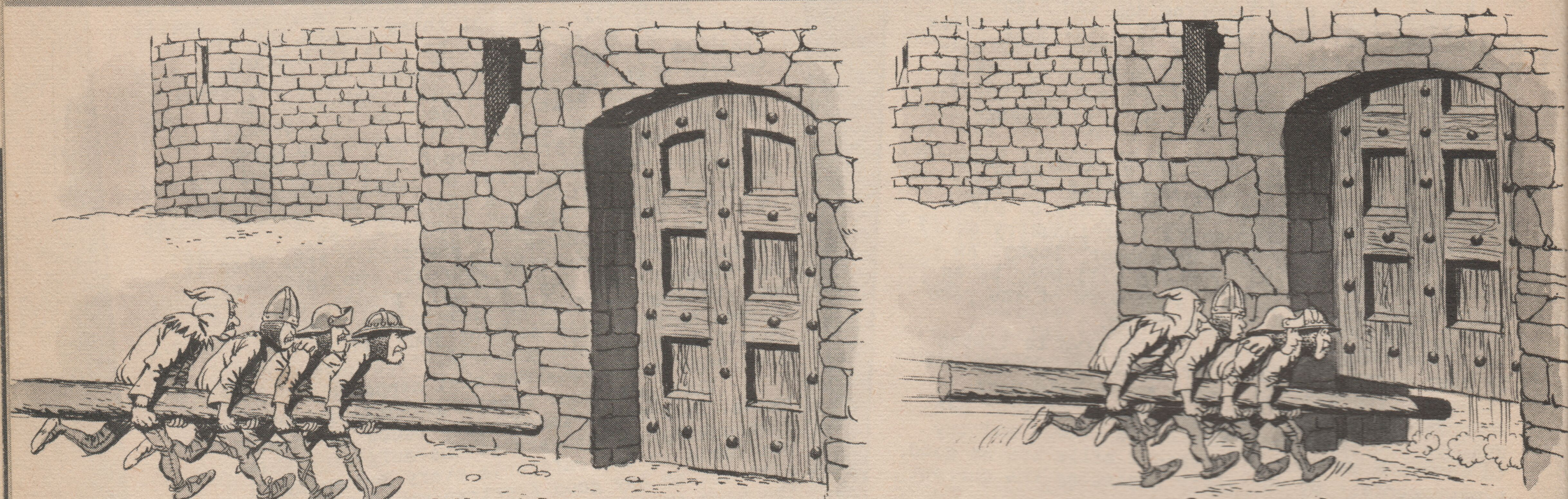
Please do not try to thank me, as I feel this is the least I can do to help ease your mental burden which I am sure you have tried valiantly not to think about.

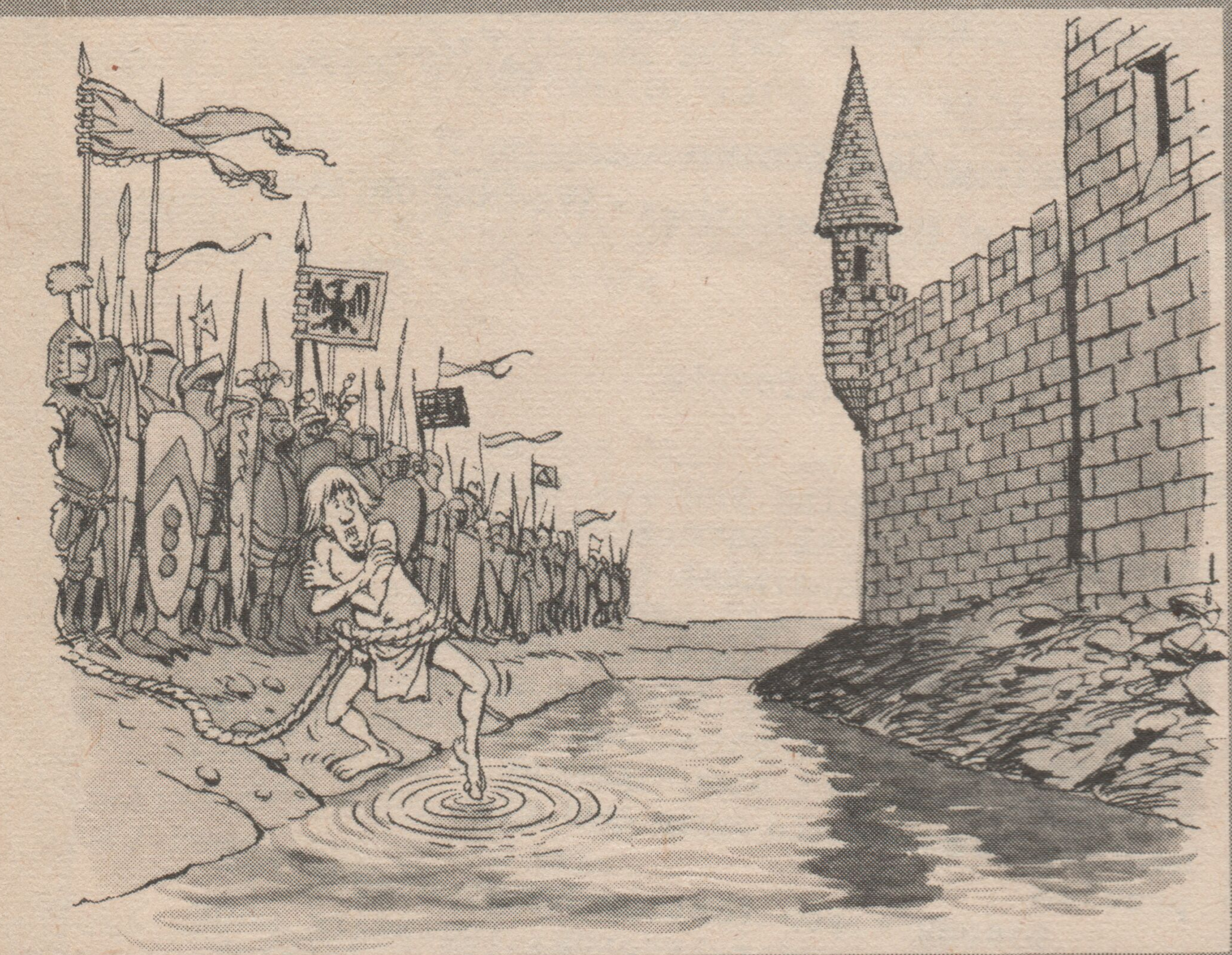
See you at the bus station Friday,
E.E.
E.E. (Ewie) Swertman, Famous Legislator

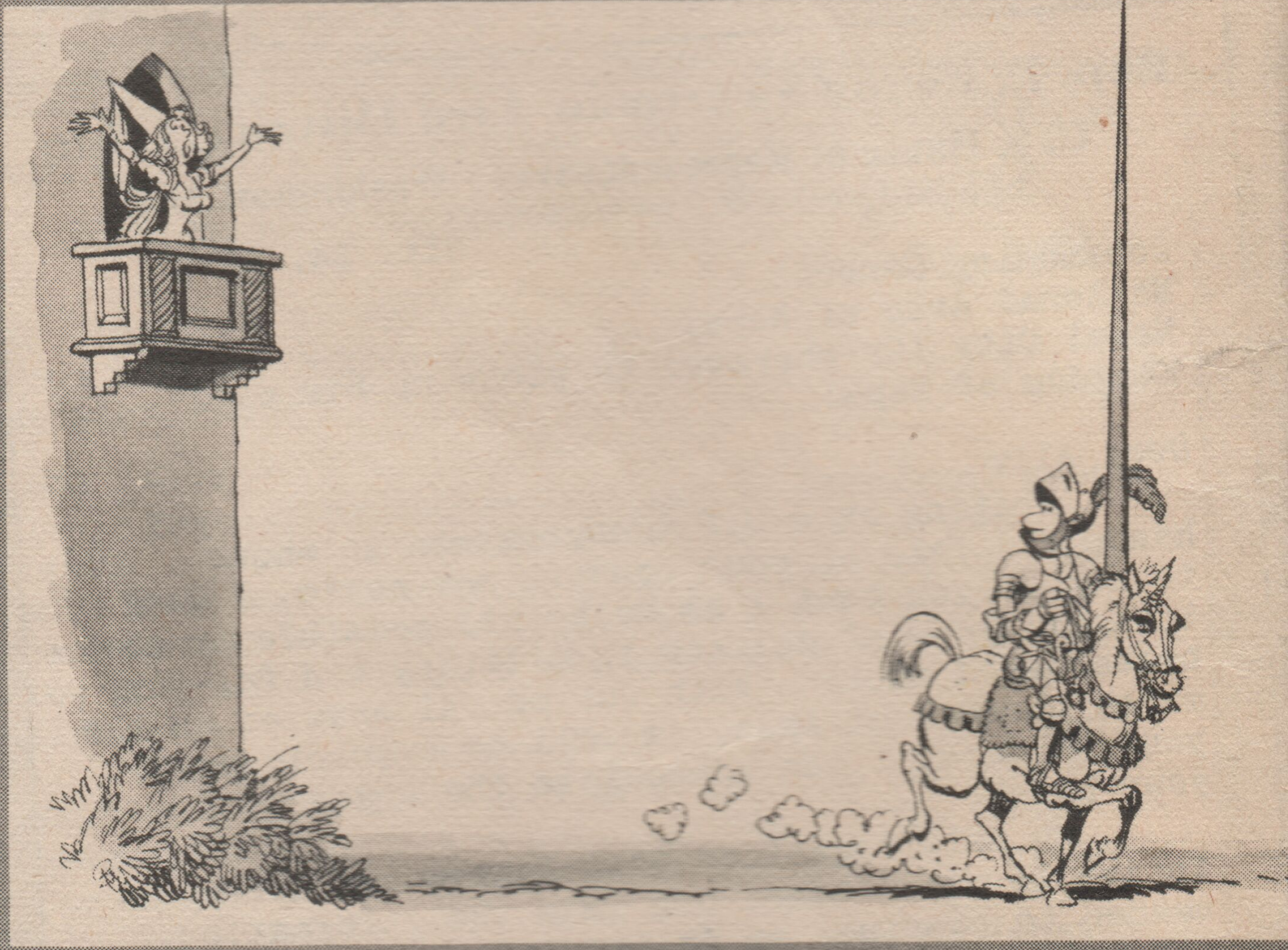
P.S. You'll be able to spot me by my silk ascot and rakish beret, and just in case you can't make it, please send your sister Eva.

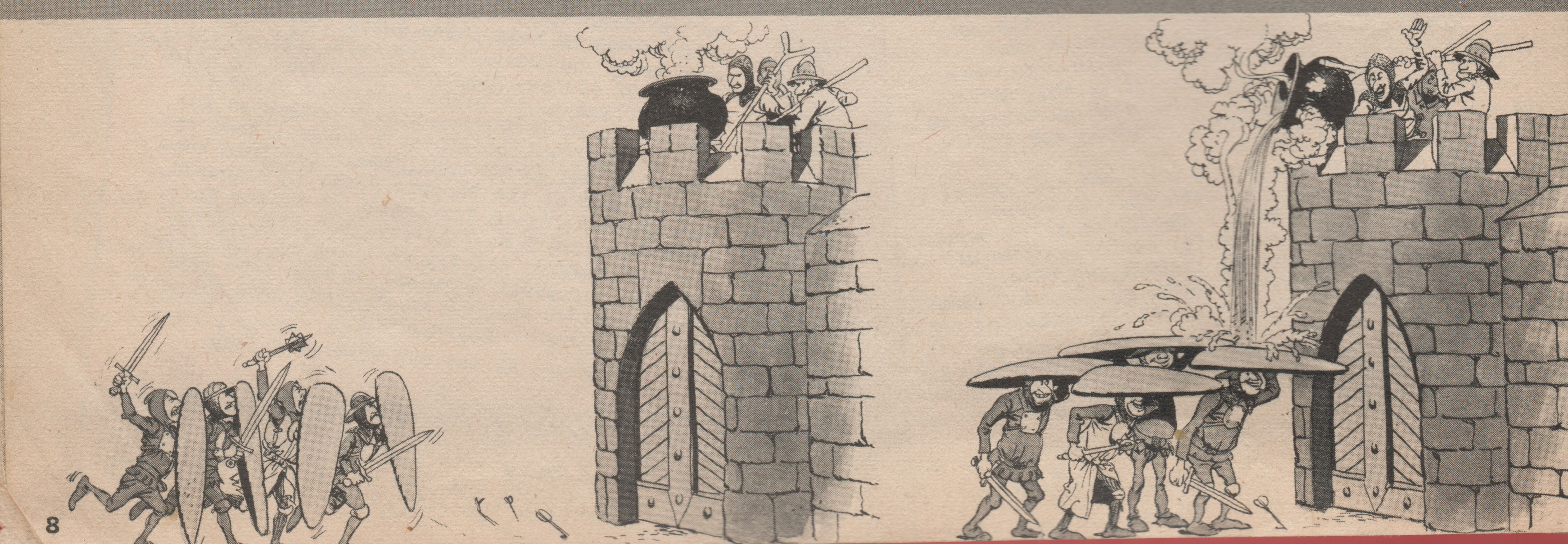
ASSAULT AND BATTERING DEPT.

A MAD LOOK AT WARS





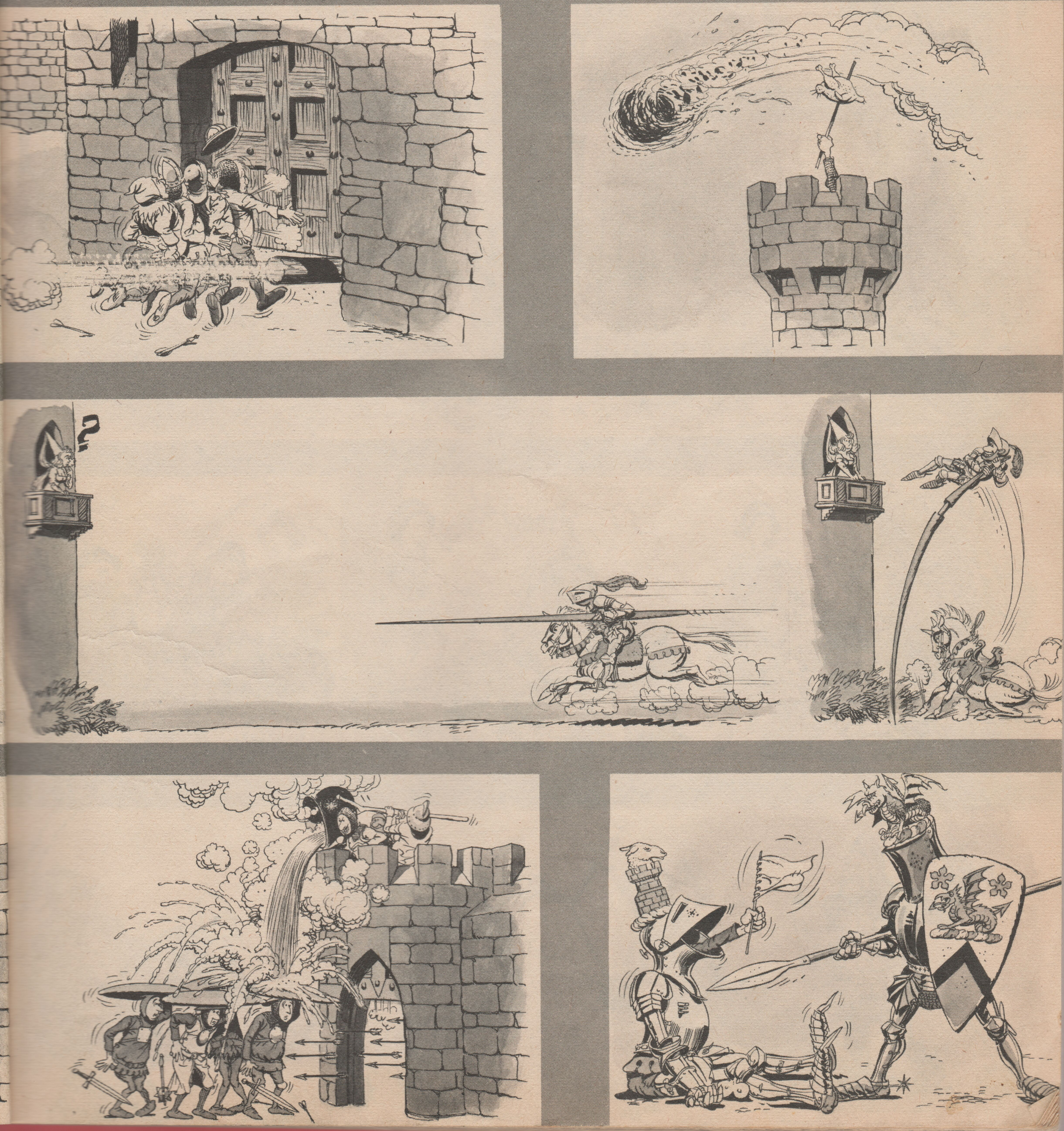


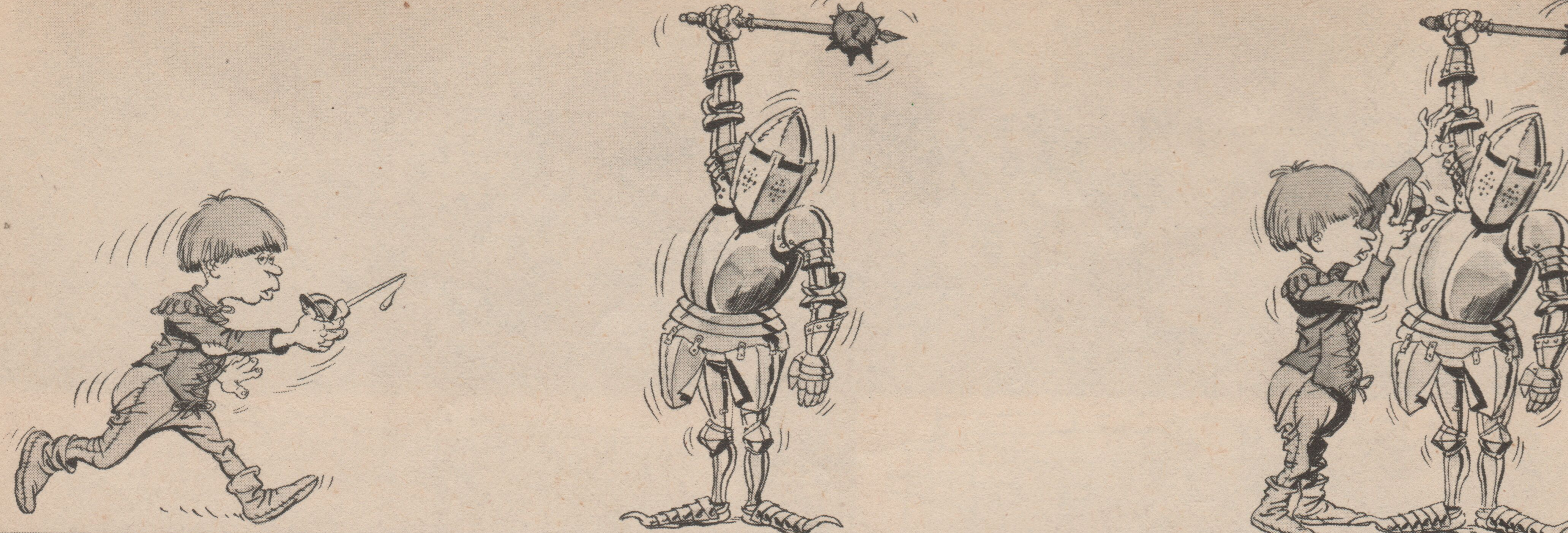


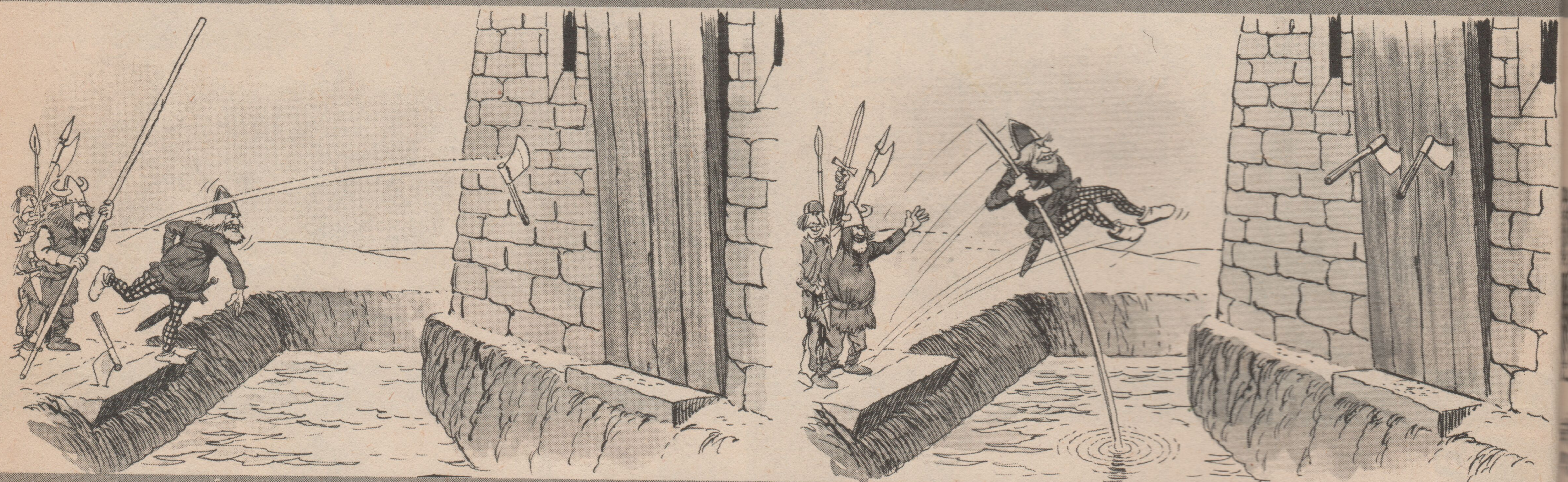
OF YORE

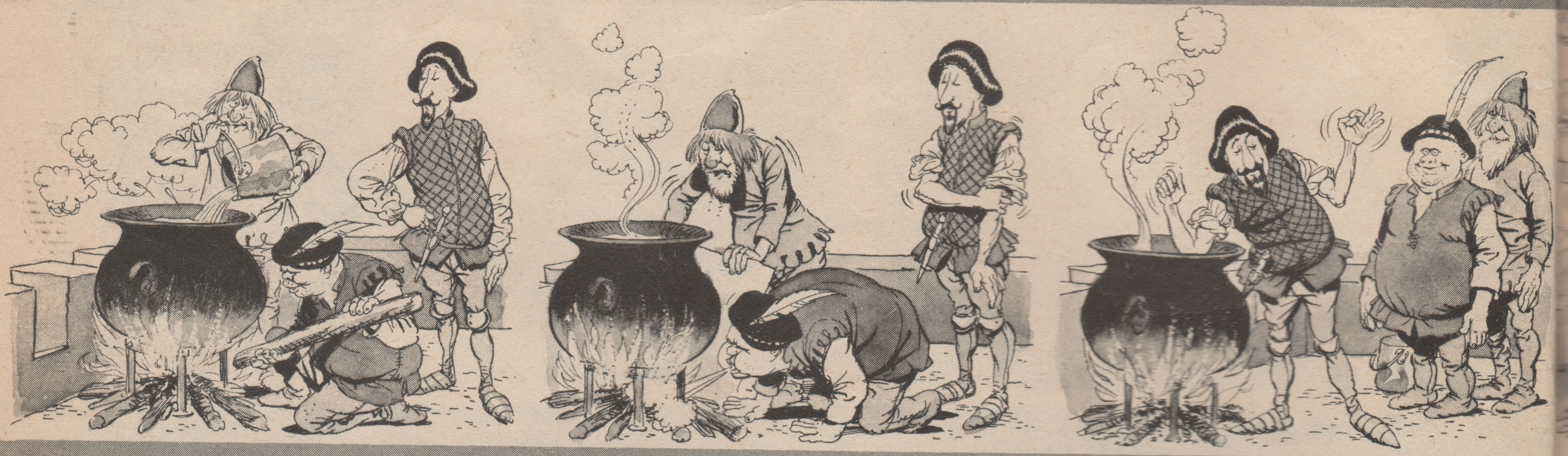
ARTIST:
GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

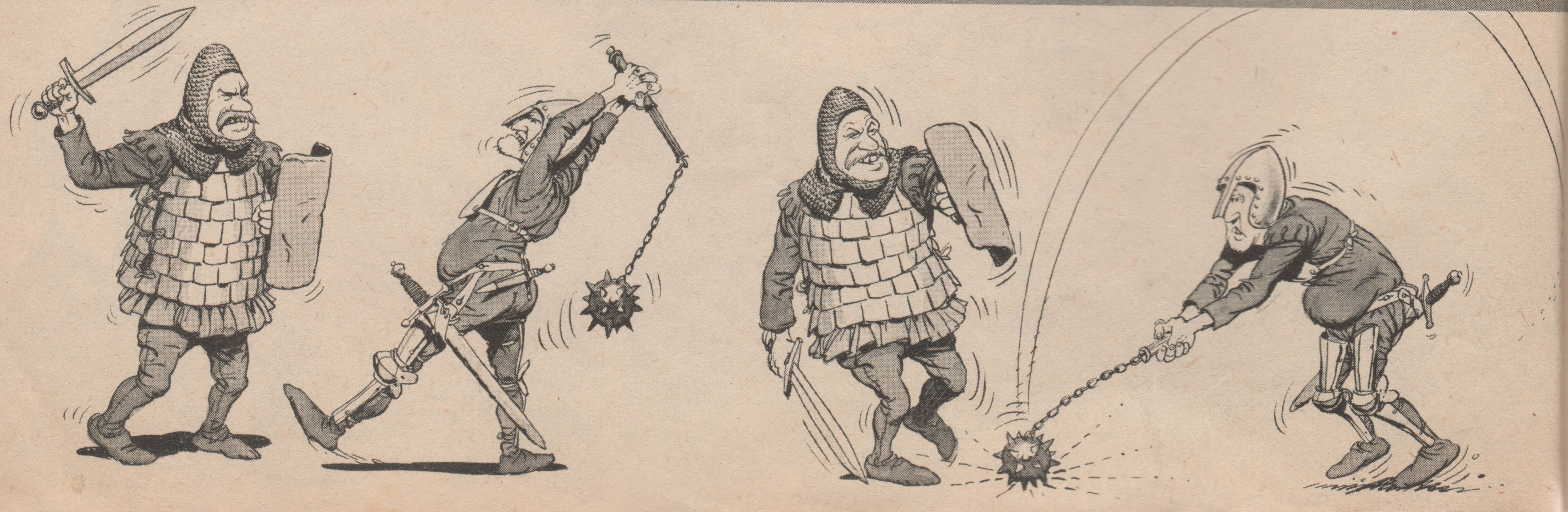
WRITER:
PAUL PETER PORGES











knock knock
Cronch!!

HIRE EDUCATION DEPT.

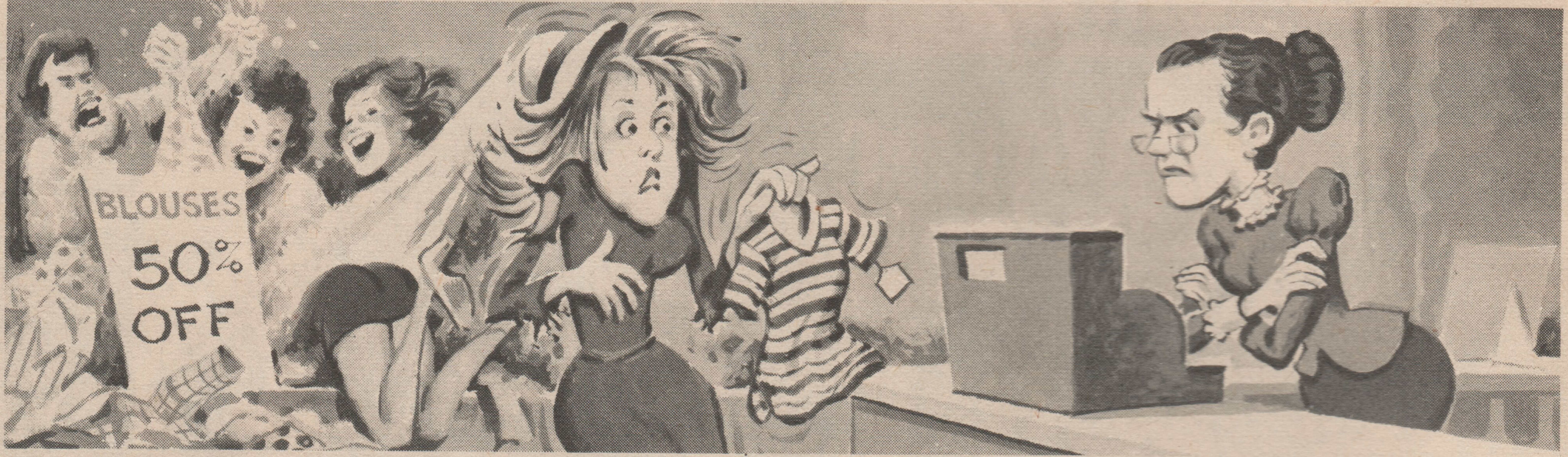
Recently, we at MAD launched an attempt to rescue at least a few of our readers from a lifetime of vagrancy by offering our own series of free "Famous"-type Correspondence Courses. Based on the results so far, we're either too dumb to teach . . . or you're too dumb to learn. Because we haven't

MAD'S FAMOUS DEPARTM

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

LESSON ONE

CREATING YOUR SALESPERSON IMAGE



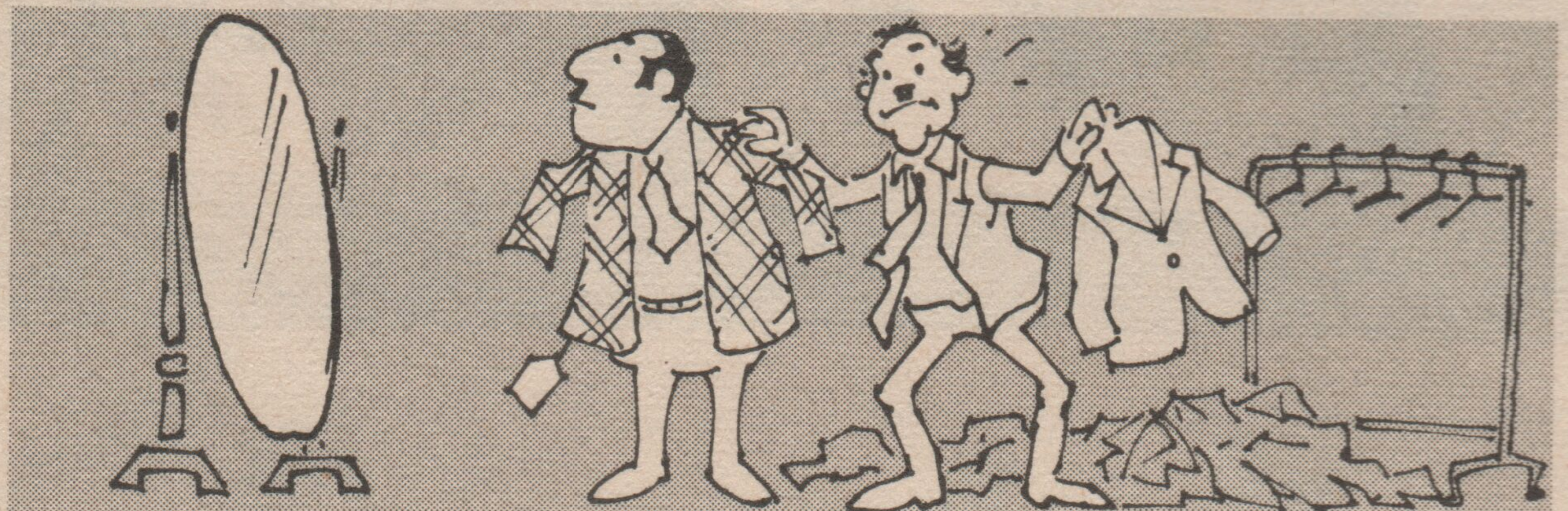
Having reached the decision to exchange your drab civvies for the proud plumage of a Career Department Store Clerk, you will want to begin work immediately on creating an image of haughty contempt that will prevent even the most aggressive shopper from daring to approach you.

A wardrobe that suggests you are more affluent and well bred than your customers can do much to put them in their places and silence their whining demands. Unfortunately, your Salespersoning salary will make it impossible for you to dress as if you were more affluent than anybody. Still, many Female Clerks have found that this obstacle to Snob Image Building is easily overcome when they select expensive dress styles in inexpensive fabrics, and then douse themselves with so much cheap perfume that no one can get close enough to feel the material. For the Male Clerk, the same impression of proud grandeur can be created by inserting a fake carnation in the buttonhole of a smartly styled forty-dollar rayon suit.

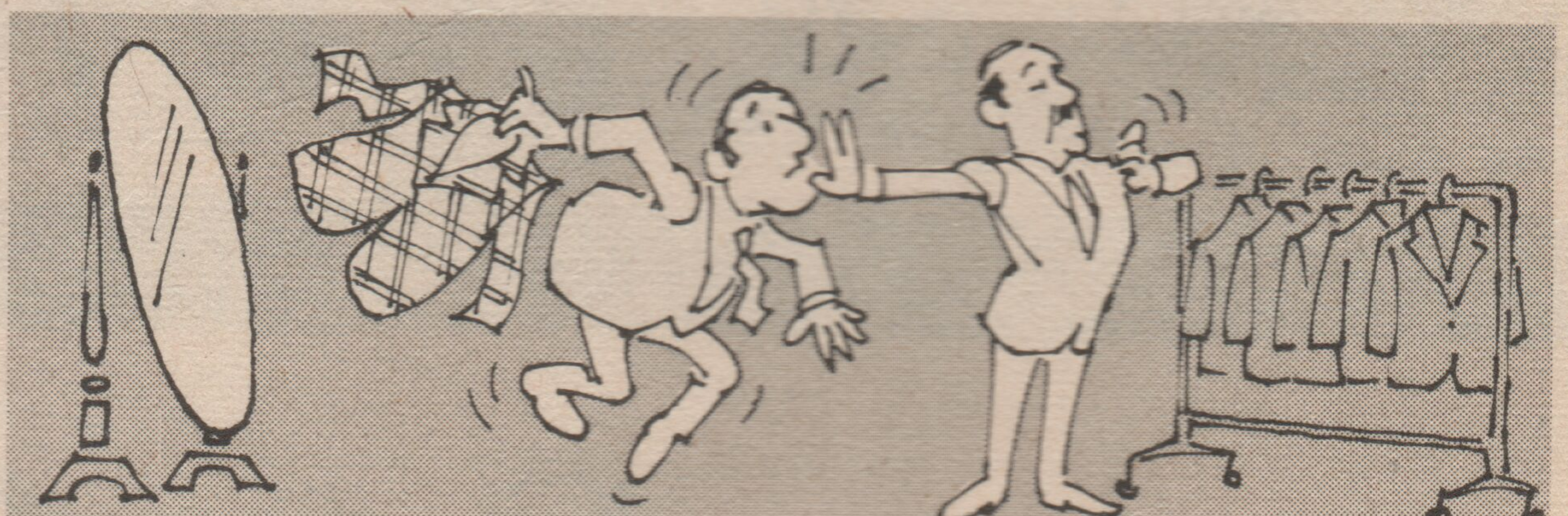
Though such aids as regal attire and overpowering stench should enable you to fend off bothersome shoppers on most occasions, even more evidence of your aloof superiority may be needed to squelch their boorish enthusiasm during bargain sales. At such times, a carefully developed phony British accent is helpful in convincing customers that their childish whimpering fo rservice is not worthy of your attention.

Many all-time greats in Professional Salespersoning have also utilized nose glasses to enhance their stern glare as a fear-inspiring technique. Even minor props, such as a small gold pencil attached to the female clothing by a delicate chain, or pearl grey spats worn by the male, can rekindle a customer's terrifying childhood memories of inferiority and cause him to flee empty handed.

In the final analysis, however, any sure fire display of utter contempt must come from strong feelings within the student. These are best developed by seeing the customer as the helpless, insecure wretch he really is, bent only on buying (or charging) your time, assistance, love and approval. Withhold these tokens of affection from him and he can be counted on to skulk away in defeat, leaving you free to pursue your chosen career in peace and quiet.



WRONG



RIGHT

LESSON ONE QUIZ

1. A well dressed Female Clerk should never wear: **A** Clothing that differs in color from the wall she is trying to hide against; **B** A Smile Button, except upside down; **C** Any identification to indicate that she works in the store. ______

2. Public eagerness to buy Bargain Specials will be dampened if you place them: **A** In a locked case under the $200 table cloths; **B** On a rack marked: "Discontinued Styles in Portly Sizes Only;" **C** In another department six floors away. ______

3. A nice way to let racial minorities know you don't want their business is to: **A** Hurriedly dust off any merchandise they may have touched; **B** Hurriedly turn the shoplifter detection camera on them; **C** Hurriedly inform them that servants' uniforms are in the basement. ______

4. As the morning rush of shoppers streams in, repeat the Arrogant Salesperson's Pledge to: **A** Sharpen a dozen pencils every day before starting work; **B** Hunt for your order book until lunch time; **C** Change the cash register tape as soon as enough customers are waiting. ______

CONGRATULATIONS! You're already showing a Clerk's talent for giving wrong answers since none of the above choices is correct.

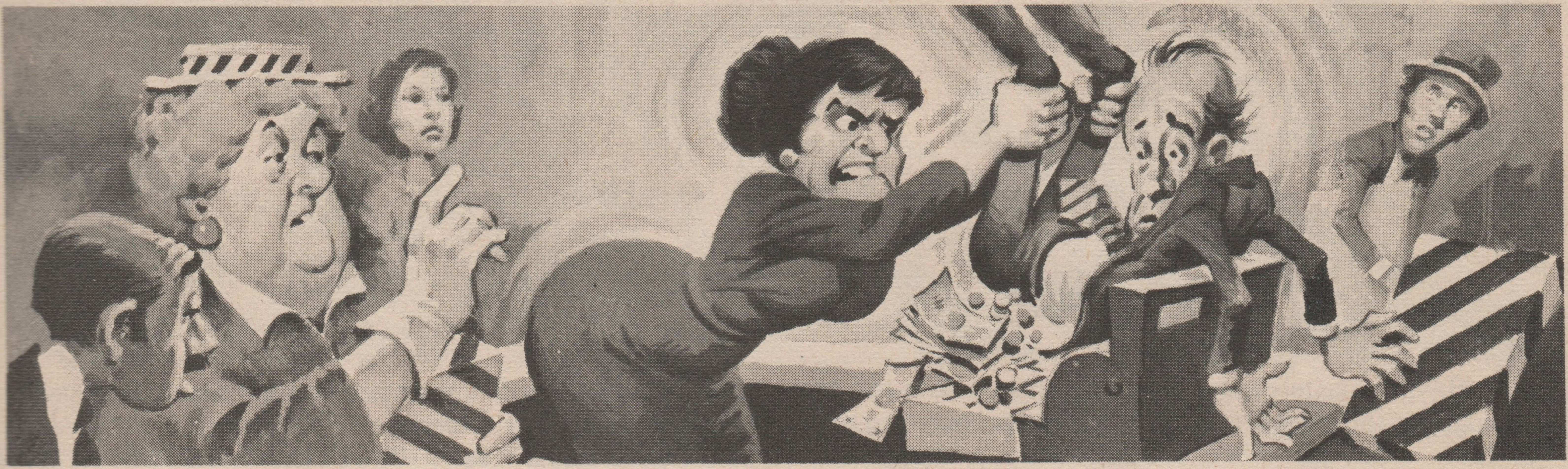
heard about anybody landing a job after taking one of our courses. However, we remain undaunted as we now present Number Three in this series of rare opportunities to let your natural flair for slothful incompetence carry you to fame and fortune in another exciting career as you undertake

NT STORE CLERKS' COURSE

WRITER: TOM KOCH

LESSON TWO

SHOPPER MANIPULATION TECHNIQUES



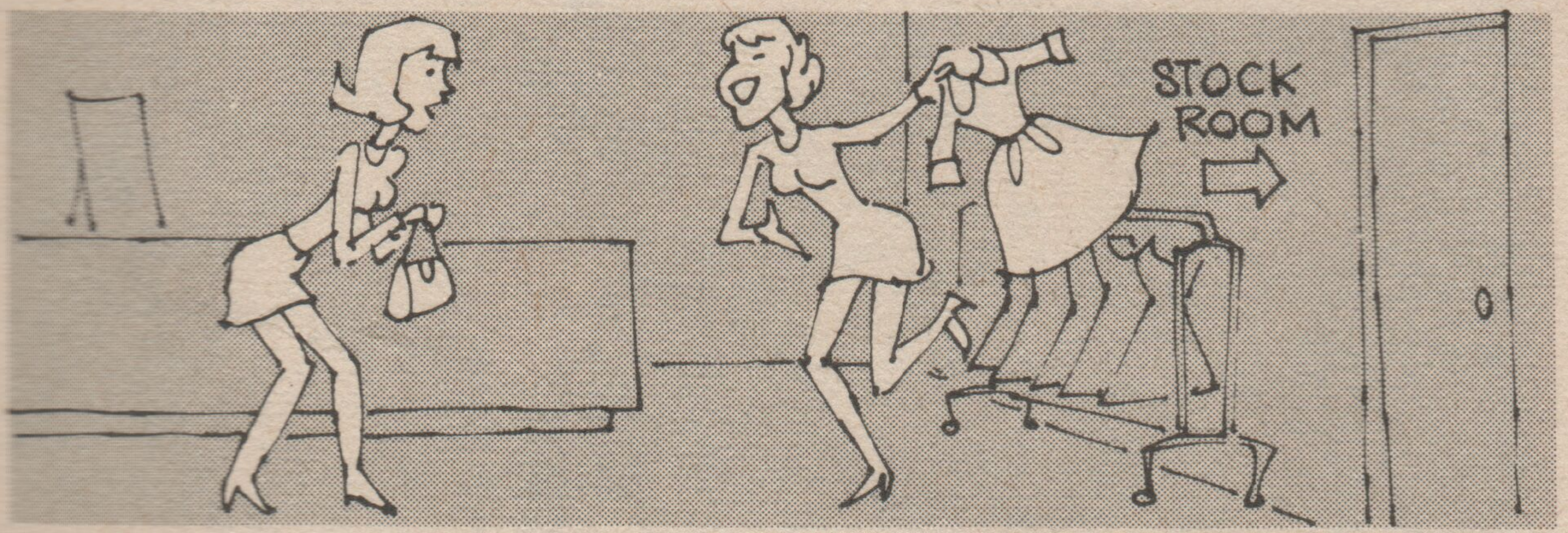
Even the student who has been endowed by nature with the gift of a totally obnoxious personality must face the fact that there will be occasional busy days when a few customers must be waited on. Such unavoidable confrontations will be less sickening if you develop the knack of picking out those peasants across the counter who appear most docile and easily browbeaten.

Veteran Salespeople agree that the ideal shopper to select for painless disposal is the panicky male who is frantically waving cash to signify his urgent desire to make a fast purchase and escape. These miserable specimens are completely untrained in the skills of hand-to-hand department store combat, and will gratefully buy anything at any price.

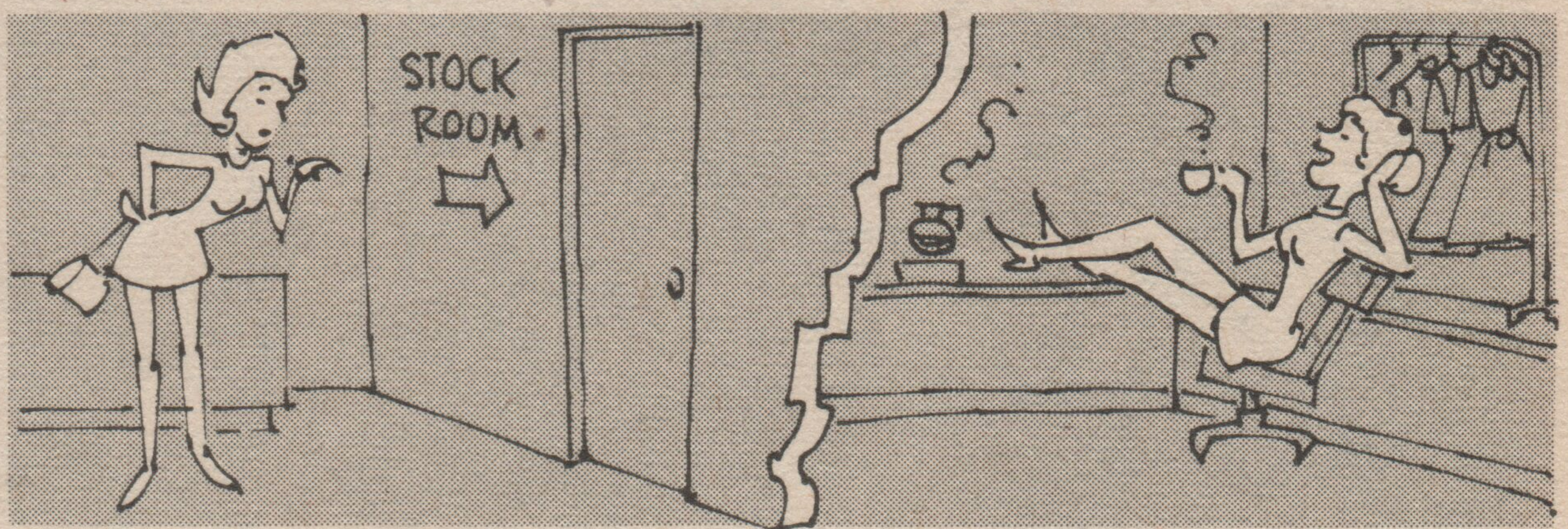
In sharp contrast, the Female Browser is far more difficult to dehumanize, and should be confronted only by Rookie Clerks whose sadistic tendencies already have been well developed in other fields. Female Browsers may even go so far as to challenge your right to select the size, style and color of merchandise that you find most convenient to sell. When such displays of customer insolence occur, you must be prepared to deal with them harshly and quickly. Remember that permitting your authority to be undermined even once can open the floodgates to future demands for gift wrapping, careful packing of breakables and similar services that are all beneath your dignity.

One good technique for punishing uppity shoppers is to make a 45-minute trip to the stockroom in search of a requested item, taking care to keep the customer's charge plate with you so she will have to wait for your return. Also recommended is the ploy of involving yourself in so much paperwork to write up a delivery order that the buyer will be reduced to begging for cash and carry terms. A nice final crusher after the transaction has been indelibly completed is to mention that the newly purchased item was scheduled to go on sale for half price tomorrow.

Practice these mean, rotten methods of shopper destruction until they come easily and naturally. You will find that they not only make Salespersoning a barrel of fun, but more important, they do much to prevent regular customers from bothering you for service more than once.



WRONG



RIGHT

LESSON TWO QUIZ

1. On approaching a shopper, a good opening remark is: **A** "Can you be helped?" **B** "That'll be ten bucks for the bracelet you just slipped into your pocket." **C** "Shall we go to lunch, or do you want to wait here until I get back?" ______

2. A customer requesting a big red and green Christmas box should be given: **A** A big black and blue bruise; **B** Instructions to go ask the demented psycho who works in the shipping department; **C** Thirty seconds to get out and stay out. ______

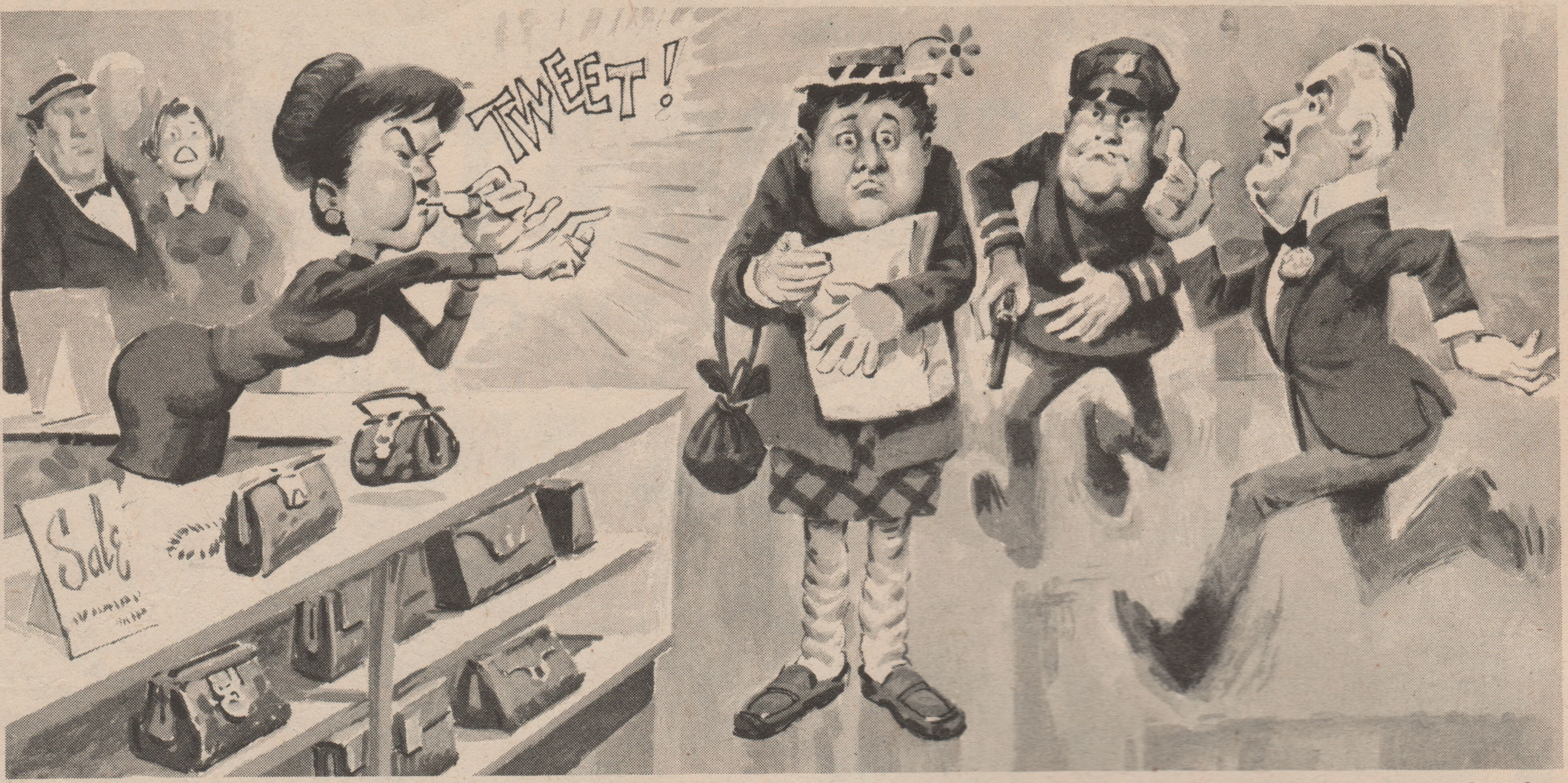
3. An embarrassed man gift shopping for ladies' lingerie can best be helped by: **A** Informing him that you don't cater to weirdos; **B** Loudly asking, 'How about something you can see through easier?" **C** Assuming he'll want to try on his selection before you wrap it. ______

4. Customers inquiring about a bargain advertised in the paper must always be told that: **A** They mis-read the ad; **B** They're in the wrong department of the wrong store in the wrong town; **C** Only fools believe what they read in the paper. ______

NICE WORK! You have just shown the proper attitude by refusing to answer any of our dumb questions.

LESSON THREE

CONQUERING THE MERCHANDISE RETURNER



Having mastered the fundamentals of Shopper Manipulation, the student is now fiendishly prepared to move in for a quick kill when confronted by a customer attempting to exchange or return merchandise.

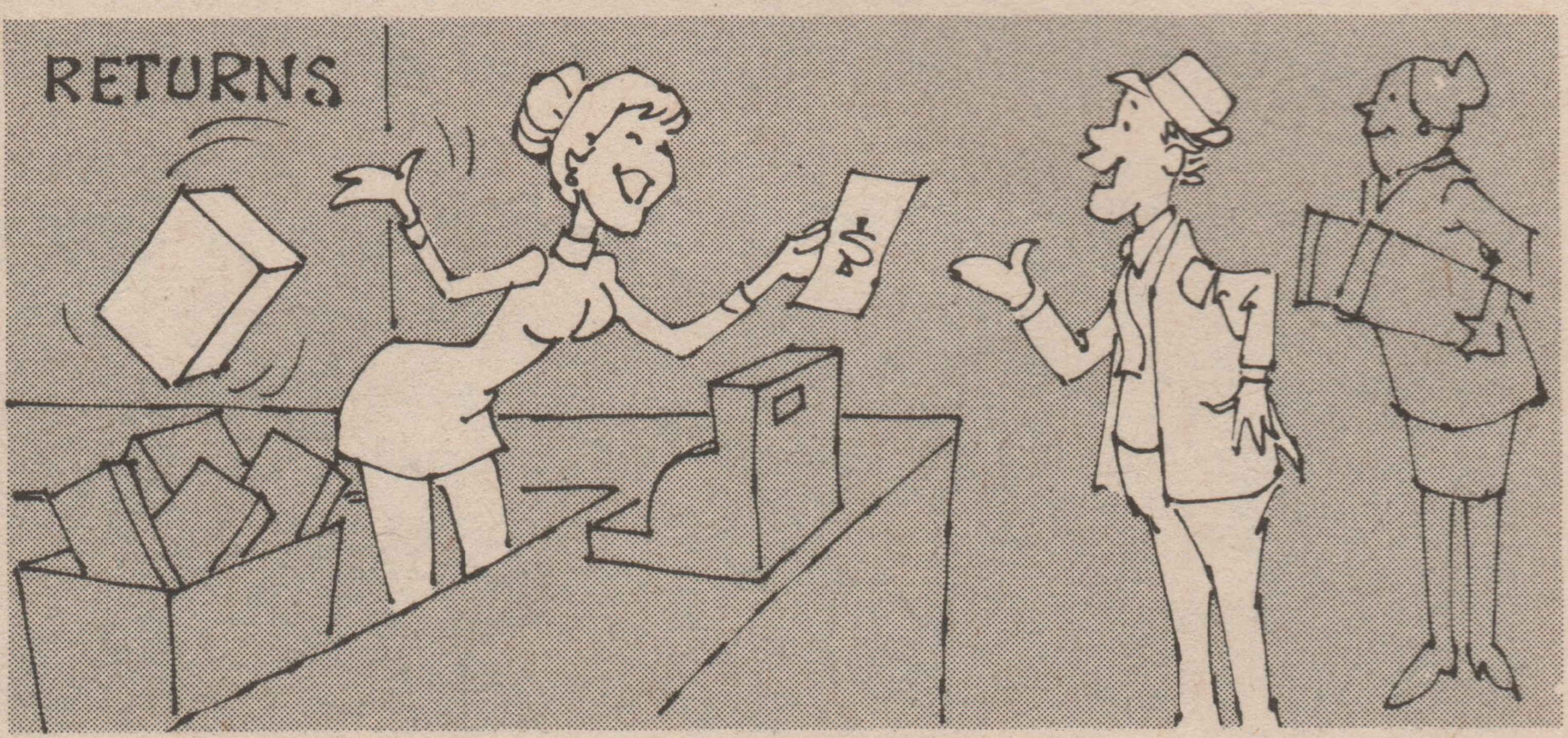
Merely pause for a moment to observe one of these pathetic creatures clutching his or her unwanted purchase, and it becomes obvious that you will hold all the trump cards when the pleading begins for you to take back the junk in trade for cash, credit or a size that fits. Though your natural impulse will be to issue a flat refusal, this is not only a bush league tactic, but also one that may prompt a few brazen customers to take their case to a higher authority. In big time Salespersoning, it is the mark of a true pro to break the complainer's spirit by employing more devious and humiliating methods.

If the poor slob is unable to produce a sales slip for the item, you can seal his doom with great ease and scorn simply by announcing that the merchandise was either purchased at a competing store or, more likely, shoplifted from this one. Any competent floorwalker will be delighted to back up your wild accusation, thereby leaving the customer with the unpleasant alternatives of a fast departure or a fast arrest.

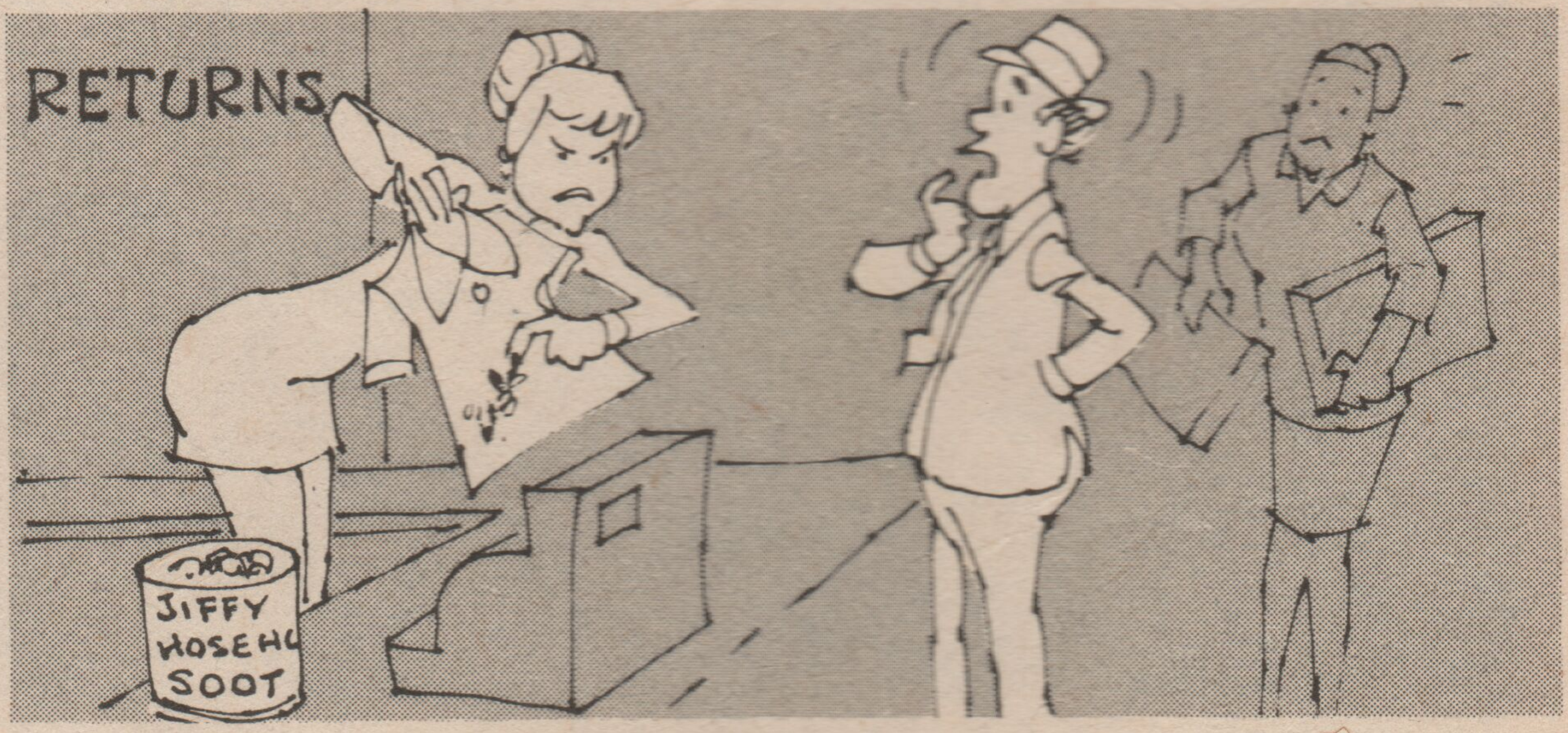
Even when a sales slip is offered as flimsy evidence of a shopper's honesty, you can still retain a strong upper hand, if you will remember to keep one finger smudged with cruddy gook at all times. This finger may then be slyly rubbed across the item as you scream your derision at the customer for trying to return soiled merchandise.

Apparel returners who claim to have been given the wrong size are also a cinch to humiliate, once you get the hang of it. Merely entice them to try on the garment, and then berate them for not knowing that the "loose drape" (or "snug hug") is in style this season, thus making all the rest of their wardrobe obsolete.

Throughout all such confrontations, you can add a further note of discouragement by implying that the customer is in for several hours of filling out forms, waiting in long lines and undergoing interrogation if he insists on trying to get his money back. This often prompts him to accept defeat willingly, without ever realizing that you are the only one who really would have been inconvenienced.



WRONG



RIGHT

LESSON THREE QUIZ

1. A customer attempting to return a fur coat should be informed that: **A** It didn't have fleas when it was purchased; **B** It can only be exchanged for items of equal value, such as 14,000 shoe laces; **C** Veterinarians don't accept dead animals, and neither do you. ____

2. A slight smirk is acceptable when telling a Merchandise Returner that: **A** Only an idiot would have selected that style in the first place; **B** Exchanges are only made at your main store in Nome, Alaska; **C** His check bounced, so he owes you the returned item plus $39.50. ____

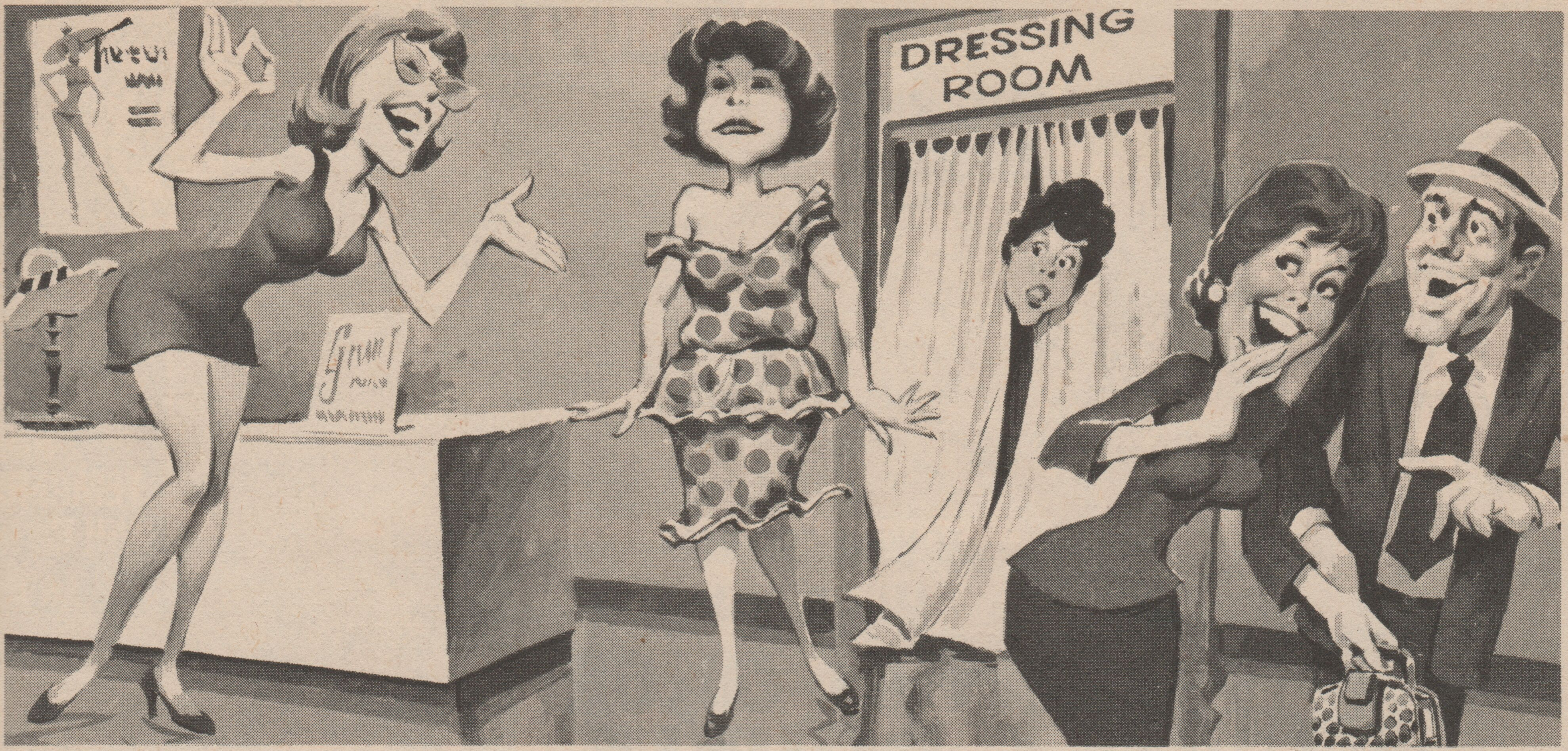
3. Anyone insisting that a garment is the wrong size must be told that: **A** There are no wrong size clothes, only wrong size people; **B** The only mistake on the tag is that the price was marked too low; **C** You're not responsible for customers who get wet and shrink. ____

4. Study sales slips accompanying returned items carefully so the customer will assume that: **A** You're memorizing his address for future retaliation; **B** You're a forged document expert; **C** You're stalling for time until the store detective gets there. ____

GREAT! You probably scored 100%, but don't send us your answers because we'll only try to return them.

LESSON FOUR

EMERGENCY FAWNING PROCEDURES



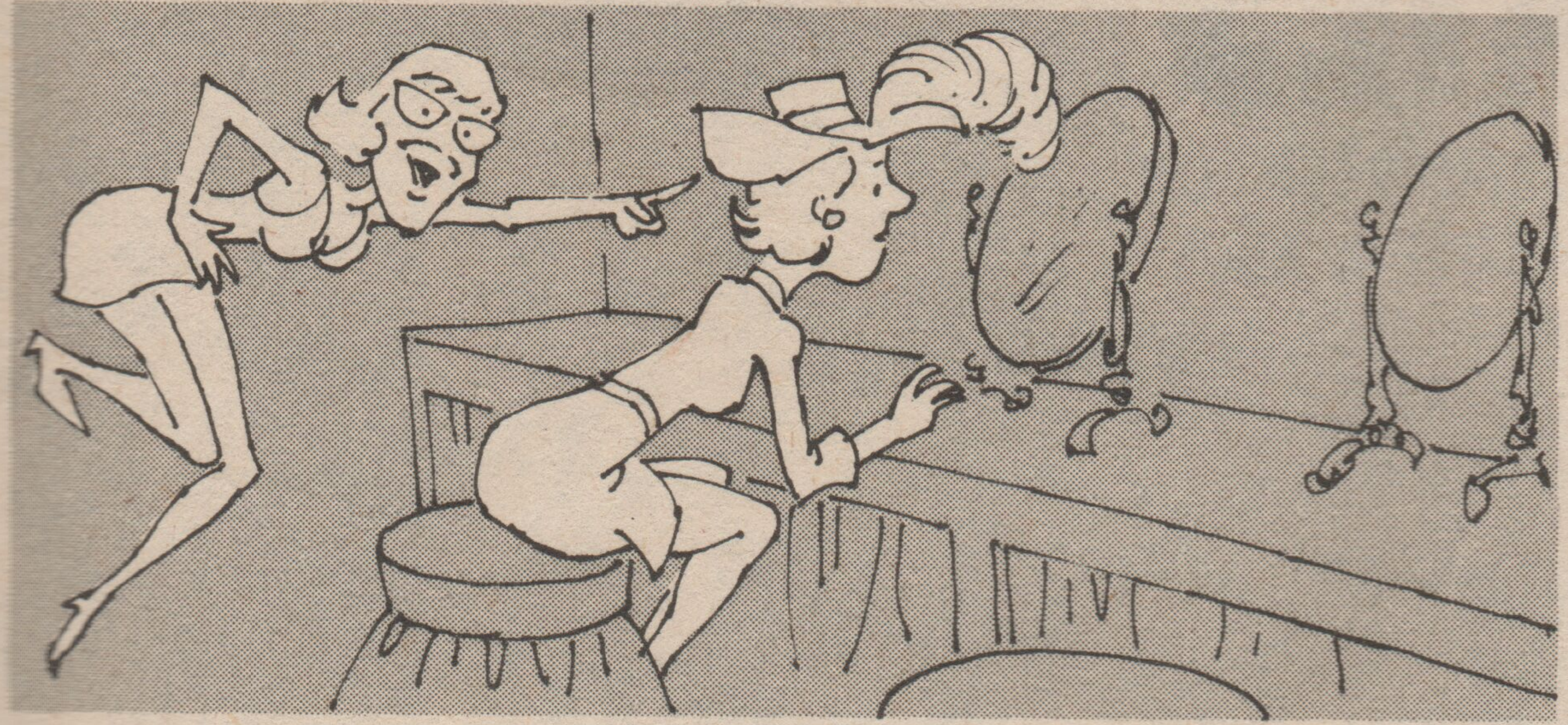
Despite your understandable eagerness to treat all shoppers with the utter disdain they deserve, you should realize that it will sometimes be profitable to fake a display of cheerful civility. Such occasions can arise when your employer offers cash bonuses to Clerks for foisting an unusually shoddy consignment of merchandise off onto gullible shoppers. To collect your fair share of the loot during these high pressure sales campaigns, you must be skilled in utilizing Emergency Customer Fawning Procedures.

An excellent maneuver of this type consists of racing up to a shopper who shows casual interest in a particularly atrocious item, and letting fire with the recommended squeal: "Oooo, Darling! That creation is *you!*" Though this particular catch phrase is not always successful when uttered by Male Clerks trying to sell power tools, it has been found ideal for unloading junky women's apparel.

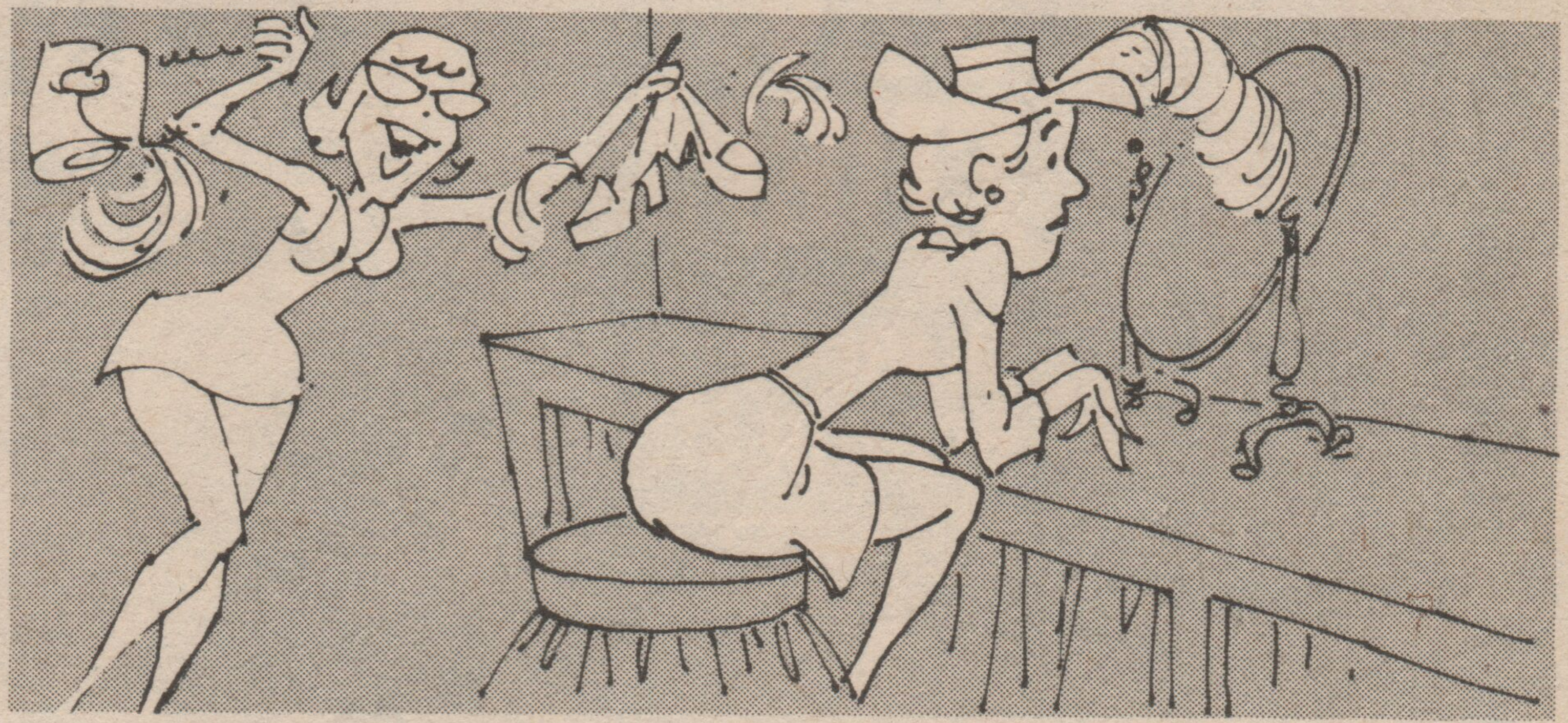
The Phony Gush is most effective when it also subtly implants the idea that the Salesperson's fashion taste is far superior to that of the shopper. Make the customer feel humbly grateful for your expert guidance, and she may well become swept up in an orgy of impulse buying that will both increase your profit and enhance your pleasure as you watch the pigeon making a complete fool of herself.

Point out, for example, that an "exquisite" blue and pink polka dot dress literally cries out for such complementing accessories as orange shoes and a green purse. Even this outlandish recommendation is sure to lead to additional sales if the Rookie Clerk has observed the three basic rules of the Fawning Hustle: (1) Always call the customer "Honey" so she will mistakenly consider you to be a friend who has her best interests at heart; (2) Constantly thumb through a copy of Vogue to make the shopper think you are hunting for an article that corroborates the absurd things you're saying; (3) While dispensing "hot fashion tips," try not to giggle.

Undoubtedly, most customers will realize later that they have been victims of a Fawning Hustle, and will try to return the trash you palmed off on them. However, you already have learned in Lesson III how to cope with the Merchandise Returner, so you will be fully prepared to add insult to injury when the time comes.



WRONG



RIGHT

LESSON FOUR QUIZ

1. When fawning over a customer, it is always best to avoid: **A** Offering her homely child a banana if it will do some tricks; **B** Mentioning that her dress looks like the one you recently gave to the Salvation Army; **C** Discussing possible causes of her bad breath. ____

2. To establish your credibility as a fashion expert: **A** Never wear mis-matched gym socks to work; **B** Carefully buckle your galoshes before approaching a customer; **C** Stop referring to Christian Dior as "Christine." ____

3. The only special rule for a Male Clerk fawning over a male shopper is: **A** Don't overdo it if the guy is wearing pastel leotards and a satin blouse; **B** When you see a pistol under his coat, fawn even harder; **C** Never refer to sporting goods as being "cute" or "stunning." ____

4. For the fawner, a good flattering conversation opener is: **A** "Let me fit you in a nice pup tent for evening wear, Fatso." **B** I couldn't help noticing how natural your dentures look." **C** "How courageous of you to go shopping alone in your condition!" ____

YOU'VE GRADUATED! But if you ever expect to get your diploma, please send cash instead of a fawning letter.

TONGUE-FOO DEPT.

HERE IS YOUR FULL-COLOR DOUBLE FOLD-OUT SUPER BONUS

BLOW OFF STEAM—AND YOUR MIND—WITH...

MAD SICKIE-STICKIES

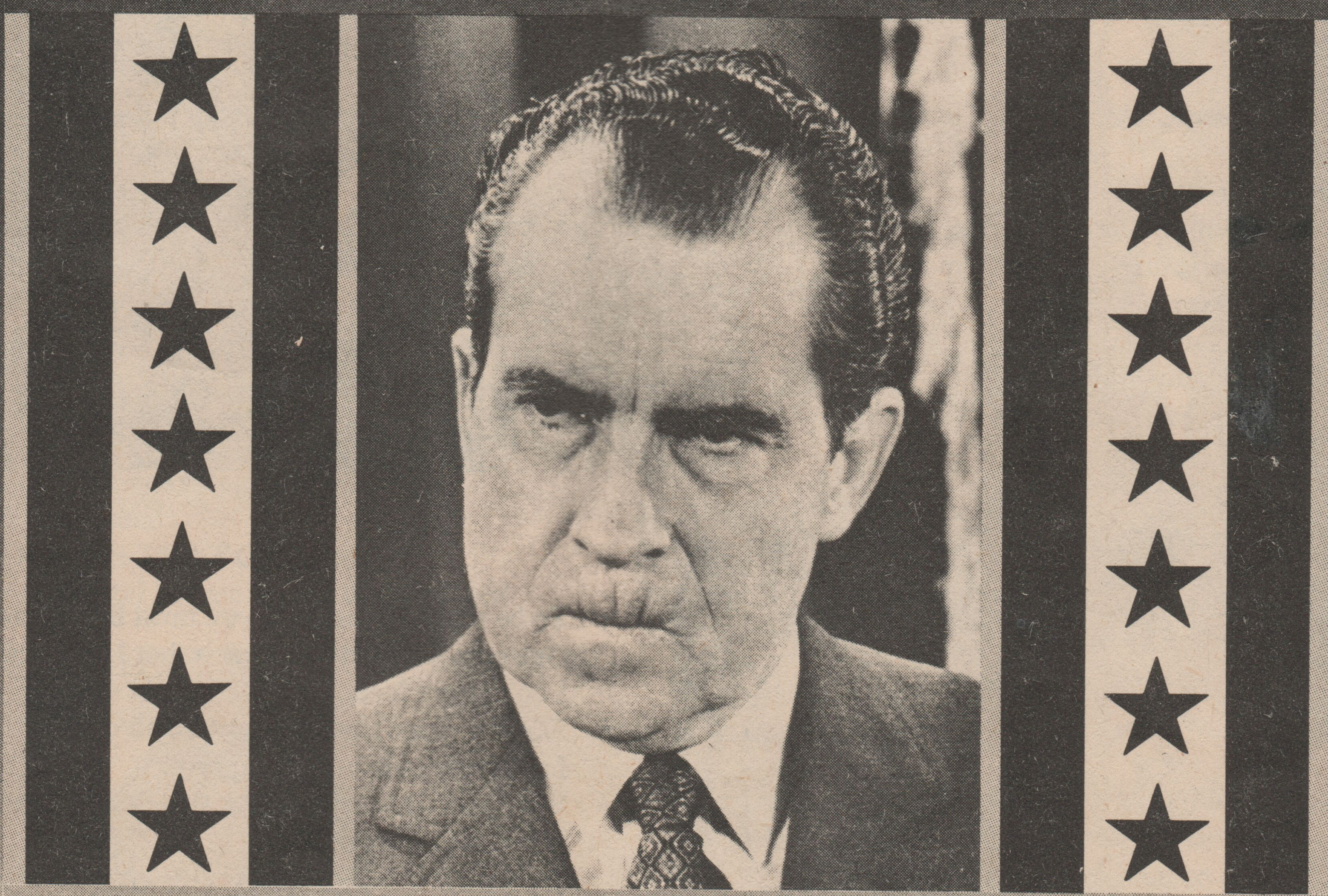
PRE-GLUED AND PERFORATED FOR IMMEDIATE USE, MISUSE & ABUSE

Ye Olde Porn Shoppe
POLICE
CLOSED BY ORDER OF
SEX
LUST 3
SMUT IN OUR AIR IS THE WORST PORNOGRAPHY OF ALL!
IF YOU COULD SQUEEZE THIS AUTOMOBILE YOU'D GET LEMONADE!
CHECK
THE ALL NEW PHUELHOGG
SURGERY
During The FUEL SHORTAGE BODY TEMPERATURES Will Be Lowere To 88.6°
LICENSES
IS THERE SEX AFTER MARRIAGE?
SAVE FUEL! SHARE YOUR BODY HEAT!
PUT THE DIGNITY BACK INTO GRAFT!
FUZZ
GOD MUST HAVE LOVED CROOKED POLITICIANS! HE MADE SO MANY OF THEM!
AS YOUR NEW CONGRESSMAN I PROMISE
FOR THE SAKE OF YOUR HEALTH PLEASE SHOWER AFTER LEAVING THIS POOL!
OUR STUDENTS HAVE WEAK BLADDERS!
Jaffee

RUN, DICK, RUN! DEPT.

Some day, all of you readers are going to be over 30. In fact, if you play your cards right, you may even reach 35! At that point, you may want to take a hard look at your future. For one thing, you'll be past draft age, so you may want to think about *graduating* from college already. Also, since chances are you'll be putting on weight, you may want to think about shaving and cutting your hair. Face it, when was the last time you saw a fat hippie? And finally, it may not make sense to continue running away from home and bumming around. It could have a bad effect on your kids. So, much as we hate to say it, you may have to get a job. Have you ever thought about becoming President of the United States? Now, don't knock it! It is not as bad as it sounds! True, you may not make as much as, say, a Rock Singer or a Union Plumber makes, but the pay isn't too bad, and it's pleasant work. To help you decide, we've gone to extraordinary lengths to supply you with advice from one of the few men in the country who really knows all about the job. He has graciously agreed to speak to you through . . .

THE RICHARD M. NIXON PRESIDENTIAL PRIMER

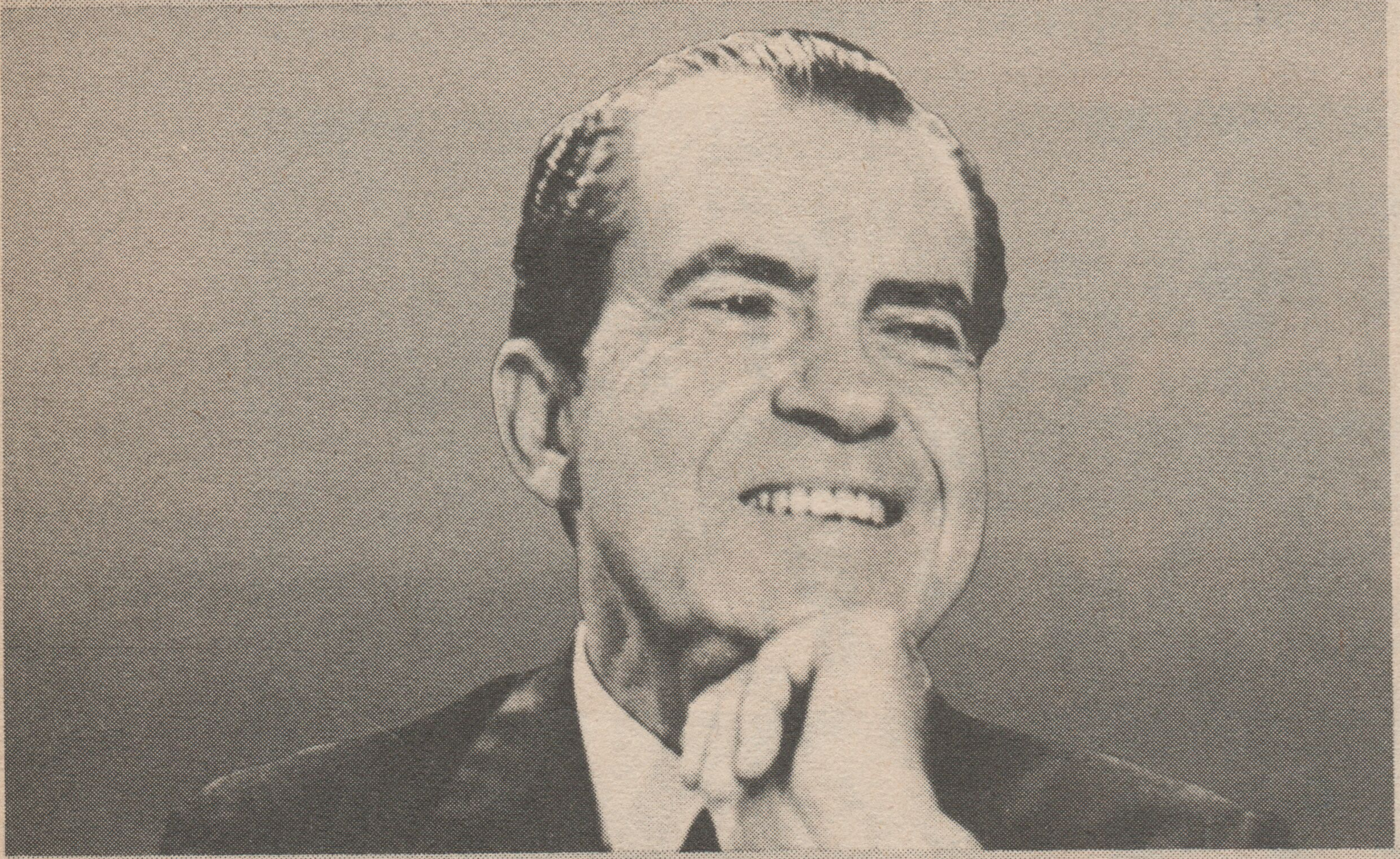


By Richard M. Nixon

As Told To LARRY SIEGEL

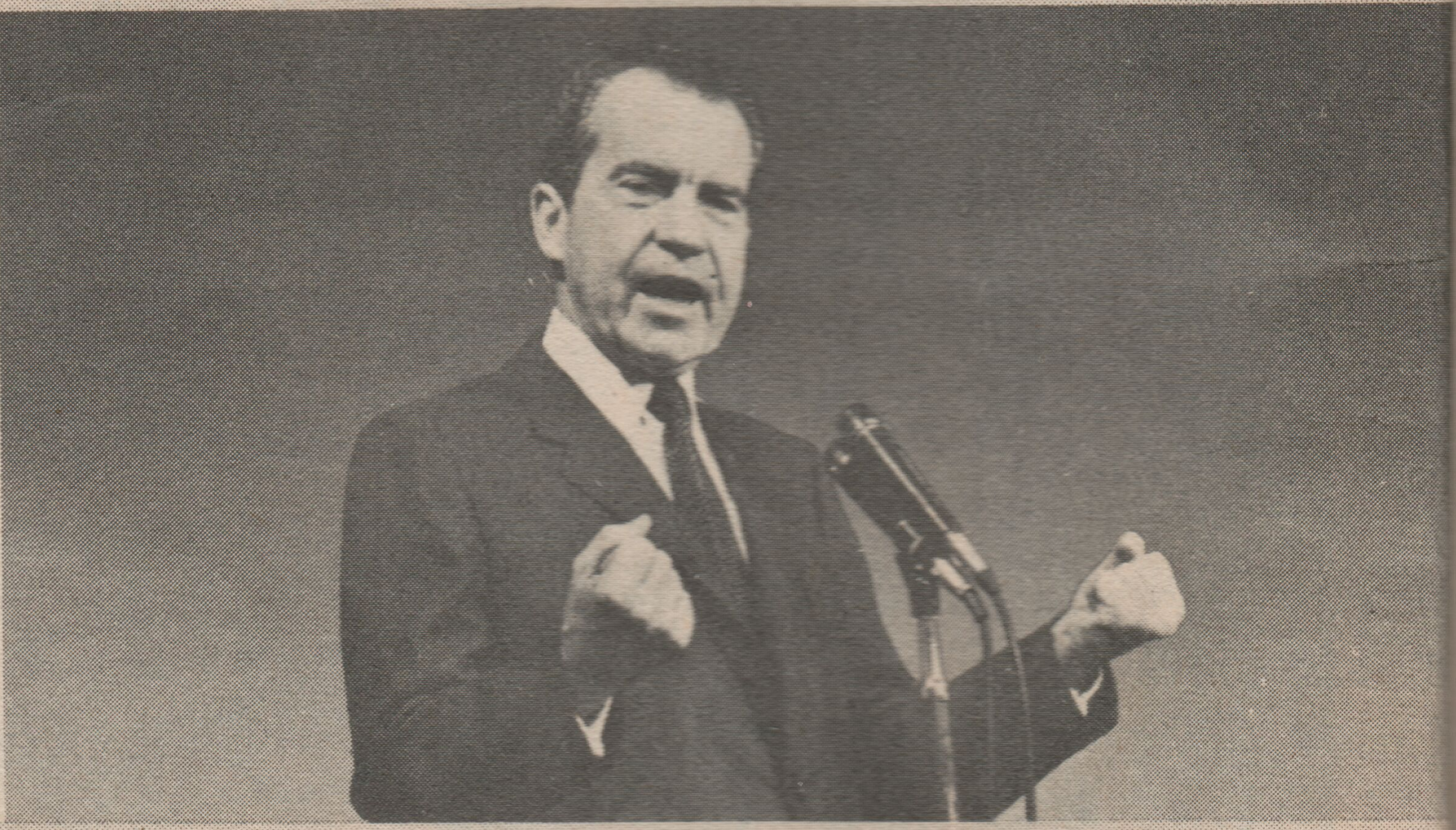
PHOTO RESEARCH: MAX BRANDEL PHOTOS BY U.P.I. & WIDE WORLD

Hi, there, boys and girls.
I am your President.
How would you like to be President some day?
Perhaps I can help you.
I like to help youngsters.
I was a youngster once myself,
Make no mistake about it,
I was a very unusual child.
You can tell by my baby pictures.
I'll bet you've never seen a 3-month old baby before
Posing on a bear skin rug
Wearing a suit and tie!
But enough sentimentality.
Here are a few things you should know:



To become President, you must have special qualities.
Like warmth . . . and charm.
I believe I have them both.
Look at my fine, warm smile.
Look at my charming twinkling eyes.
I am not only a good President,
But I am also a fine, warm, charming human being.
I believe in lasting friendships.
Once someone becomes a friend of mine,
They become my friend for life.
Some people find this hard to believe,
But I will prove it . . .
As soon as I make my first friend.

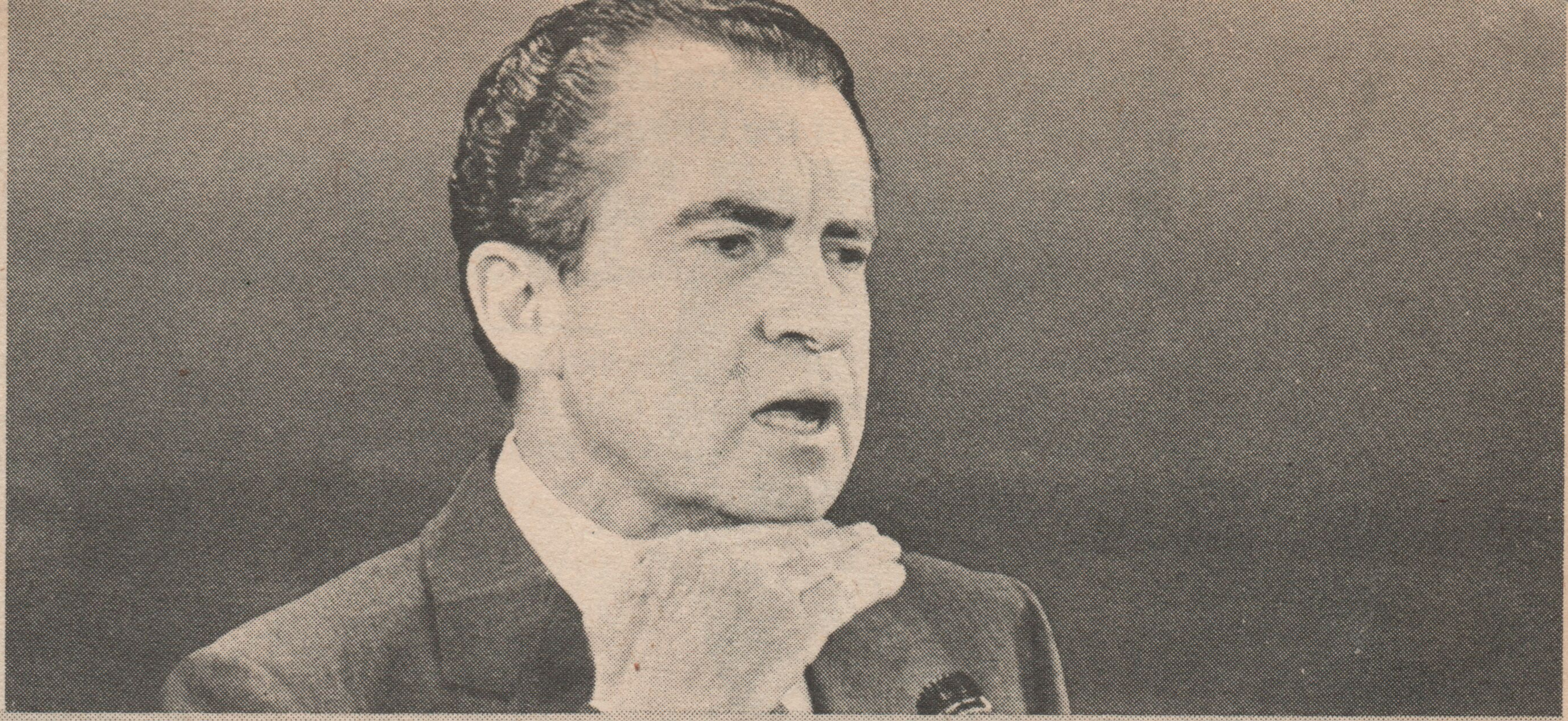
A President must be a great leader.
He must be forceful.
He must be dynamic.
He must speak for the people.
Whenever I speak,
I don't just speak for myself.
I speak for you millions of Americans out there.
You millions of Americans who believe in me.
You millions of bankers,
And you millions of businessmen,
And you millions of industrialists,
And both of you Negroes.

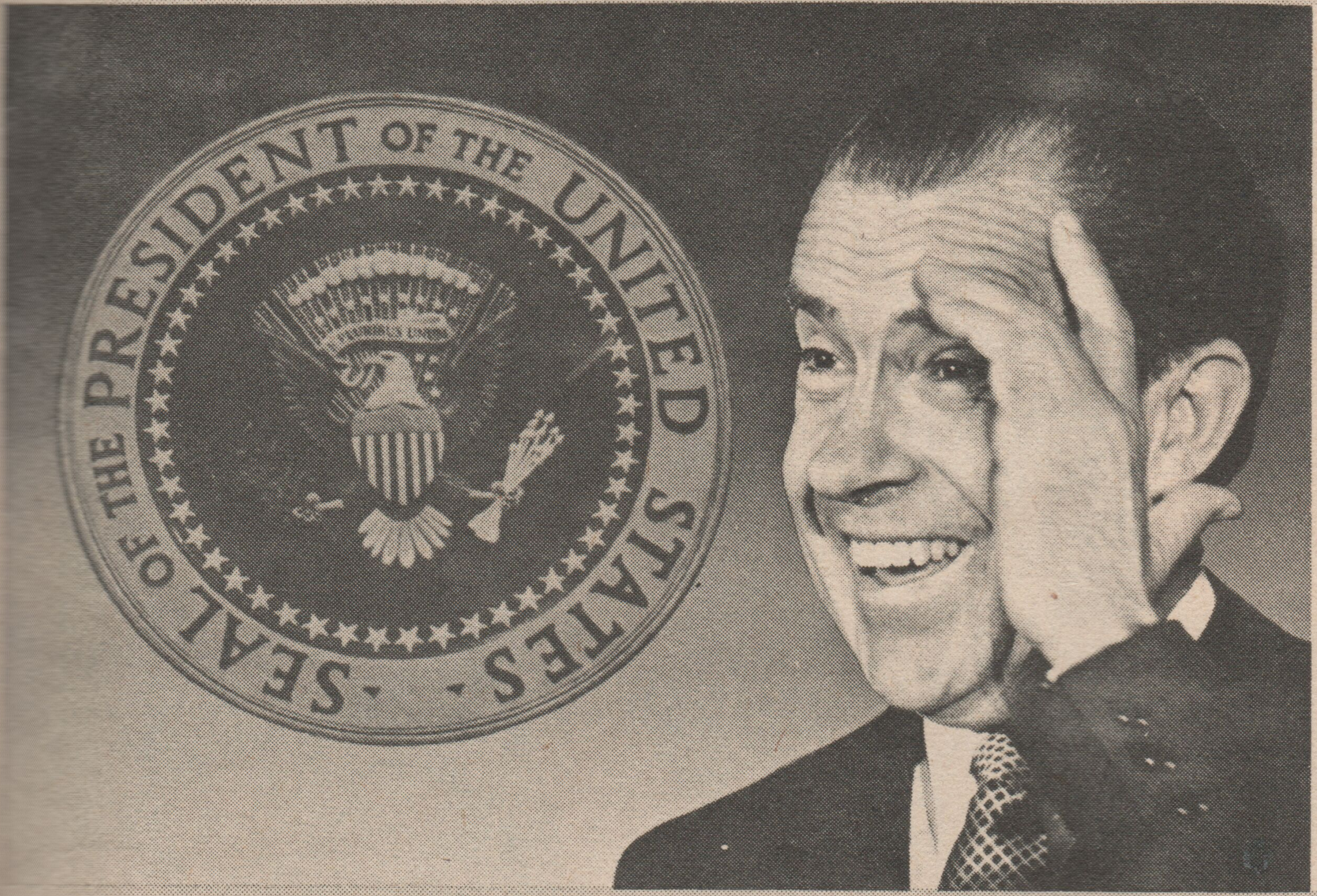


7AM-7PM
NO PARKING
7AM-MIDNIGHT

To be a good President, you must be sincere.
One reason for my success is that I have sincerity.
Look at my face.
Don't you see sincerity written all over it?
I sincerely believe in Integration.
But I also sincerely believe that Segregationists
Have their rights, too.
On the other hand, I sincerely believe in Equality.
But then again, I sincerely believe that some people
Are more equal than other people.
I call these sincere beliefs my "Convictions".
Where do my "Convictions" come from?
They come from my heart.
They also come from my Opinion Polls.

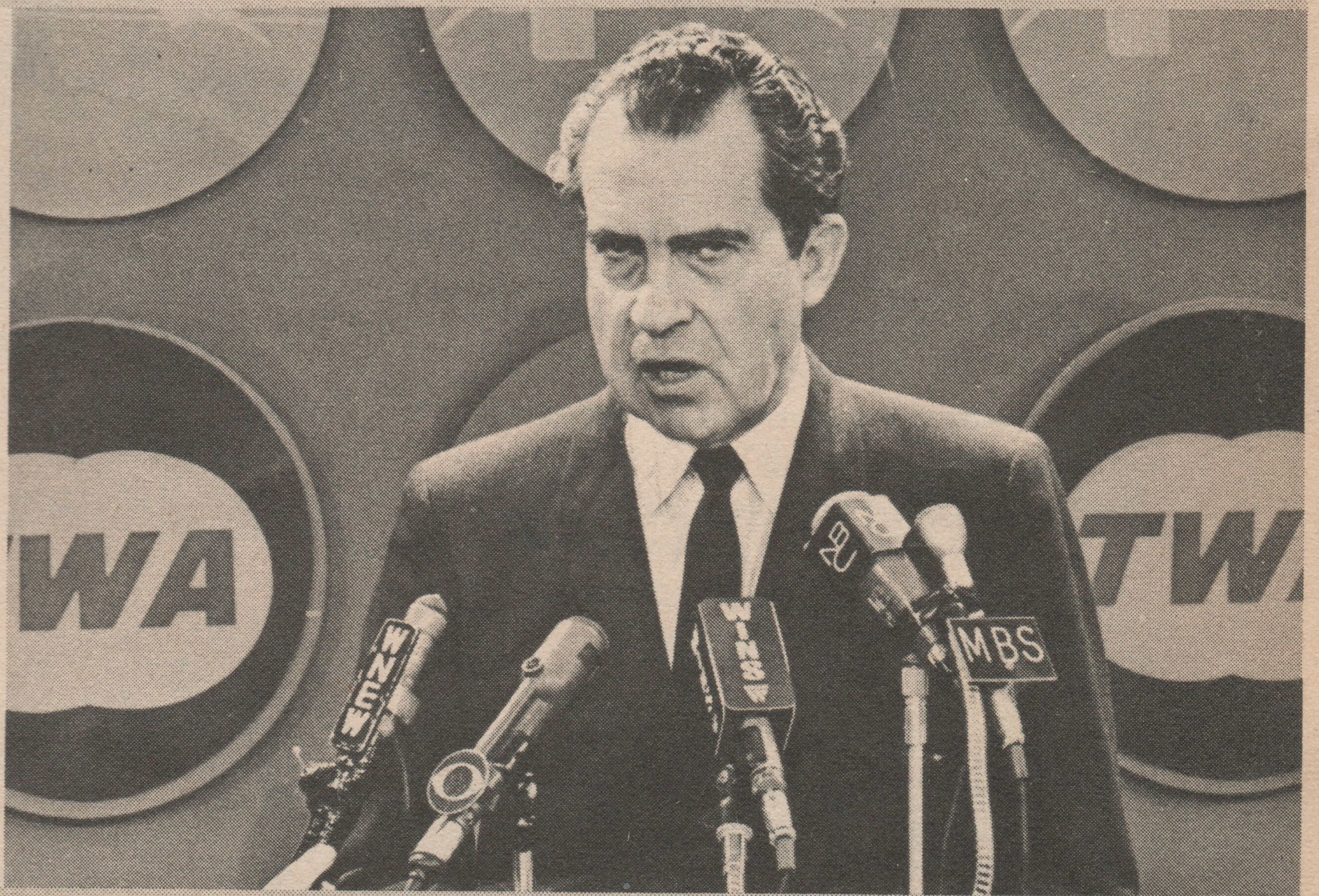
Now, before I go on,
I want to make one thing perfectly clear:
I have had it up to here
With certain people!
People who say I am two different men:
An OLD Nixon . . . and a NEW Nixon!
I am just ONE Nixon!
Just the other day, I said to my wife, Pat,
"Thank God there is only one Nixon!"
And Pat agreed.

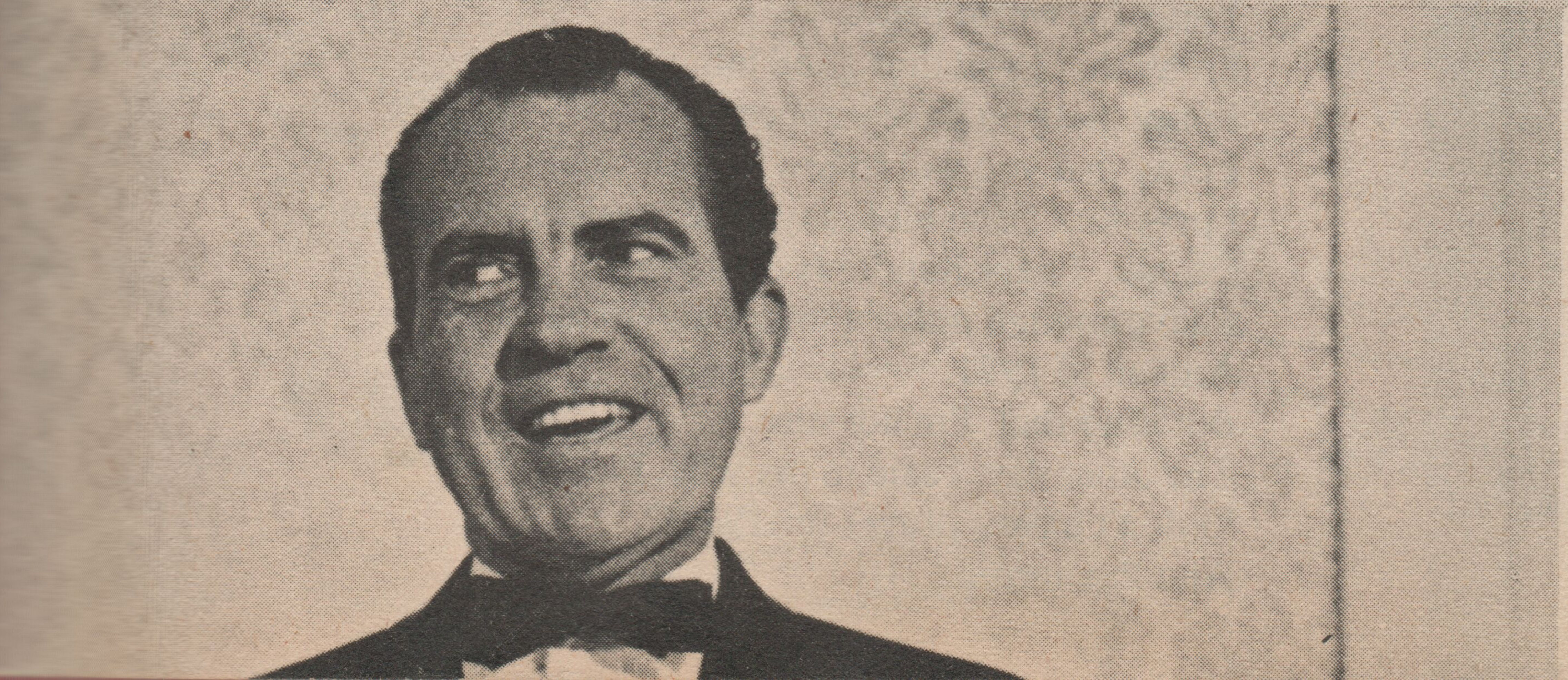



SEAL OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

This is the ONE Nixon:
I am Trustworthy,
Loyal,
Helpful,
Friendly,
Courteous,
Kind,
Obedient,
Cheerful,
Thrifty,
Brave,
Clean,
And Reverent.
I have just two major ambitions in life:
To be the greatest President who ever lived,
And to make Second Class Scout.

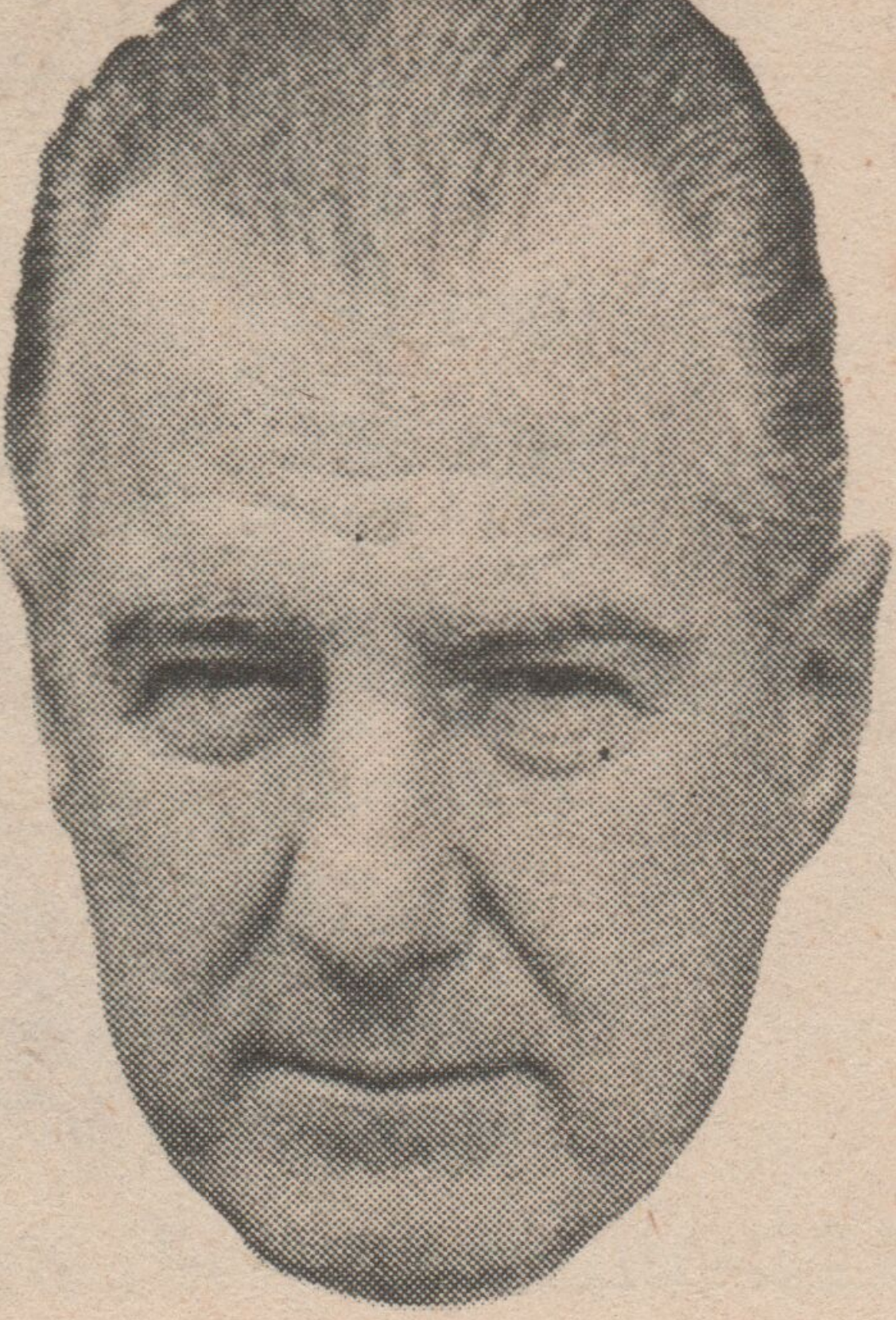
But there are some people who say,
"Yes . . . but what about the OLD Nixon?
You know that OLD Nixon we mean!
You know, you know!
The fiery Commie-baiter!
The screamer!
The mud-slinger!
The character assassin!
The guy with the heavy jowls
And the angry mouth
And the narrow, shifty eyes!
Tricky Dicky!
What about THAT Old Nixon?"
Let me make one thing perfectly clear:
Look at my face . . .
Do I look like THAT Old Nixon?
Wait a minute! Let me repeat the question!





There! NOW look at my face!
Do I look like that Old Nixon?
Make no mistake about it.
I am not that Old Nixon!
I am not a Commie-baiter!
I am not a screamer!
I am not a mud-slinger!
I am not a character assassin!
No! I am NOT that Old Nixon!

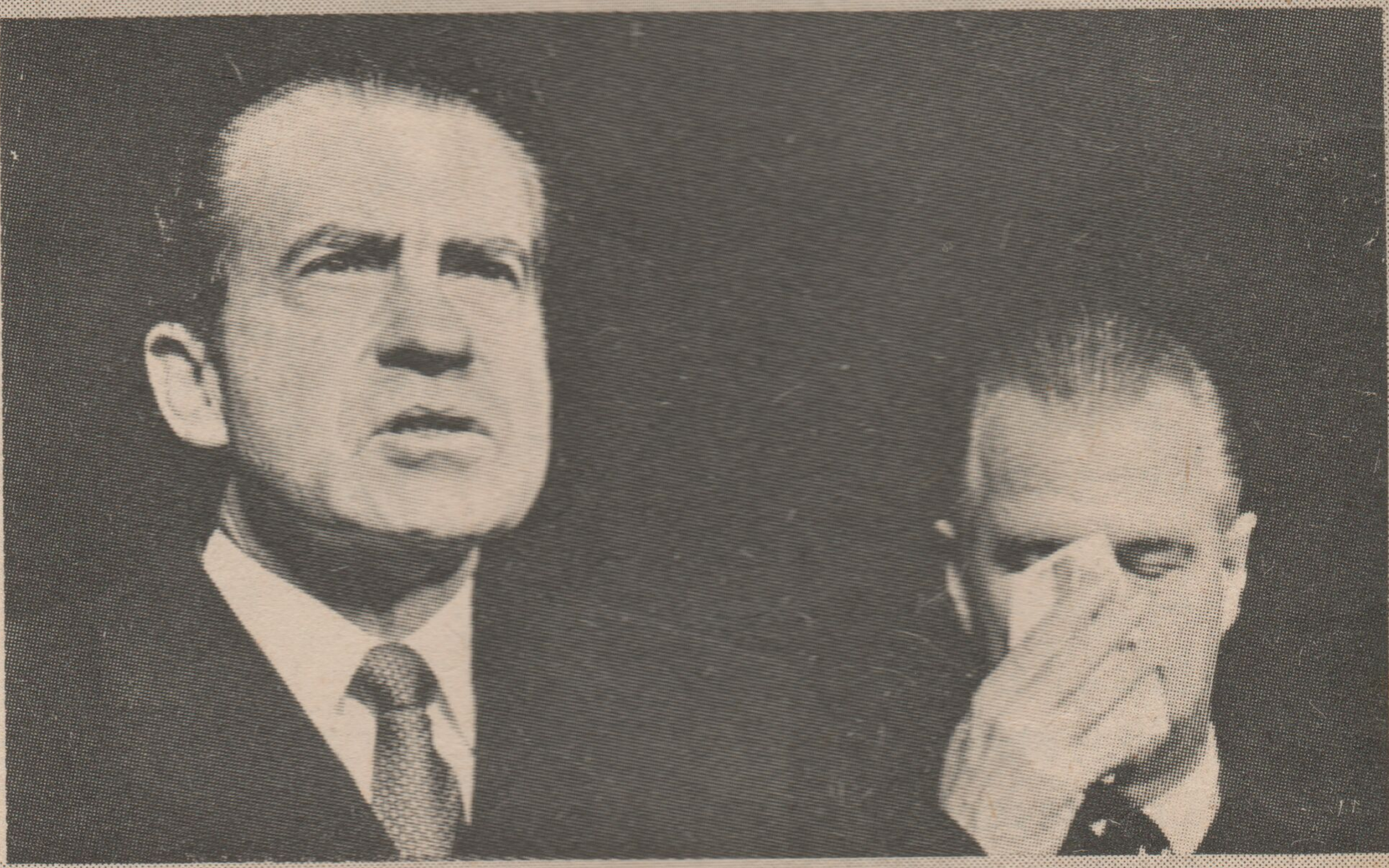
And now, I would like you to meet
The Vice President of the United States.



THIS . . . is the **OLD Nixon!!**

I only hope that if any of you ever become President
You are as lucky as I am.
Lucky to have such a wonderful Vice President.
He is bright
And intelligent
And a powerful speaker.
And . . . he has a fantastic sense of humor!
Have you heard some of his powerful speeches lately?
You should see him at White House parties
With a lampshade on his head!
You should see him at Official Functions
With his funny lapel flower that squirts water!
We are very close.
I always like to shake his hand and tell him how much I . . .
Oooooooooh! Owwwwww! Ouch!
Oh, Spiro, you incorrigible cut-up!
You really surprised me with that Palm-Buzzer!!

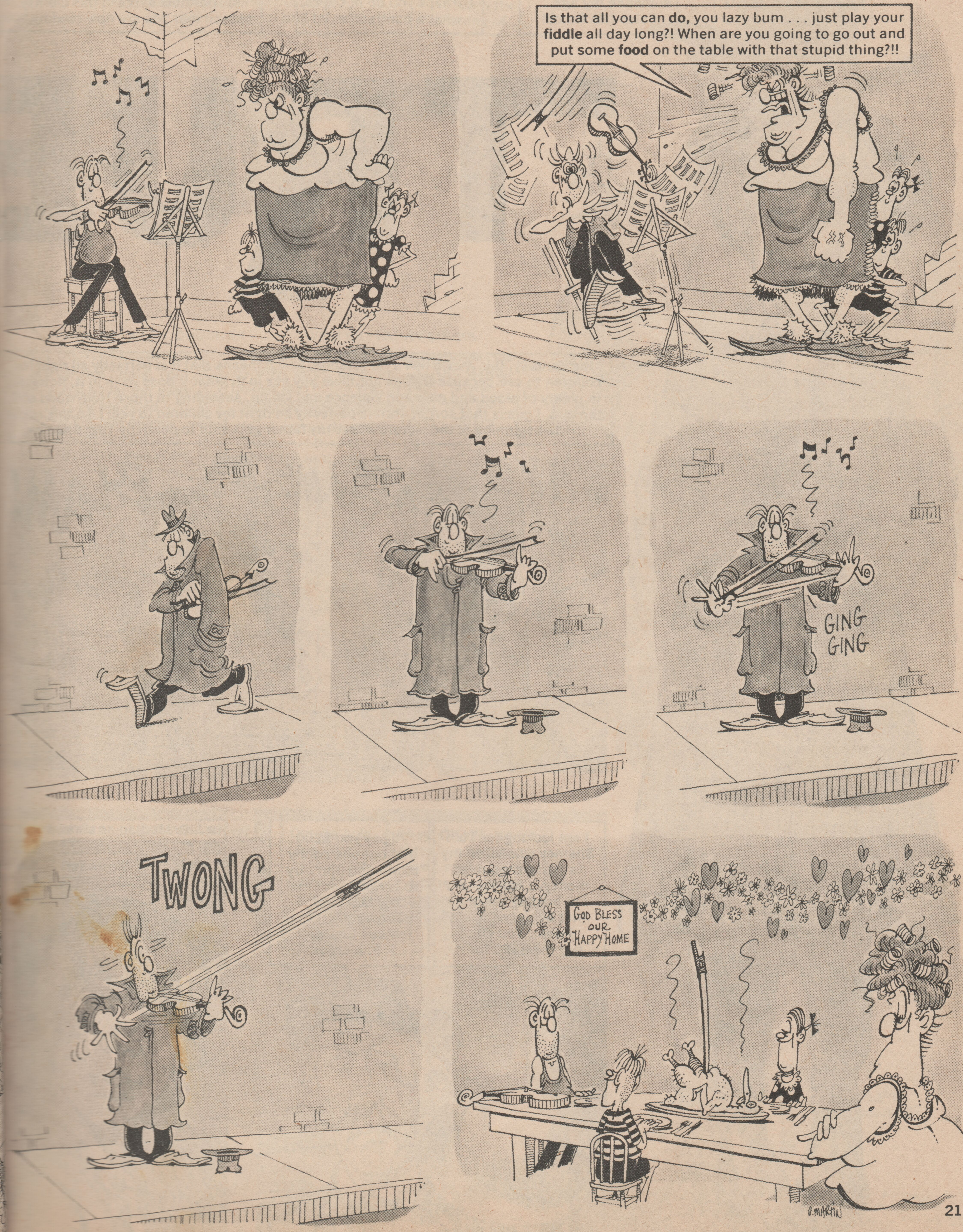
Yes, a good Vice President is very important.
He can say the things you can't say!
And he can do your dirty jobs for you!
And if he ever steps out of line . . .
Like surprising you with an unexpected Palm-Buzzer . . .
You can reason with him.
You can show him the error of his ways.
You can do this with a friendly word in the ear,
Or a warm pat on the shoulder,
Or a hard punch in the mouth!



And now, in closing, I would like to pray.
A President can never pray enough.
I pray for world peace.
I pray that I will do a good job.
I pray that you have listened to me.
I pray that you will follow my advice.
I pray that I don't lose my Vice President to "Laugh-In".
Oh, yes, I have hundreds of prayers.
I have enough prayers to last me for all of 1970
And all of 1971.
But after that, I'm not sure.
The other day, I said to my wife, Pat,
"I don't have a prayer for 1972!"
And Pat agreed.

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART I

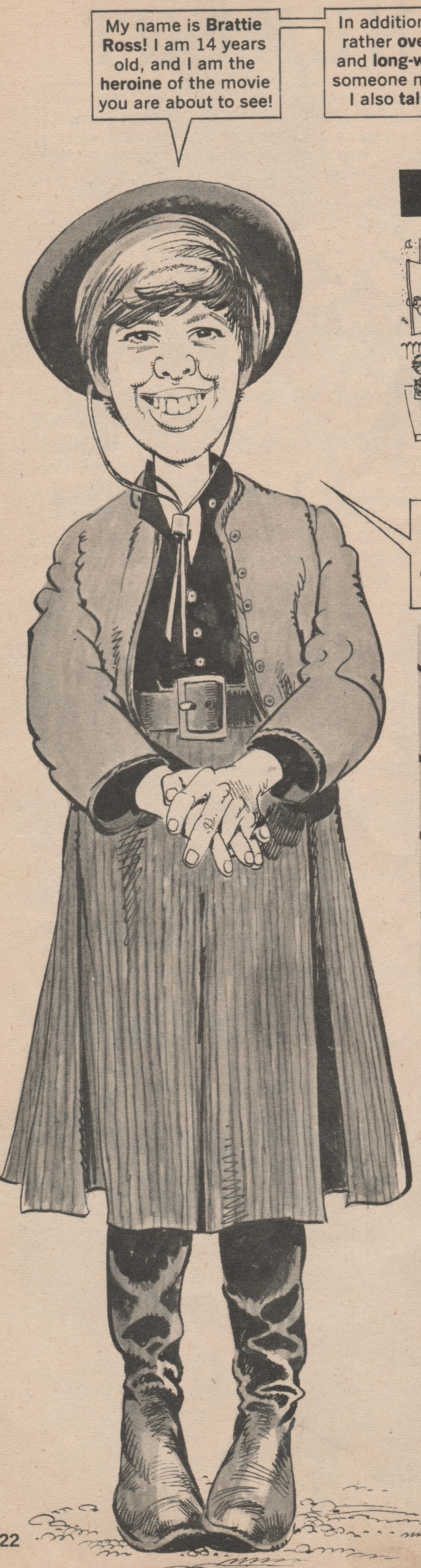
ONE DAY IN A TENEMENT

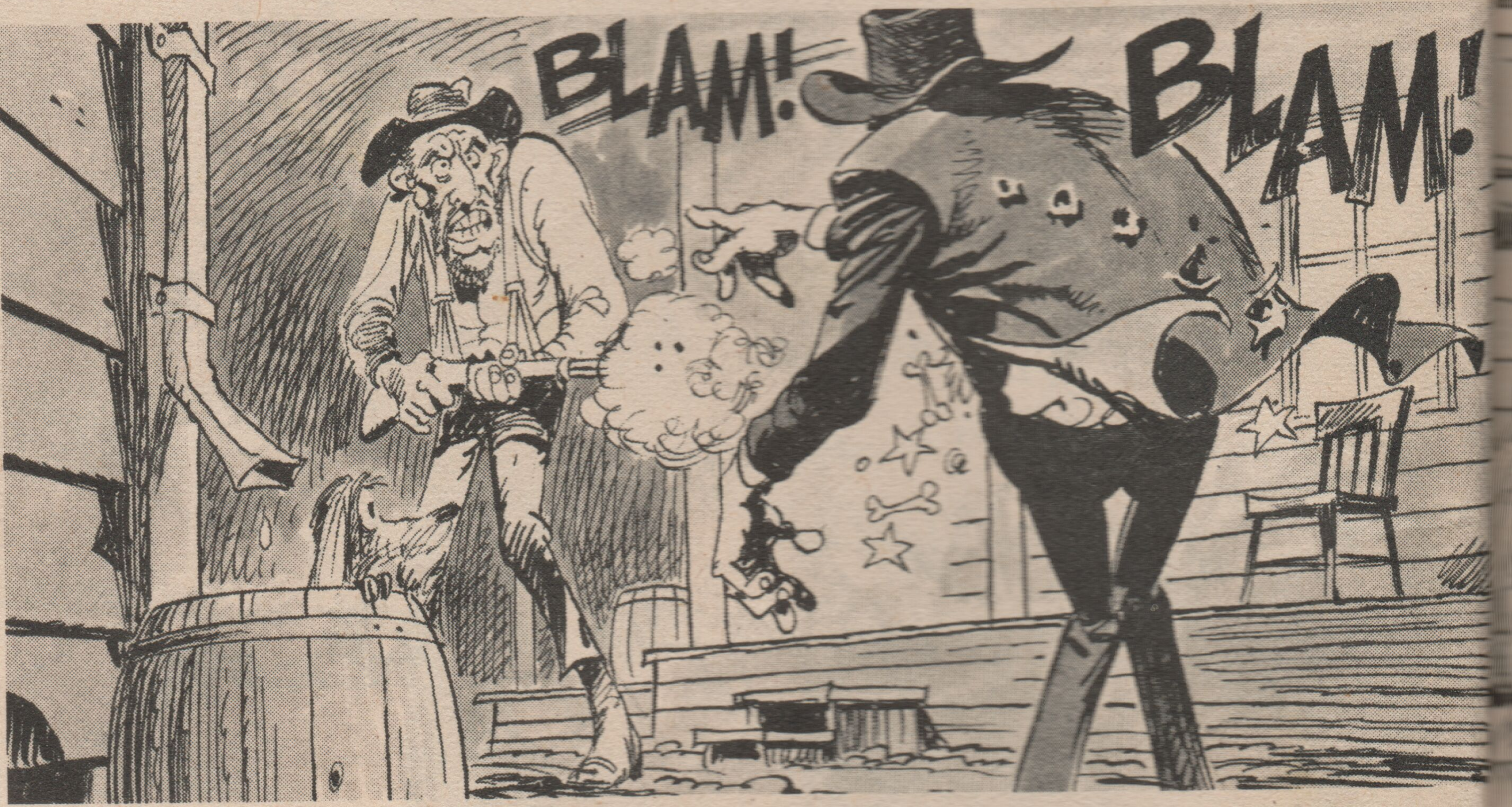


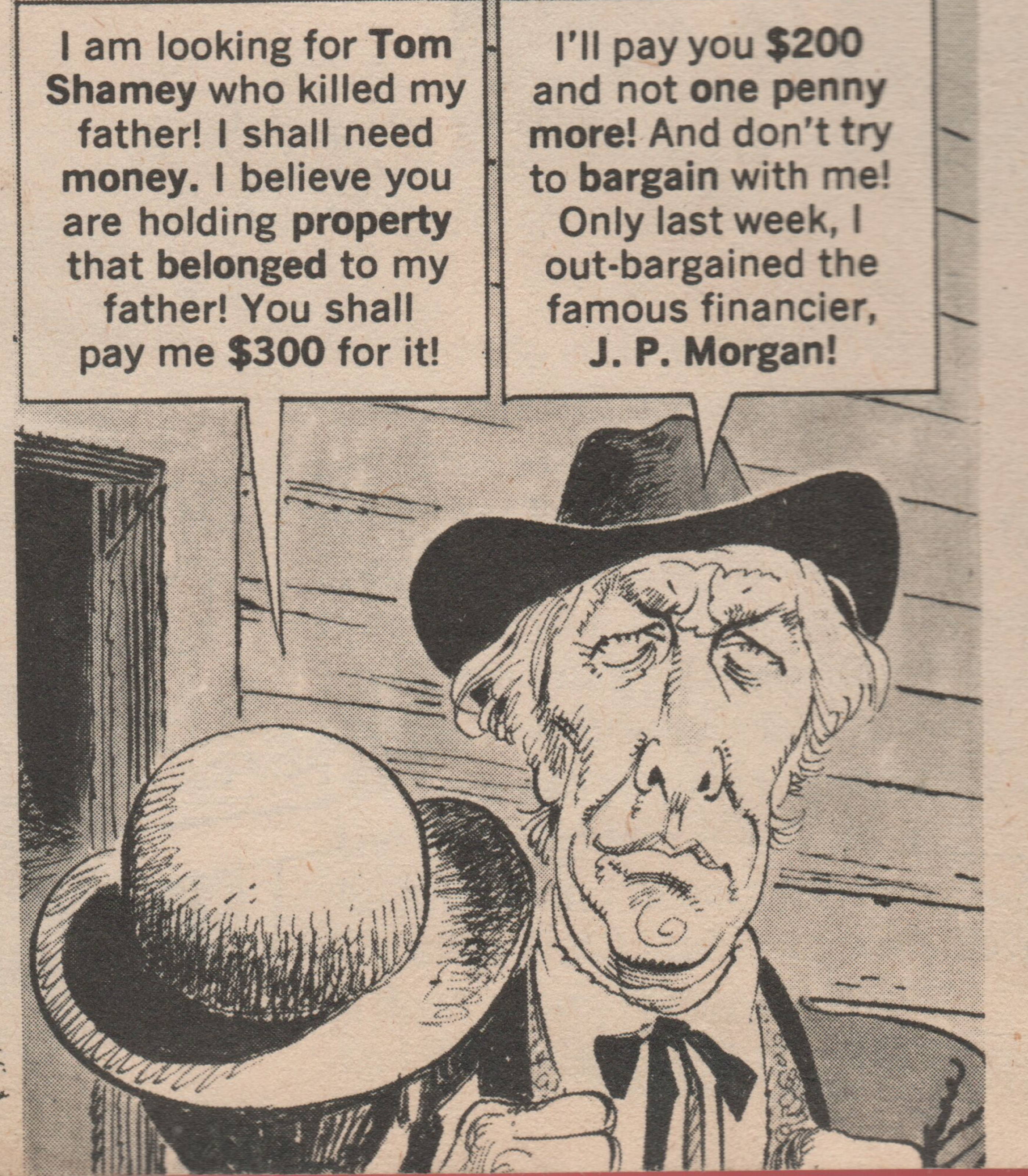
Is that all you can **do,** you lazy bum . . . just play your **fiddle** all day long?! When are you going to go out and put some **food** on the table with that stupid thing?!!
GING GING
TWONG
GOD BLESS OUR HAPPY HOME
D. MARTIN

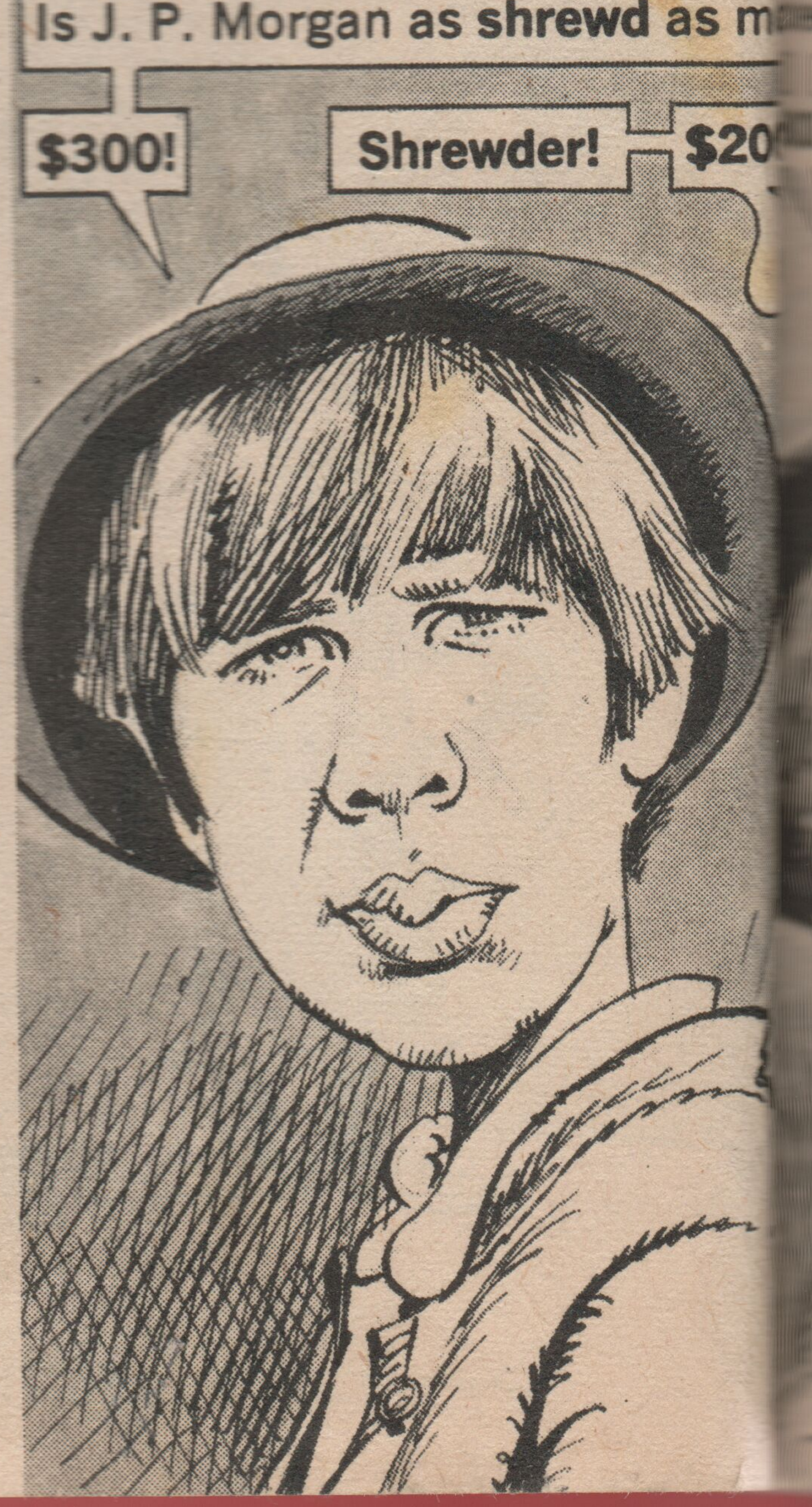
GRIT AND BEAR IT DEPT.

TRUE


My name is Brattie Ross! I am 14 years old, and I am the heroine of the movie you are about to see!
In addition to being rather overbearing and long-winded for someone my age . . . I also talk funny!
I talk funny mainly because I do not use any contractions! Perhaps you do not know what a contraction is!
A contraction is a convenient way to shorten a group of words, which—as you can see—I have not done in six possible spots in this clumsy speech that you are now reading . . .
Incidentally, this movie has a "G" Rating, which means that it is perfectly all right for children to see because it does not have any sex in it. What it does have in it, however, is plenty of blood and gore and violence and killing. According to those Hollywood self-censors, I guess that sort of stuff is perfectly all right for children to see! Like this scene in the beginning of the picture where my father gets shot to death by Tom Shamey!




I am looking for Tom Shamey who killed my father! I shall need money. I believe you are holding property that belonged to my father! You shall pay me $300 for it!
I'll pay you $200 and not one penny more! And don't try to bargain with me! Only last week, I out-bargained the famous financier, J. P. Morgan!


Is J. P. Morgan as shrewd as m
$300!
Shrewder!
$20

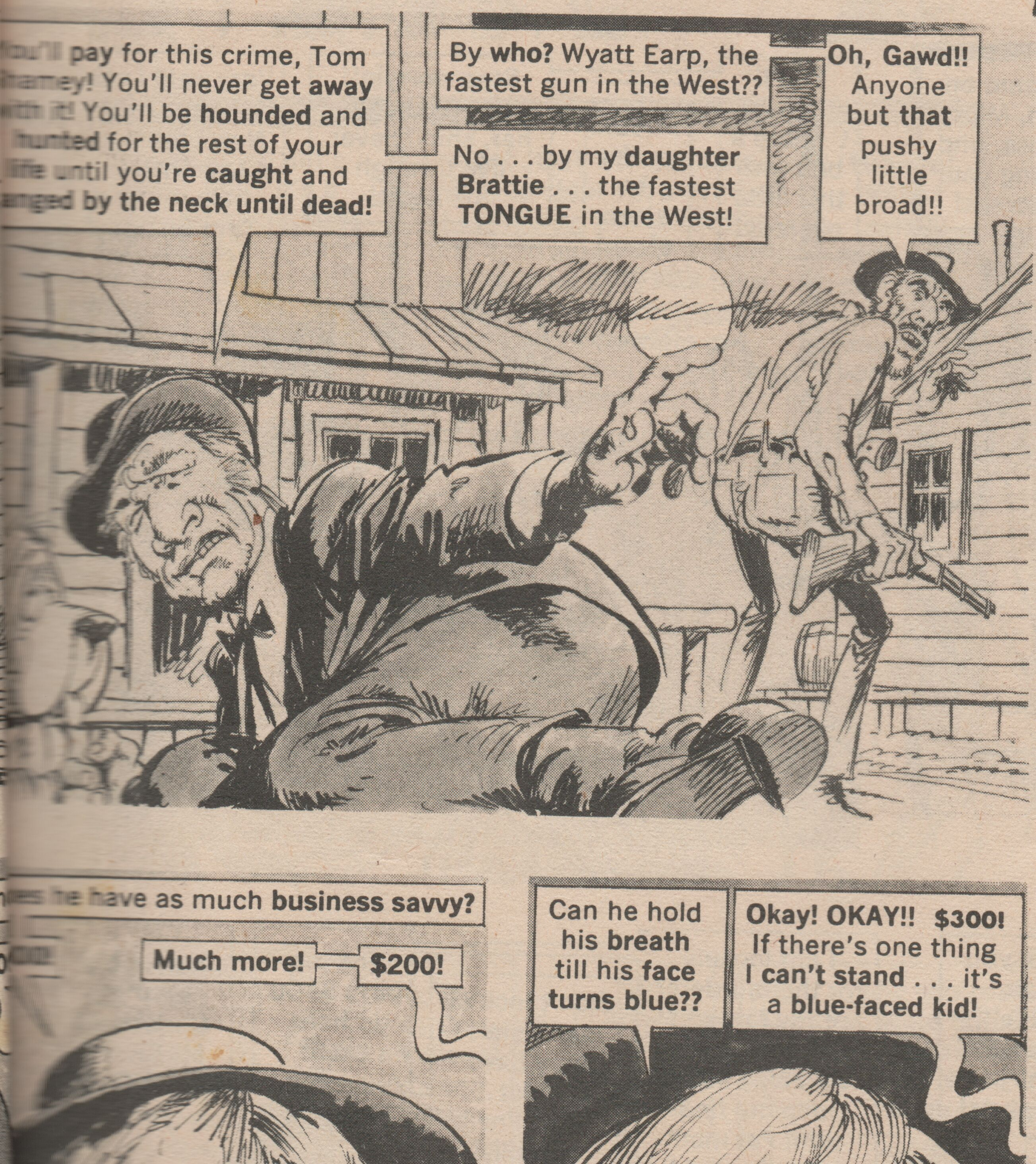
Oops! Make that **SEVEN** spots!

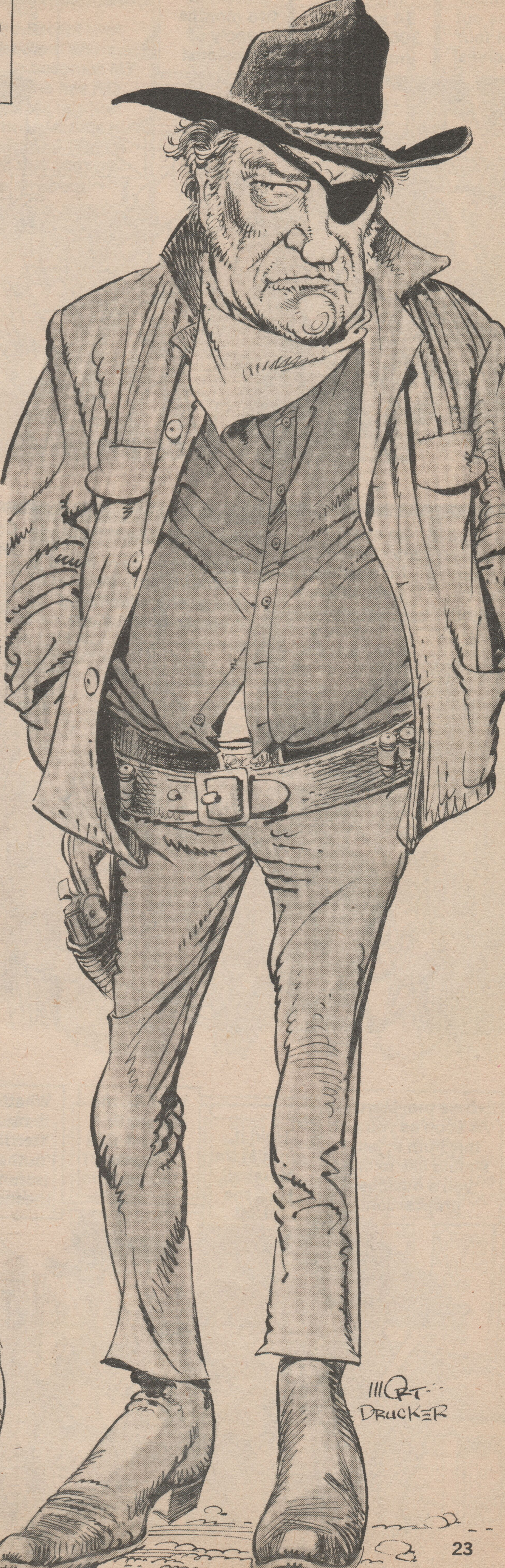
In this movie, I go through a series of **fantastic adventures!** At the end, I learn the meaning of **honor,** the meaning of **courage,** and the meaning of **life!**

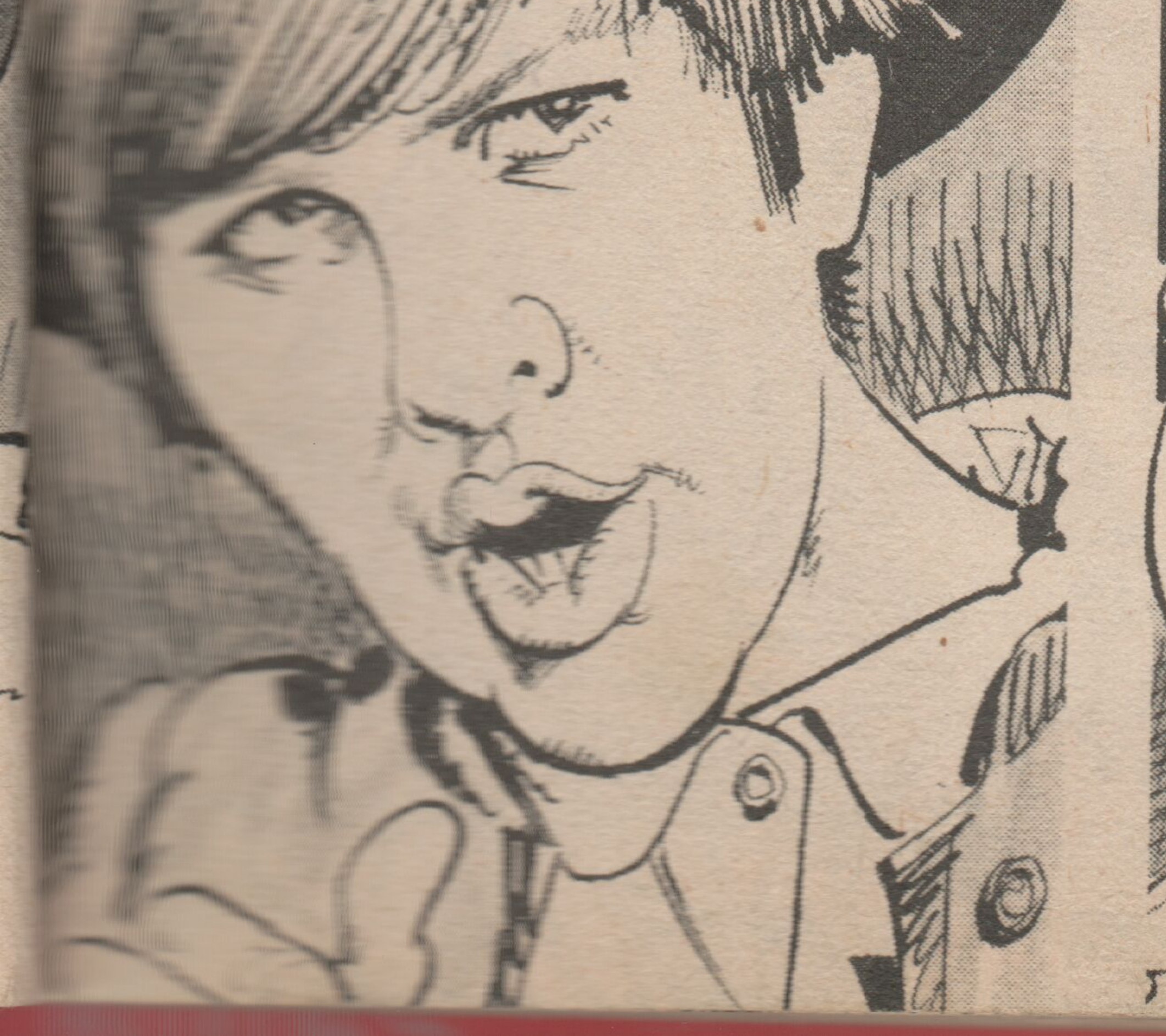
Also, thanks to that great Western star, **John Weight,** I learn the meaning of . . .

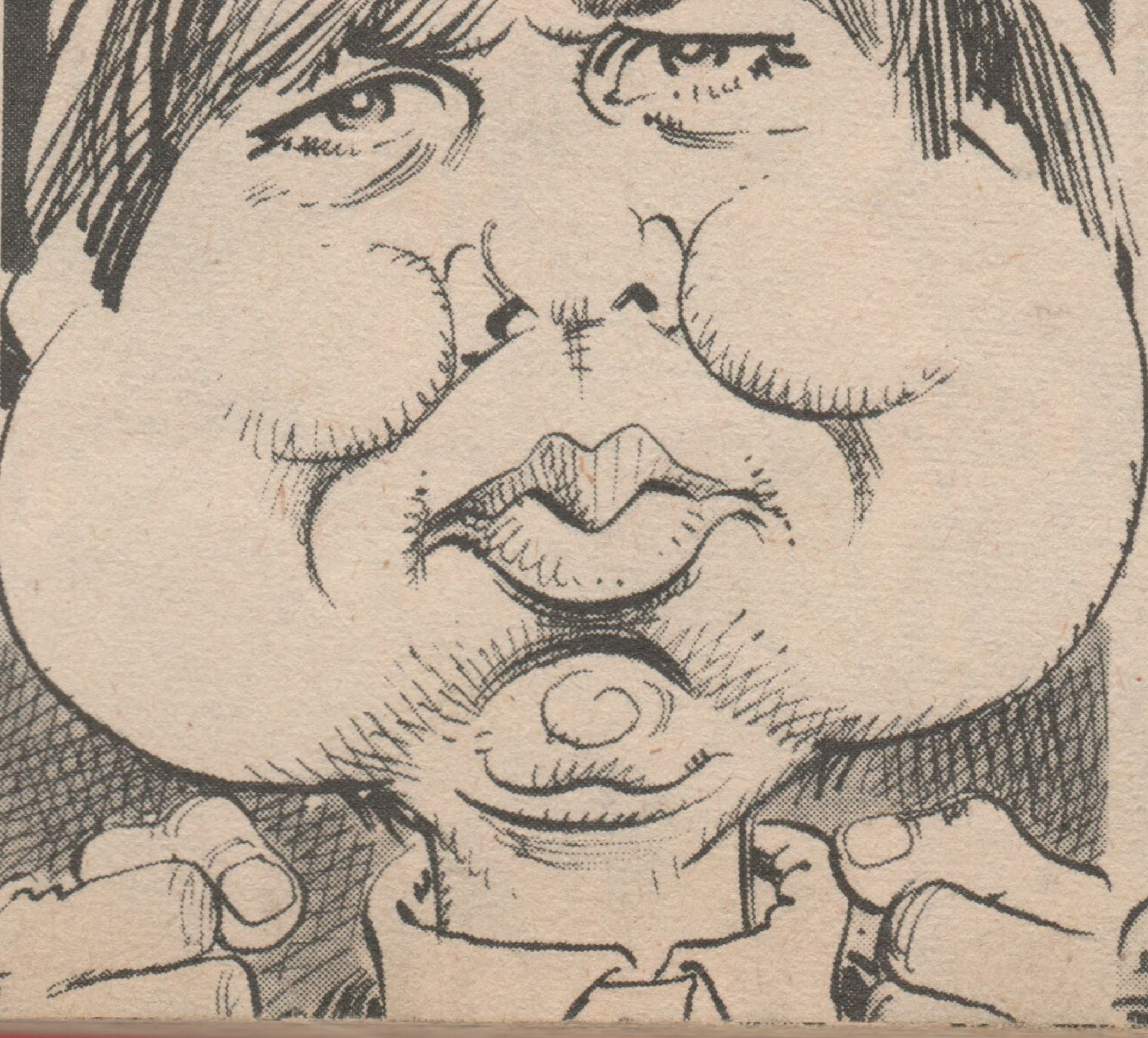
FAT

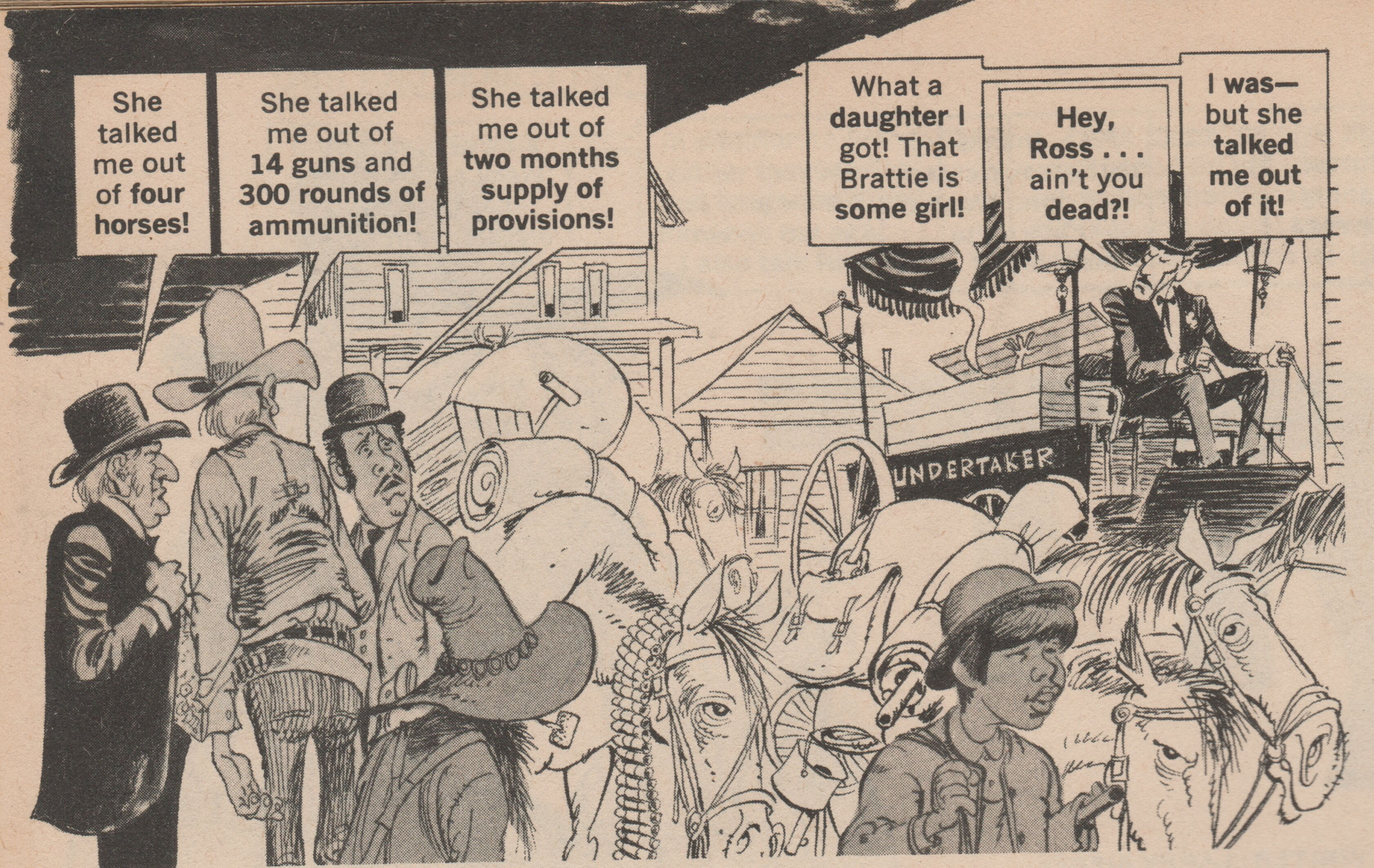
ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

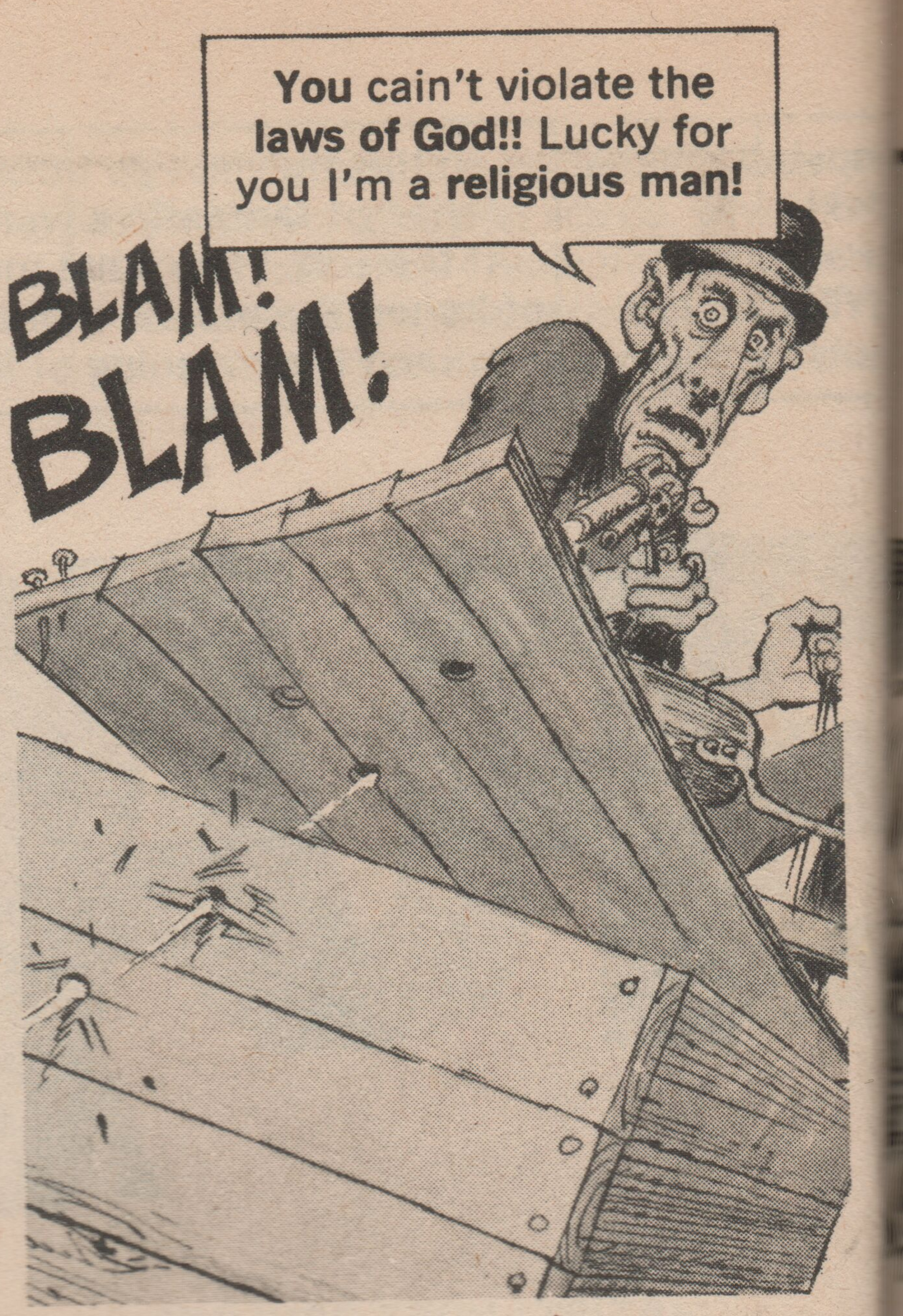

ou'll **pay** for this crime, Tom hamey! You'll never get **away** with it! You'll be **hounded** and hunted for the rest of your life until you're **caught** and anged **by the neck until dead!**
By **who?** Wyatt Earp, the fastest gun in the West??
No . . . by my **daughter Brattie** . . . the fastest **TONGUE** in the West!
Oh, Gawd!! Anyone but **that** pushy little broad!!

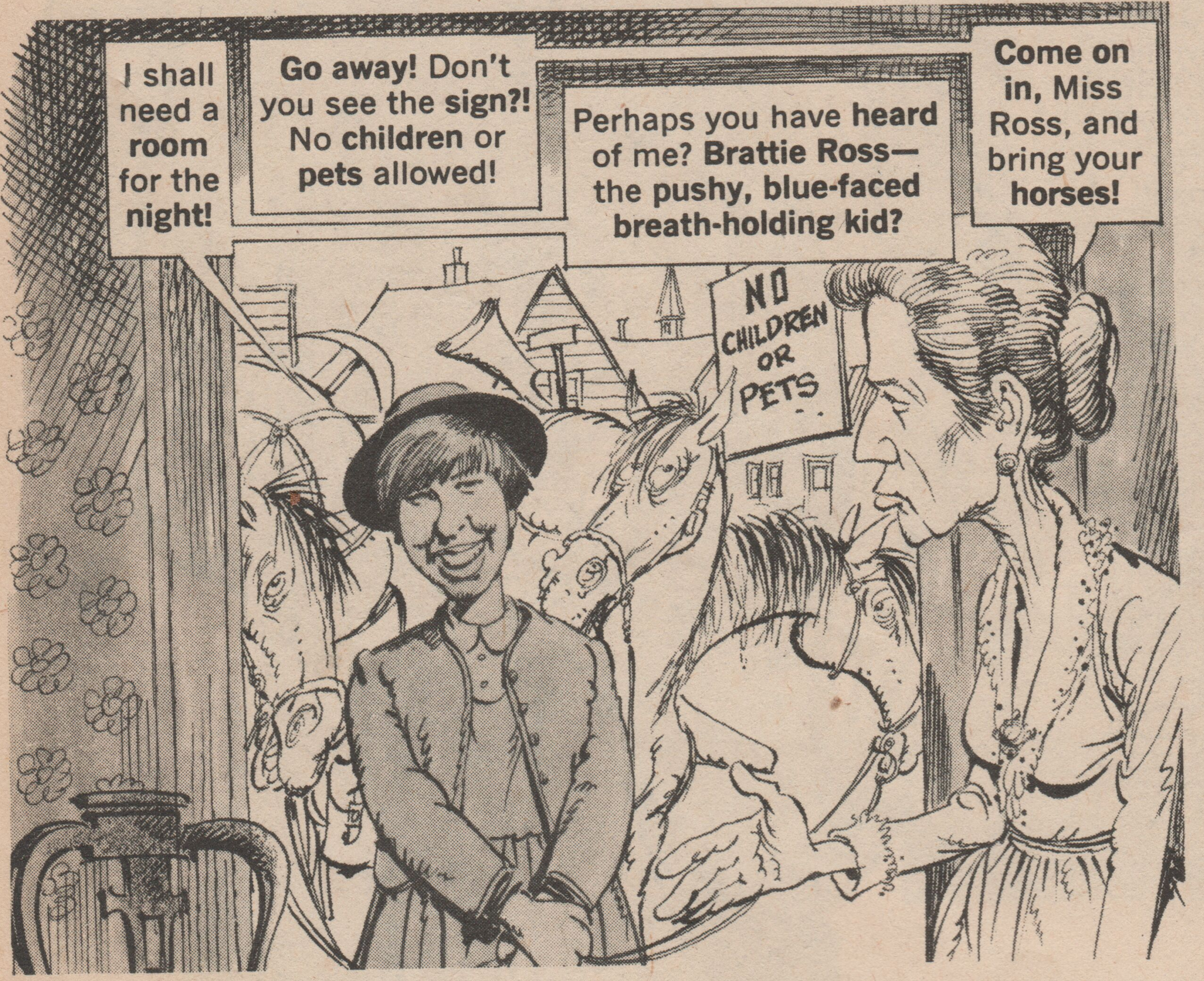

MORT DRUCKER

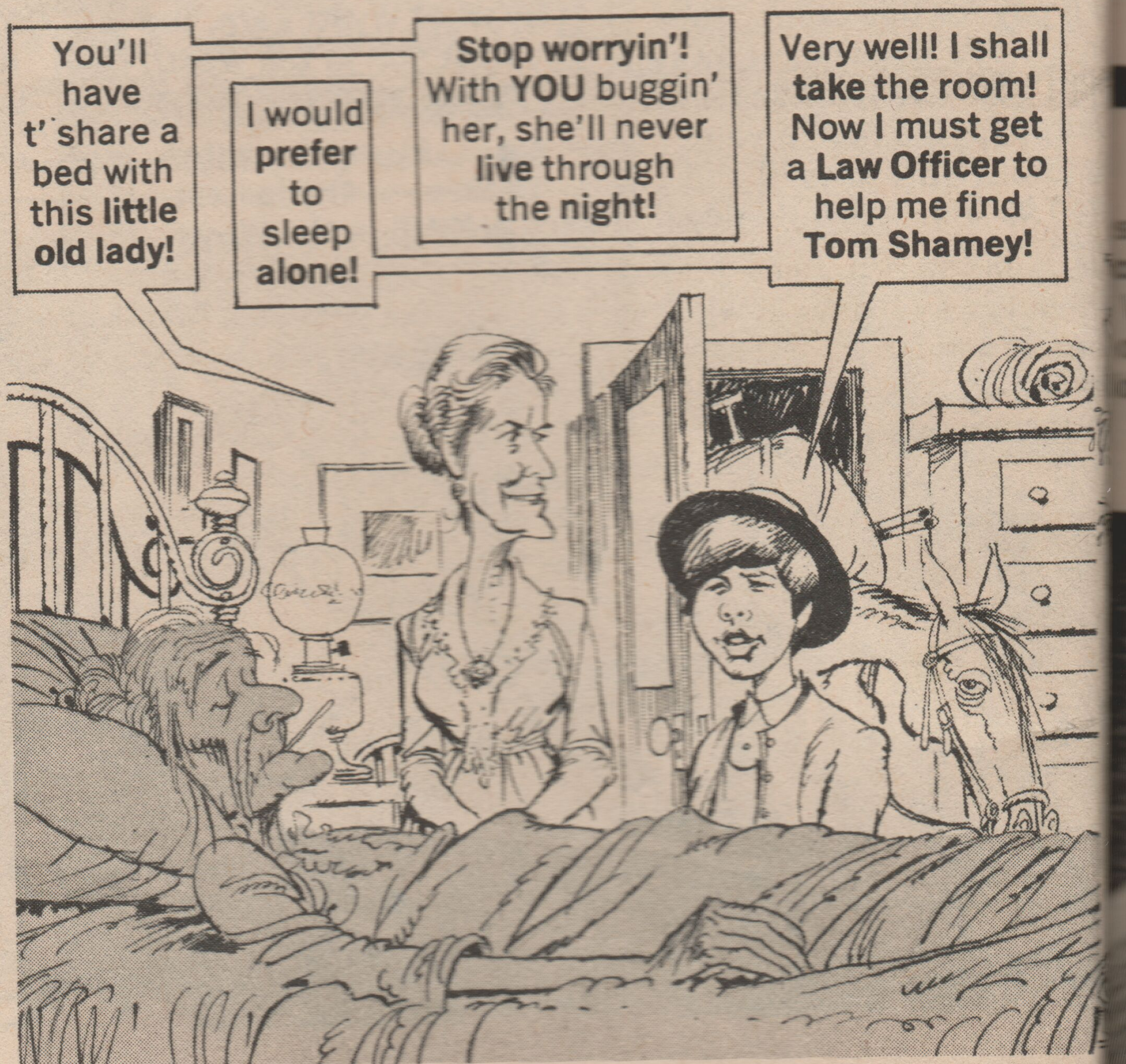

es he have as much **business savvy?**
Much more!
$200!

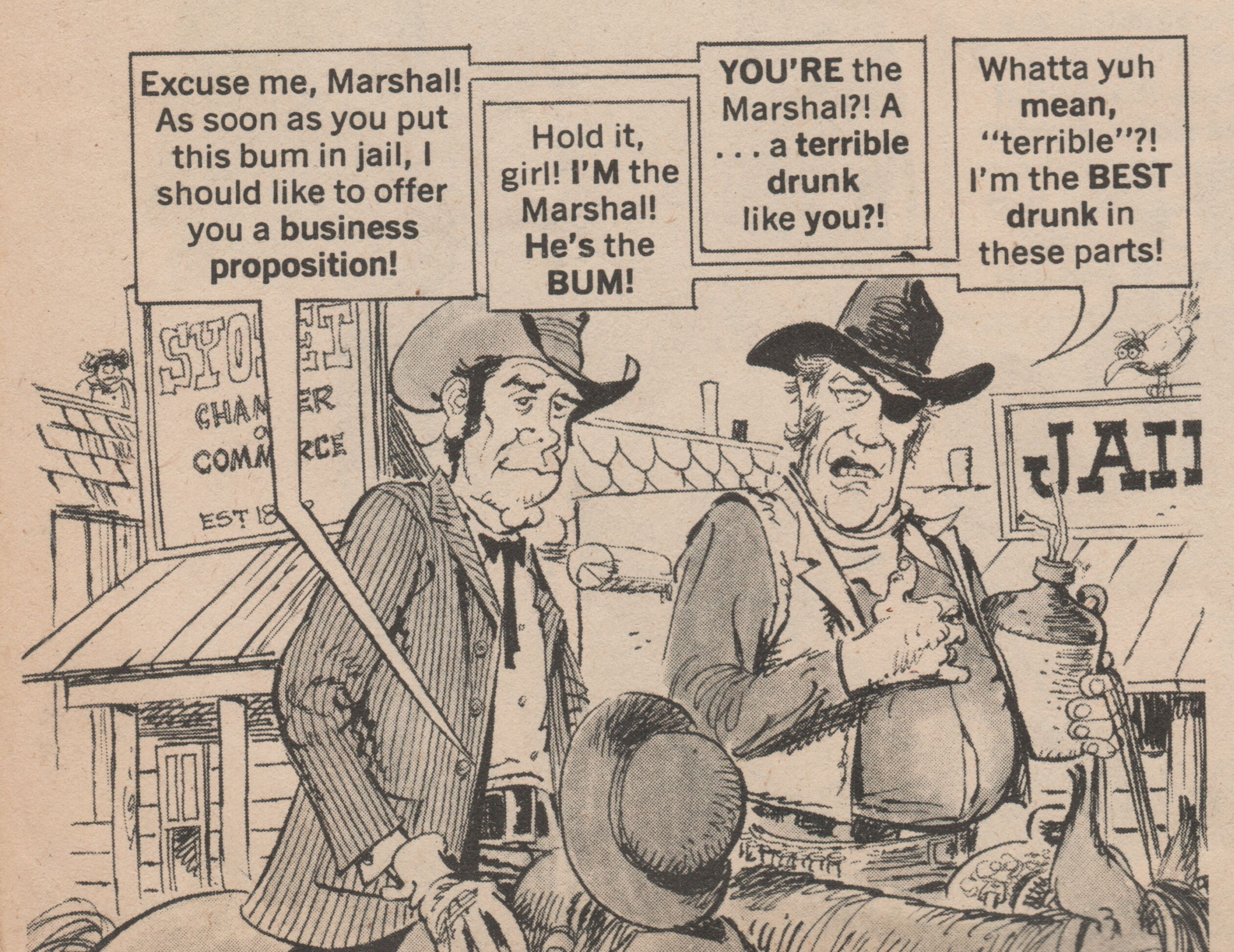

Can he hold his **breath** till his **face turns blue??**
Okay! OKAY!! $300! If there's one thing **I can't stand** . . . it's **a blue-faced kid!**

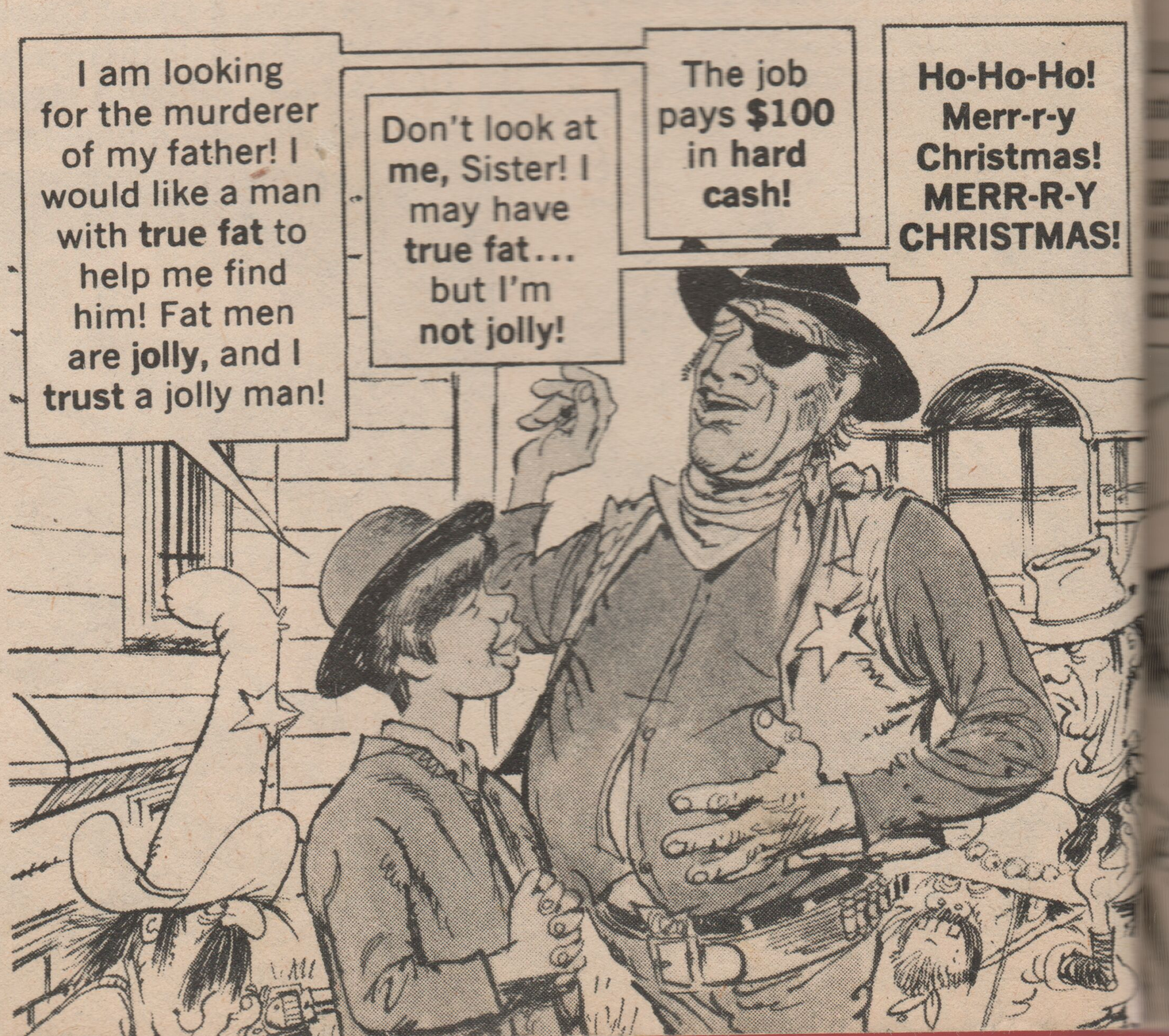

She talked me out of four horses!
She talked me out of 14 guns and 300 rounds of ammunition!
She talked me out of two months supply of provisions!
What a daughter I got! That Brattie is some girl!
Hey, Ross . . . ain't you dead?!
I was—but she talked me out of it!
UNDERTAKER


BLAM! BLAM!
You cain't violate the laws of God!! Lucky for you I'm a religious man!

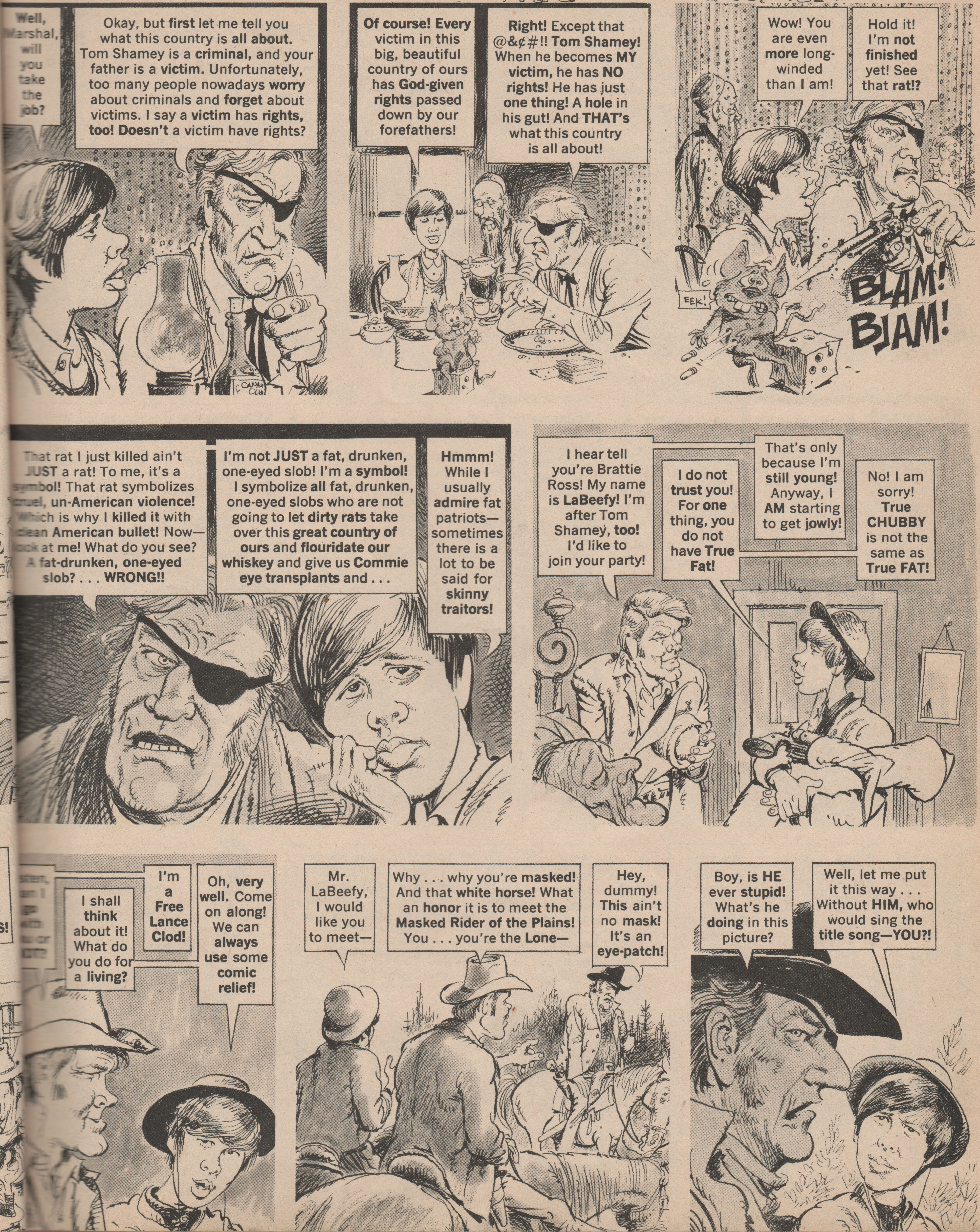

I shall need a room for the night!
Go away! Don't you see the sign?! No children or pets allowed!
Perhaps you have heard of me? Brattie Ross—the pushy, blue-faced breath-holding kid?
Come on in, Miss Ross, and bring your horses!
NO CHILDREN OR PETS


You'll have t' share a bed with this little old lady!
I would prefer to sleep alone!
Stop worryin'! With YOU buggin' her, she'll never live through the night!
Very well! I shall take the room! Now I must get a Law Officer to help me find Tom Shamey!


Excuse me, Marshal! As soon as you put this bum in jail, I should like to offer you a business proposition!
Hold it, girl! I'M the Marshal! He's the BUM!
YOU'RE the Marshal?! A . . . a terrible drunk like you?!
Whatta yuh mean, "terrible"?! I'm the BEST drunk in these parts!
CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
EST 18
JAIL

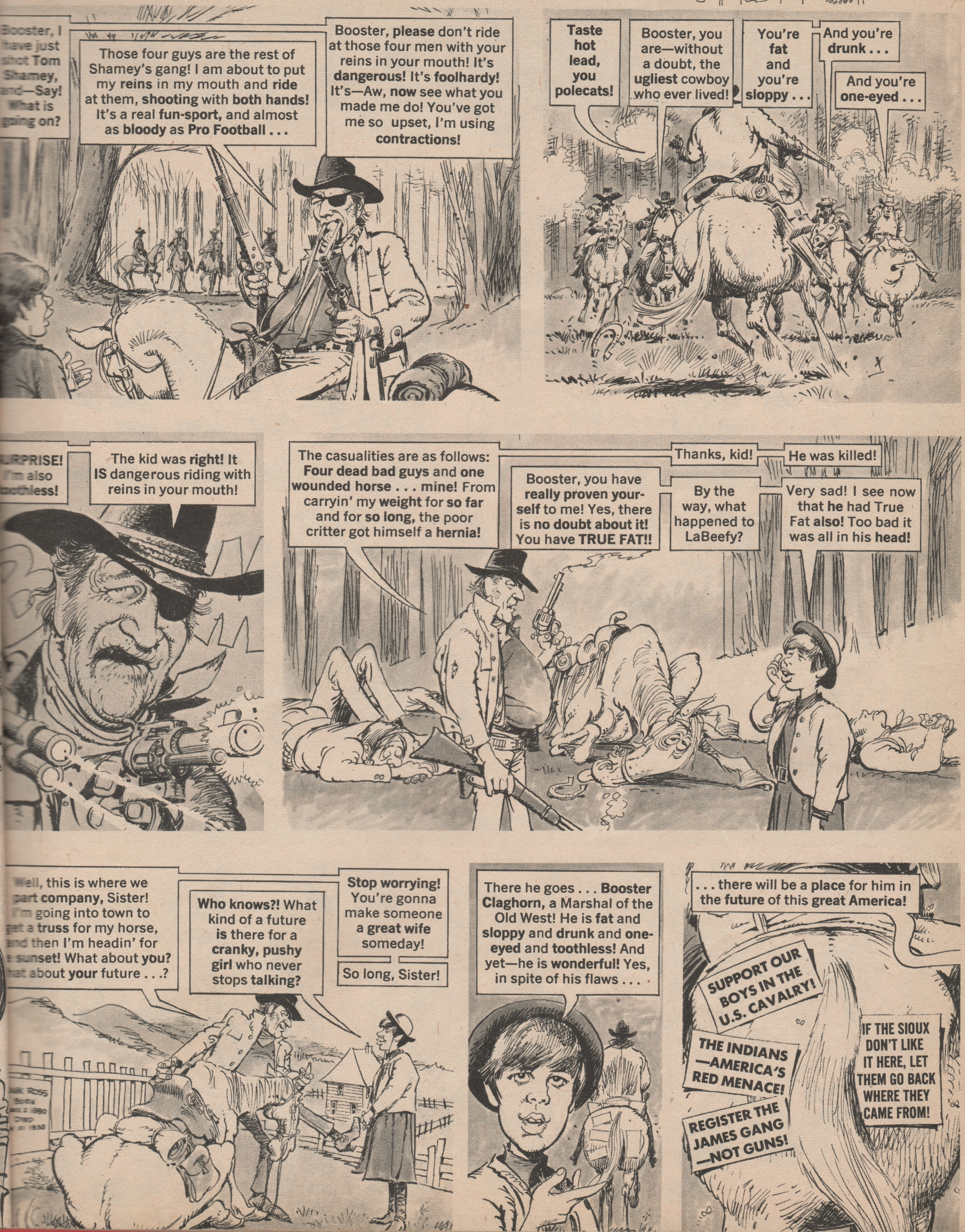

I am looking for the murderer of my father! I would like a man with true fat to help me find him! Fat men are jolly, and I trust a jolly man!
Don't look at me, Sister! I may have true fat . . . but I'm not jolly!
The job pays $100 in hard cash!
Ho-Ho-Ho! Merr-r-y Christmas! MERR-R-Y CHRISTMAS!

RRR
AFRICAN SAFARIS


Well, Marshal, will you take the job?
Okay, but **first** let me tell you what this country is **all about.** Tom Shamey is a **criminal,** and your father is a **victim.** Unfortunately, too many people nowadays **worry** about criminals and **forget** about victims. I say a **victim** has **rights, too! Doesn't** a victim have rights?
CANADIAN CLUB
Of course! Every victim in this big, beautiful country of ours has **God-given rights** passed down by our forefathers!
Right! Except that @&¢#!! **Tom Shamey!** When he becomes **MY victim,** he has **NO rights!** He has just **one thing! A hole** in his gut! And **THAT's** what this country is all about!
Wow! You are even **more** long-winded than **I** am!
Hold it! I'm **not finished** yet! See that **rat!?**
EEK!
BLAM! BJAM!
That rat I just killed ain't **JUST** a rat! To me, it's a **symbol!** That rat symbolizes **cruel, un-American violence! Which** is why I **killed it** with **a clean American bullet!** Now—**look** at me! What do you see? **A fat-drunken, one-eyed slob?** . . . **WRONG!!**
I'm not **JUST** a fat, drunken, one-eyed slob! I'm a **symbol!** I symbolize **all** fat, drunken, one-eyed slobs who are not going to let **dirty rats** take over this **great country of ours** and **flouridate our whiskey** and give us **Commie eye transplants** and . . .
Hmmm! While I usually **admire** fat patriots—sometimes there is a lot to be said for **skinny traitors!**
I hear tell you're Brattie Ross! My name **is LaBeefy!** I'm after Tom Shamey, **too!** I'd like to join your party!
I do not trust you! For **one** thing, you do not **have True Fat!**
That's only because I'm **still young!** Anyway, I **AM** starting to get **jowly!**
No! I am sorry! **True CHUBBY** is not the same as **True FAT!**
Listen, can I go with you or NOT?
I shall **think** about it! What do you do for **a living?**
I'm **a Free Lance Clod!**
Oh, **very well.** Come on along! We can **always** use some **comic relief!**
Mr. LaBeefy, I would like you to meet—
Why . . . why you're **masked!** And that **white horse!** What an **honor** it is to meet the **Masked Rider of the Plains!** You . . . you're the **Lone—**
Hey, dummy! **This** ain't no **mask!** It's an **eye-patch!**
Boy, is **HE** ever **stupid!** What's he **doing** in this picture?
Well, let me put it this way . . . Without **HIM,** who would sing the **title song—YOU?!**

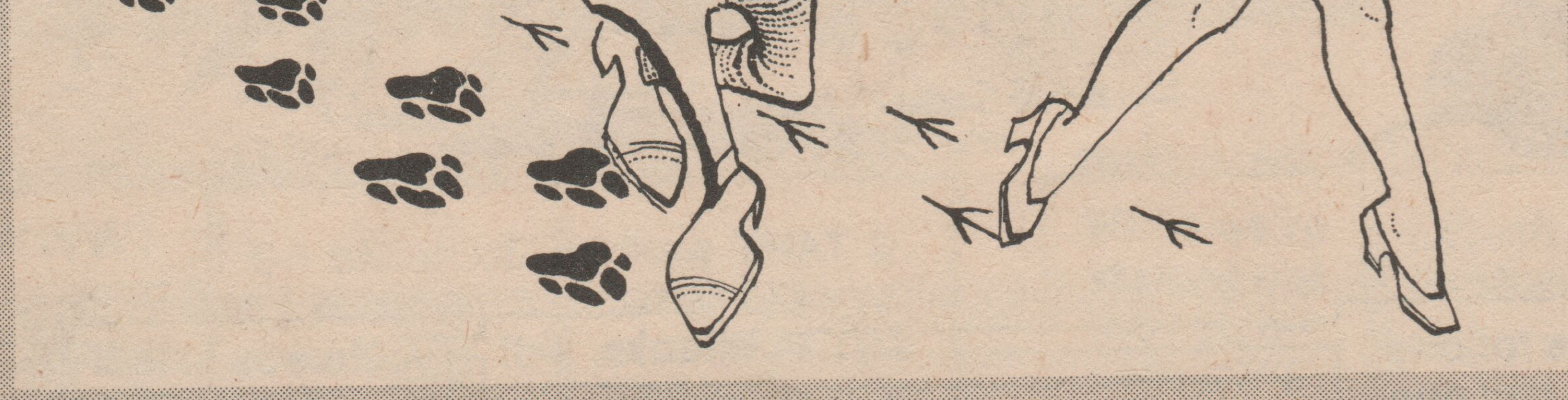
Shamey and his gang are holed up in that cabin there! I think we should attack 'em!
Hold it! Little girls don't attack bad guys! You stay here!
I am going with you! I will hold my breath! I will whine! I will throw a temper tantrum! I will eat rocks! I . . .
Those kid tricks don't bother me!!
Good! I am ready!
In that case, I shall pull the one kid-trick which NO adult has a defense against—the maddening "Echo Trick"!
What's the maddening Echo Trick?
What's the maddening Echo trick?
Cut that out, Brattie!
Cut that out, Brattie!
Okay, you asked for it!
Okay, you asked for it!
OWWW!
OWWW!
You are giving me a terrible pain in the rear end!
On behalf of the movie audience, and everyone else who has come in contact with you so far, that makes us even!
Now THAT'S what I like to see! HEALTHY American sex! None of that sick NUDE love-making you see in Commie movies nowadays!
While we're staking out the cabin—mind if I sing an old prairie song?
Oh-oh say can you see
By the dawn's early light
What so proud-ly we hail
At the twilight's last gleaming—
Can't he just sing a NORMAL cowboy lament . . . like "Cool Water" or "Tumblin' Tumble-weeds"?!
I do not mind the song so much! It is just that I find it hard to sleep while standing at attention!
And now, for my next number—
You can't do it, Marshal—You just can't do it!
Why not?
Because NOBODY sings "The Gettysburg Address"!
It's YOU! Tom Shamey! So we meet at last!
Do not worry! I will give you the chance you never gave my father! I will turn you over to Marshal Booster Claghorn who will see that you face true American justice!
Don't shoot! Don't shoot!
Shoot! Shoot! PLEASE SHOOT!!
BLAM
Never disobey a grown-up . . . I always say!

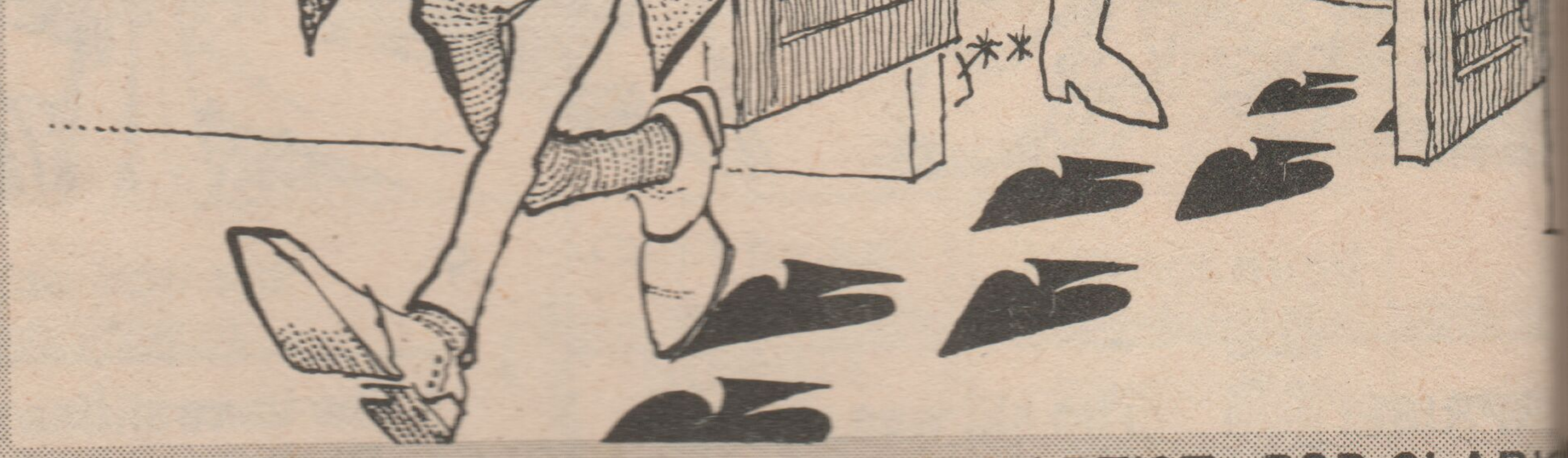
GAS


Booster, I have just shot Tom Shamey, and—Say! What is going on?
Those four guys are the rest of Shamey's gang! I am about to put my reins in my mouth and ride at them, shooting with both hands! It's a real fun-sport, and almost as bloody as Pro Football . . .
Booster, please don't ride at those four men with your reins in your mouth! It's dangerous! It's foolhardy! It's—Aw, now see what you made me do! You've got me so upset, I'm using contractions!
Taste hot lead, you polecats!
Booster, you are—without a doubt, the ugliest cowboy who ever lived!
You're fat and you're sloppy . . .
And you're drunk . . .
And you're one-eyed . . .
URPRISE! I'm also oothless!
The kid was right! It IS dangerous riding with reins in your mouth!
The casualities are as follows: Four dead bad guys and one wounded horse . . . mine! From carryin' my weight for so far and for so long, the poor critter got himself a hernia!
Booster, you have really proven yourself to me! Yes, there is no doubt about it! You have TRUE FAT!!
Thanks, kid!
By the way, what happened to LaBeefy?
He was killed!
Very sad! I see now that he had True Fat also! Too bad it was all in his head!
Well, this is where we part company, Sister! I'm going into town to get a truss for my horse, and then I'm headin' for e sunset! What about you? hat about your future . . .?
Who knows?! What kind of a future is there for a cranky, pushy girl who never stops talking?
Stop worrying! You're gonna make someone a great wife someday!
So long, Sister!
BORN
DIED
There he goes . . . Booster Claghorn, a Marshal of the Old West! He is fat and sloppy and drunk and one-eyed and toothless! And yet—he is wonderful! Yes, in spite of his flaws . . .
. . . there will be a place for him in the future of this great America!
SUPPORT OUR BOYS IN THE U.S. CAVALRY!
THE INDIANS —AMERICA'S RED MENACE!
REGISTER THE JAMES GANG —NOT GUNS!
IF THE SIOUX DON'T LIKE IT HERE, LET THEM GO BACK WHERE THEY CAME FROM!

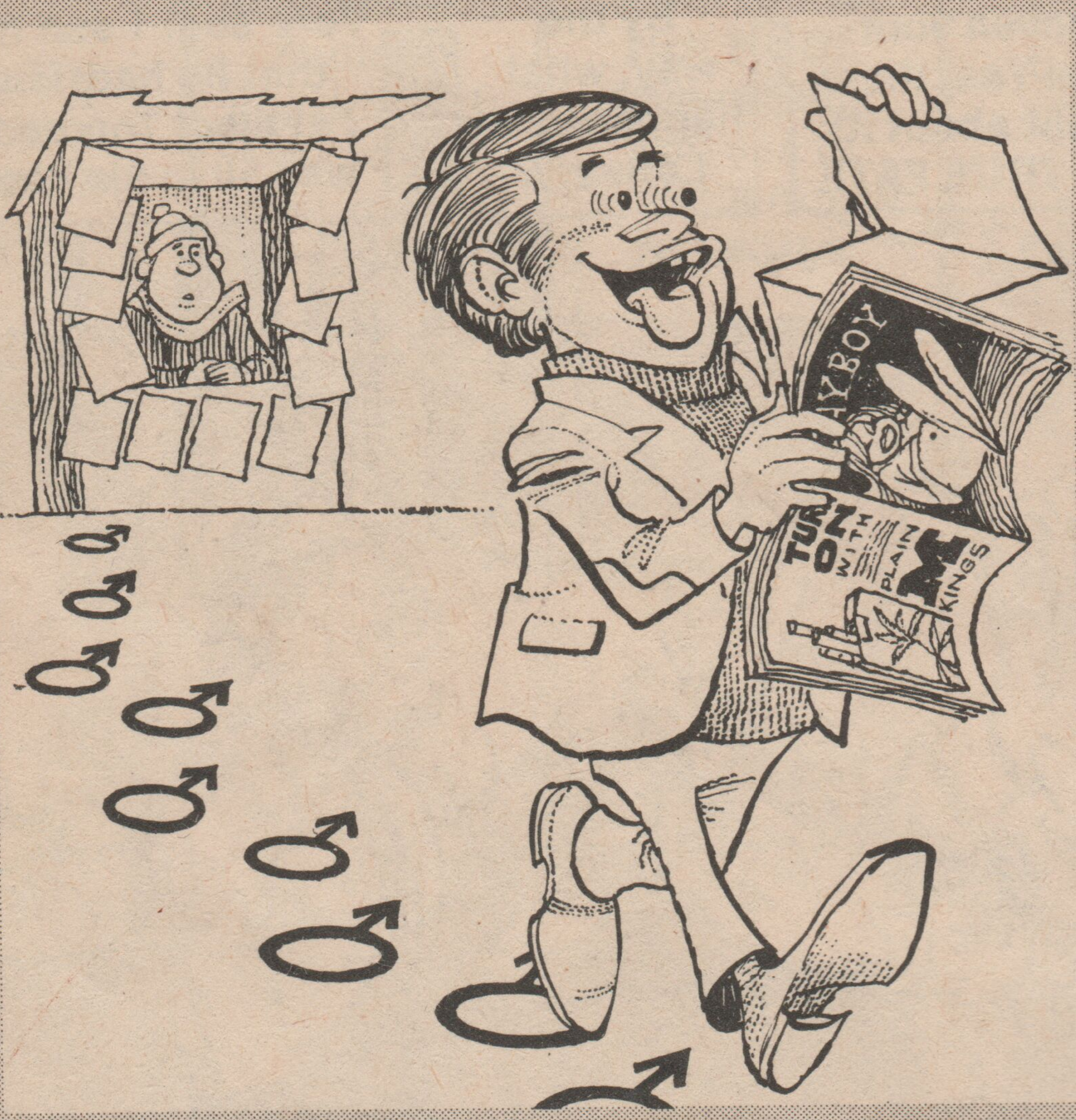
BODY-IN-SOLE DEPT.

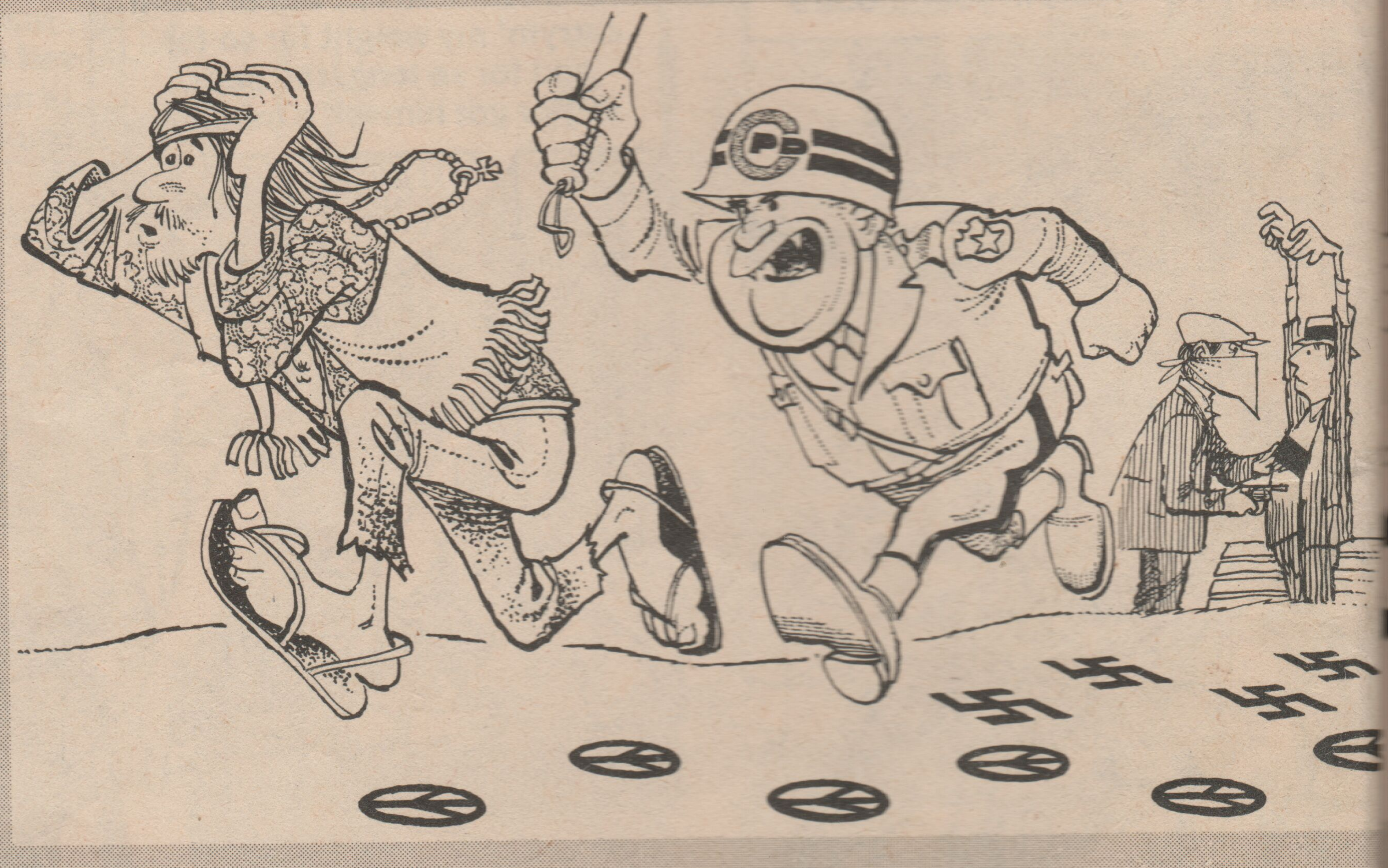
A MAD Look A

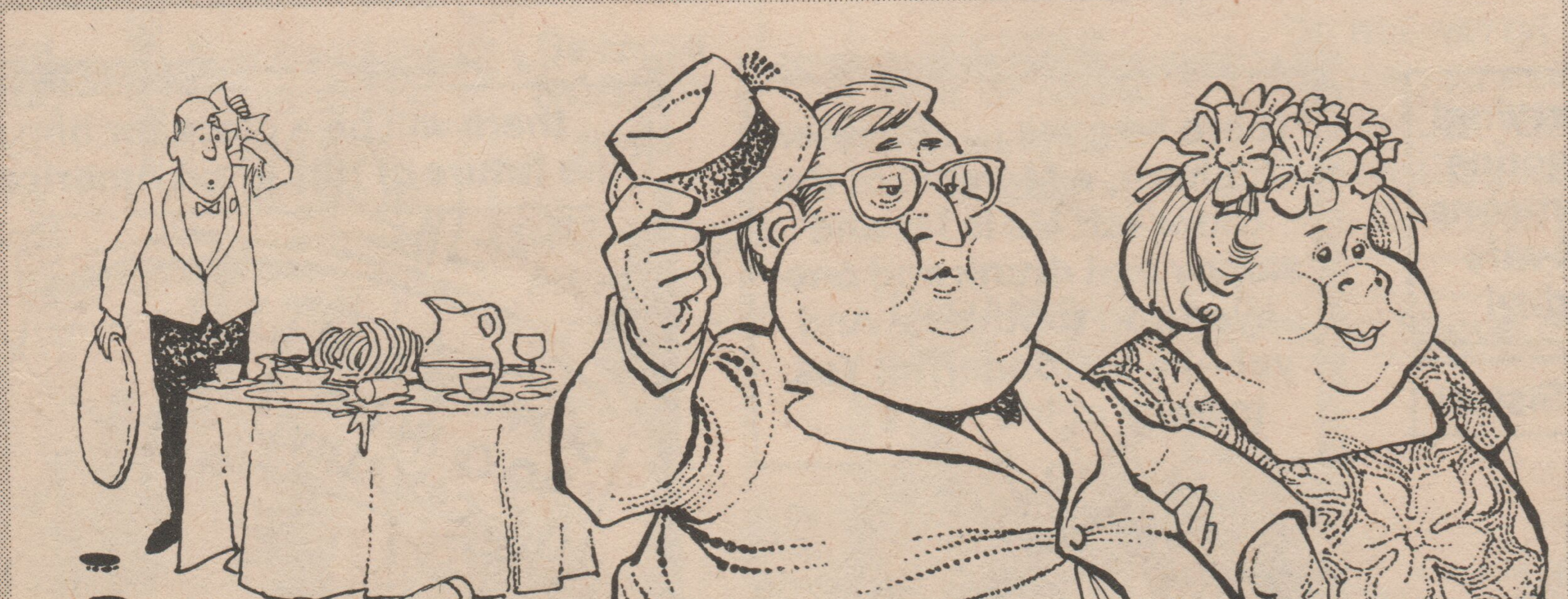

HOMMES
FEMMES

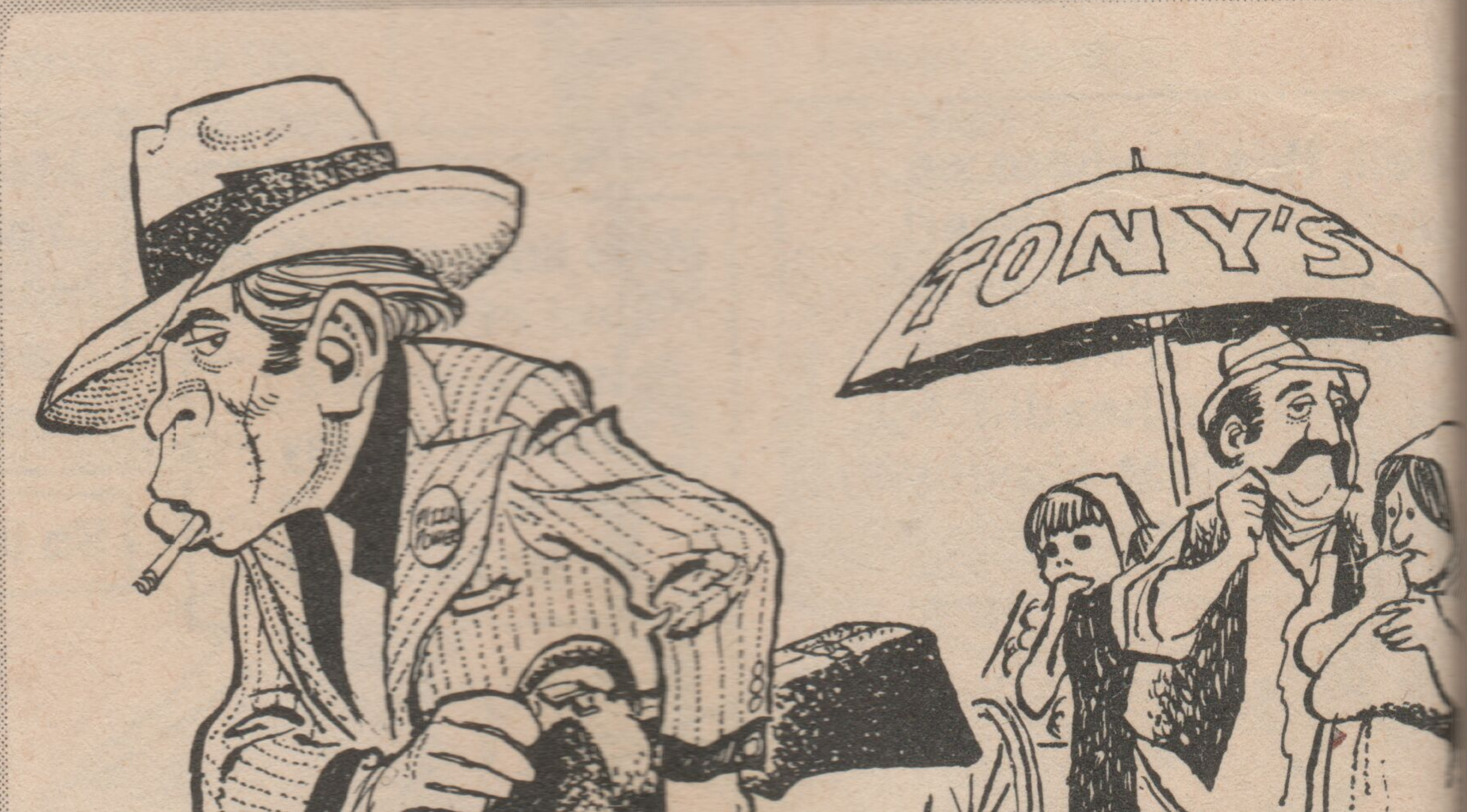


ARTIST: BOB CLARK





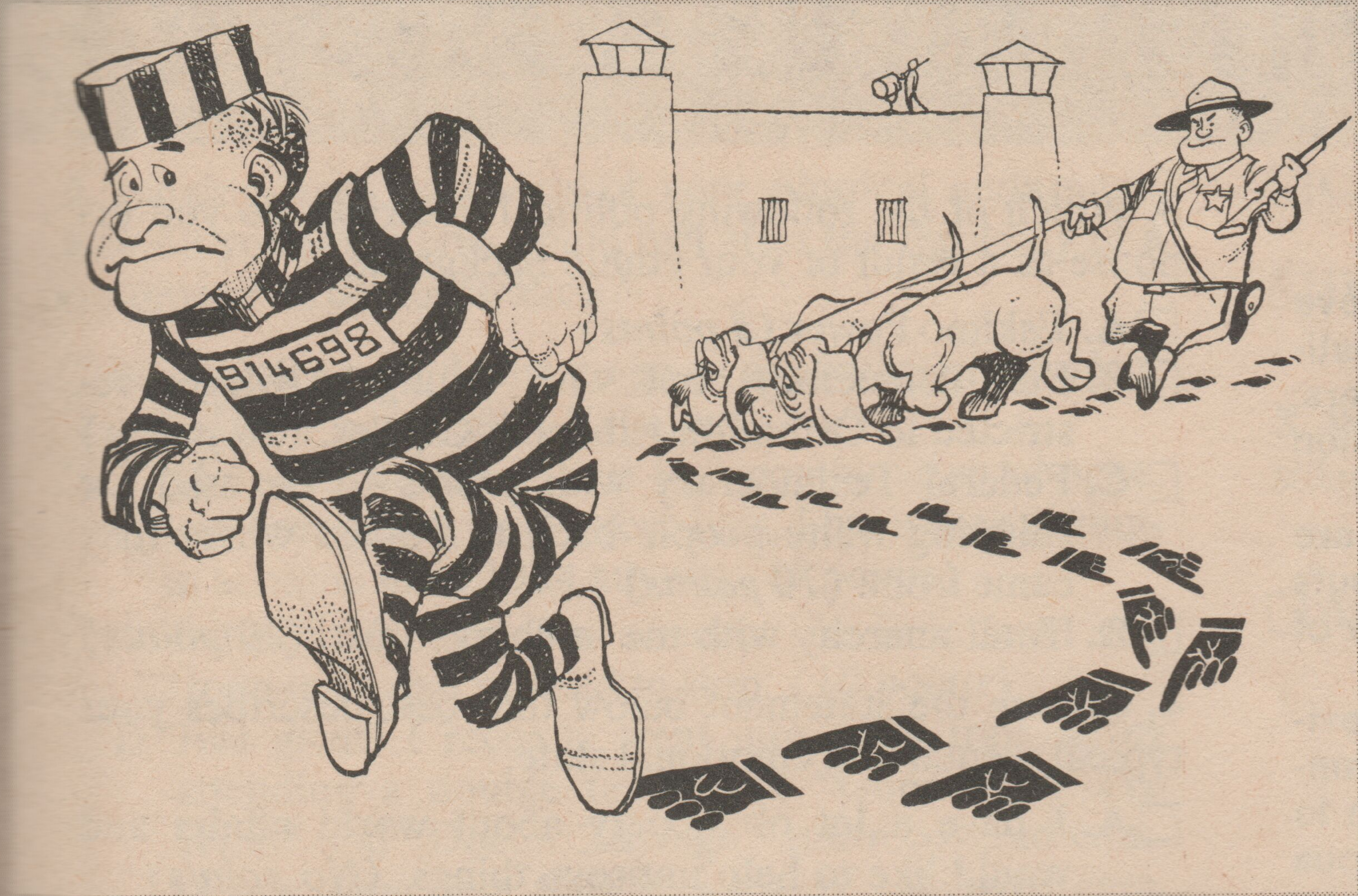


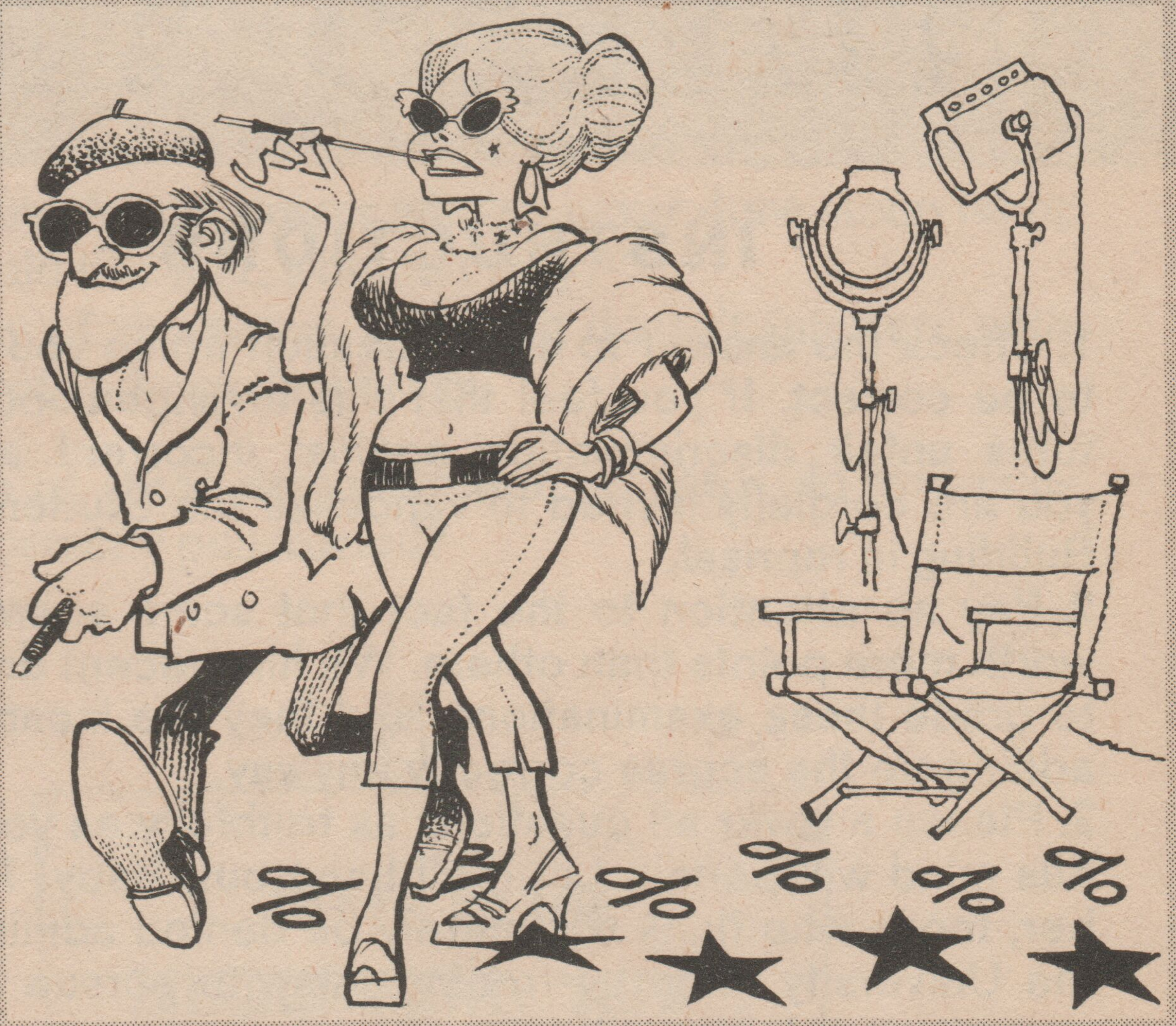


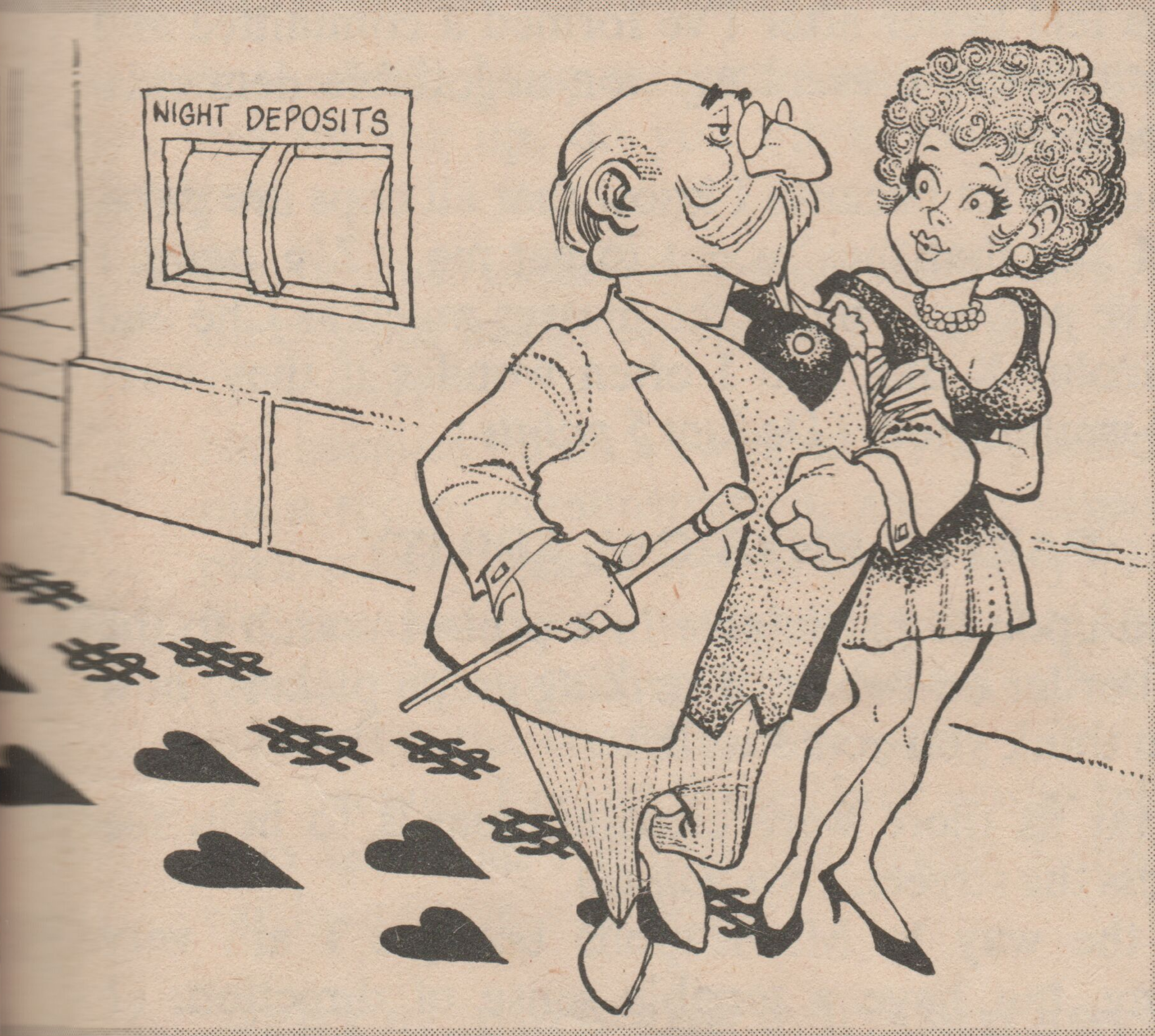
ART DELIVERY

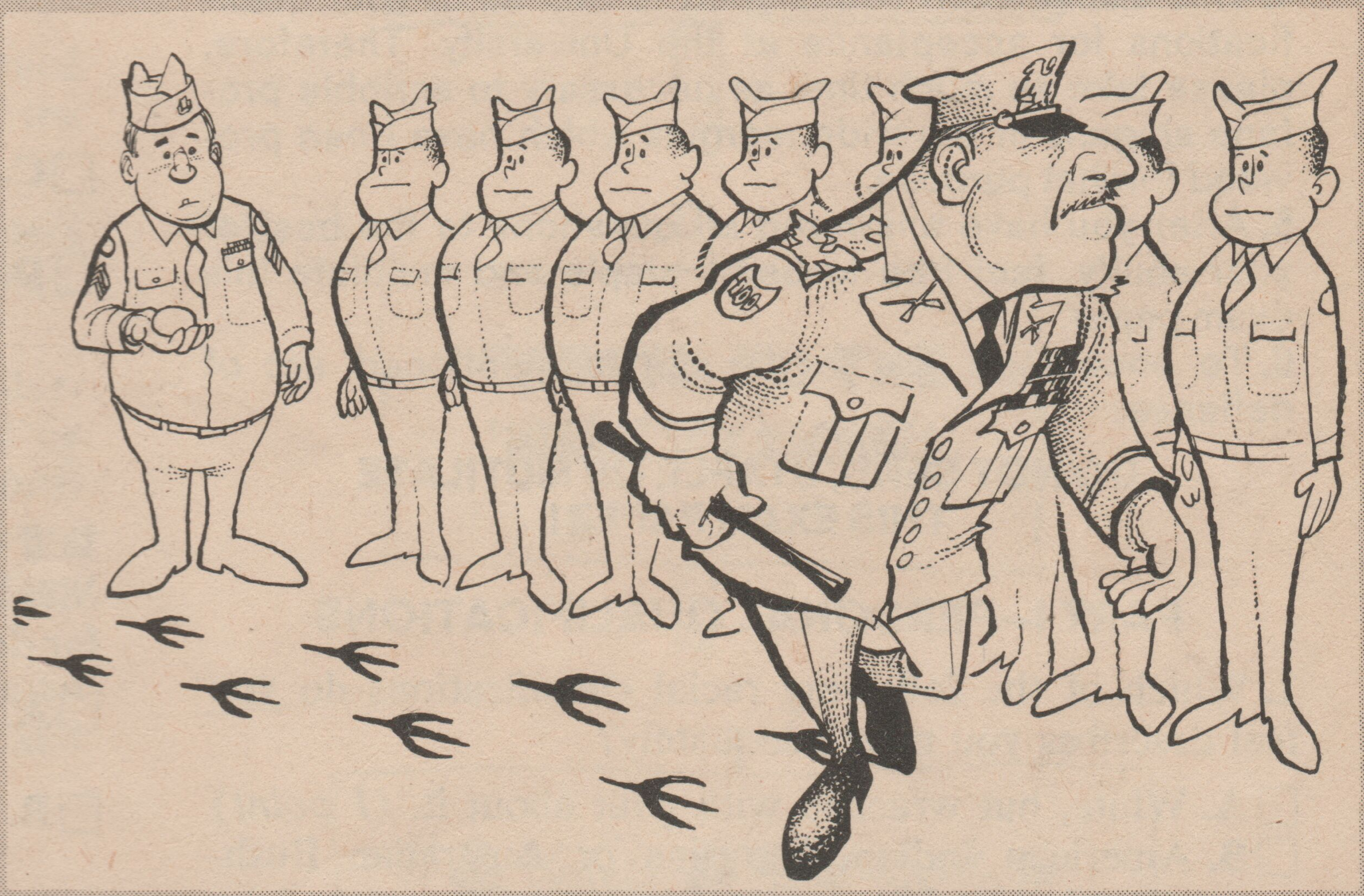
t FOOTPRINTS

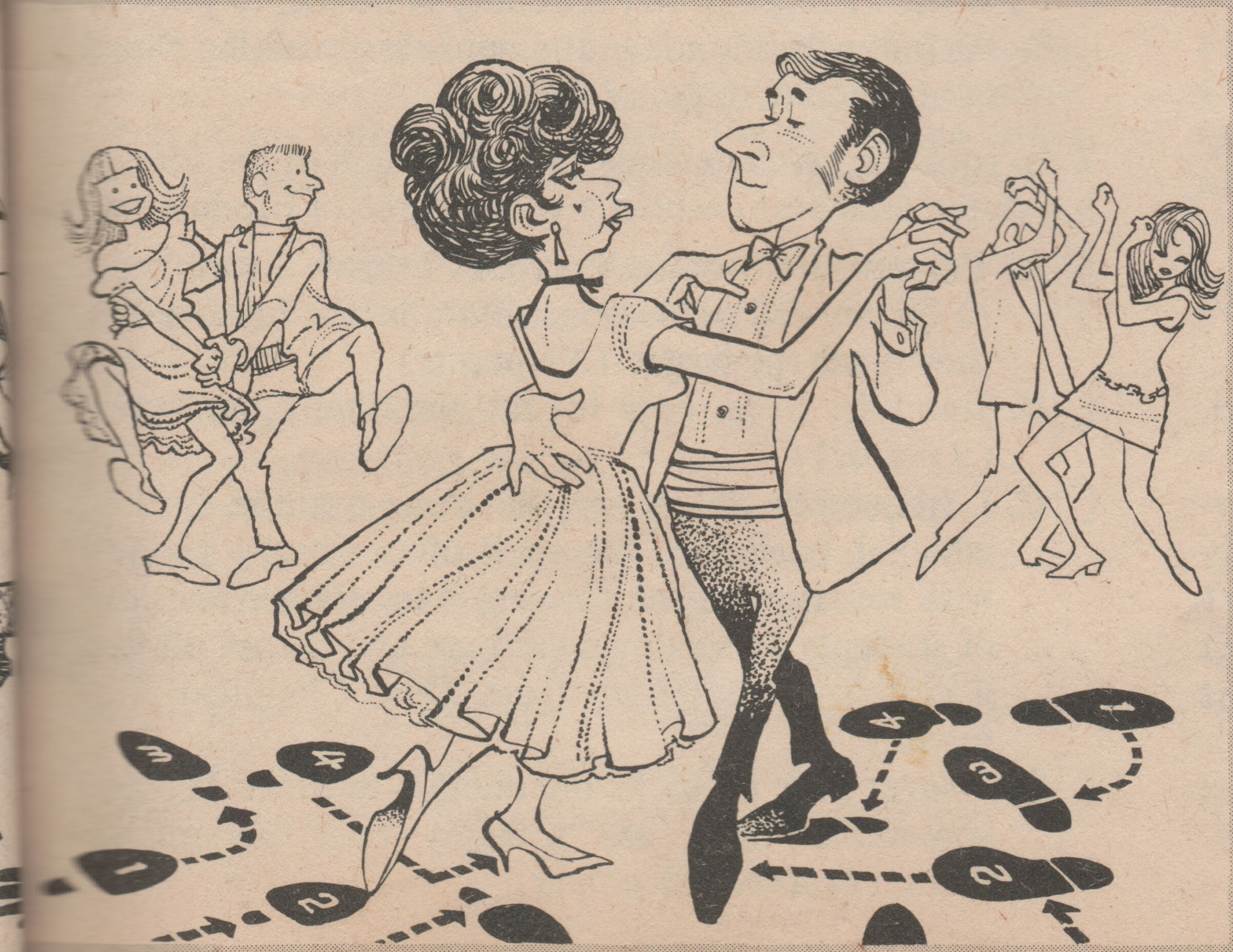
WRITER: DEAN NORMAN

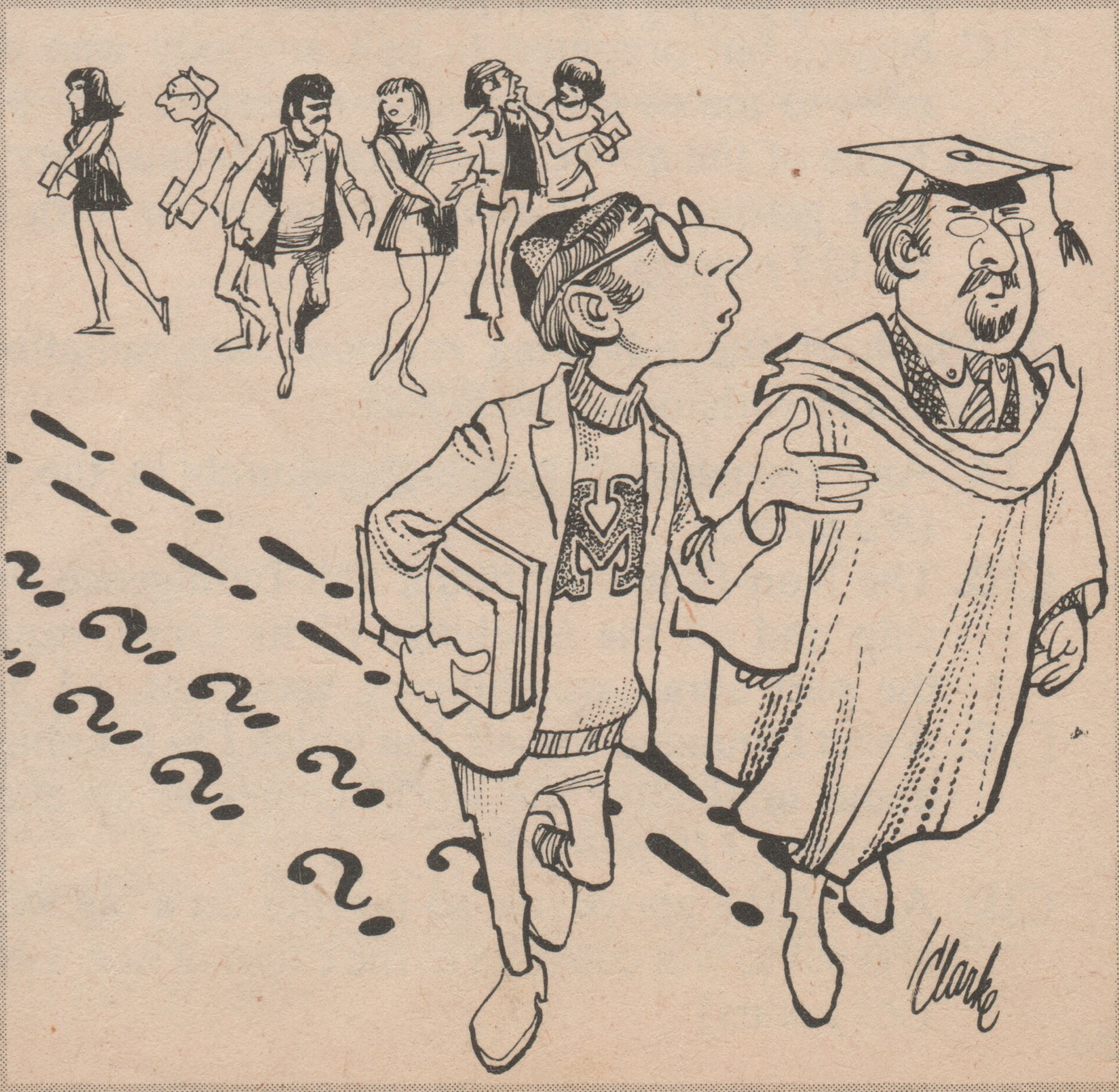





NIGHT DEPOSITS







ASK A STUPID QUESTION DEPT.

The typical American college campus hasn't exactly been functioning like a well oiled machine lately. And once matters are studied objectively (meaning without regard to facts or logic), the reason for all the turmoil becomes obvious: Our universities are filled with misfits because they still rely on the same old out-dated entrance exams

MAD'S MODERNIZED CO

INSTRUCTIONS

1. Check the answer to each question which you believe to be correct. If you feel that this arrangement constitutes unfair discrimination against incorrect answers, you are cordially invited to vandalize the Student Union Building in reprisal.
2. Pay no attention to the fact that some answers are worth more points than others. We hire recent drop-outs to grade these examinations, and they are incapable of adding up the scores correctly anyway.
3. Please answer all questions as truthfully as your devious mind will permit. Let it all hang out, Baby! Remember, those who flunk will merely be denied admission to the University, thereby freeing them to pursue campus careers as outside agitators.
4. This examination is designed to test all of your qualifications for acceptance at the University. Therefore, please take as much time as necessary to scribble profane slogans in the wide margins which have been provided for that purpose.
5. After you have answered all questions to the best of your ability, feel free to bend, staple and multilate this exam paper.
6. To encourage you in the above mentioned act of defiance:

DO NOT BEND, STAPLE OR MUTILATE THIS EXAM PAPER!

PART I—PERSONAL QUALIFICATIONS

1. Which of the following racial classifications do you feel describes you most adequately?

☐ **A.** White, but wracked with guilt about it. (*1 point*)
☐ **B.** American Indian, Eurasian or Australian Bushman, but striving to become more oppressed by passing for Jewish. (*3 points*)
☐ **C.** Negro, but prepared to belt anybody who doesn't refer to me as a Congolese-American. (*10 points*)
☐ **D.** None of the above, and enraged because my group isn't getting a fair shake, whoever we turn out to be. (*25 points*)

2. Which of the following religious denominations do you identify with most closely?

☐ **A.** Any recognized, legitimate church in the world. (*No points*)
☐ **B.** The Non-Denominational Self-Indulgence Fellowship and all the teachings of its Guru, especially the part about worshipping wax fruit. (*5 points*)
☐ **C.** A sect I founded myself, but which I'm keeping quiet about until after the world comes to an end next Tuesday. (*15 points*)
☐ **D.** Any of the above just so it relies on a big weapons arsenal to win converts to the cause of non-violence. (*25 points*)

3. Which of the following political doctrines do you espouse as a result of your ethnic background?

☐ **A.** Eskimo Power (*3 points*)
☐ **B.** Full democracy, but with voting privileges restricted to Orthodox Albanian Gipsies. (*10 points*)
☐ **C.** Federal Technocracy with profits to be used for shipping white people back to Poland where they came from. (*10 points*)
☐ **D.** Total anarchy with me in charge of it. (*20 points*)

4. Choose the statement below that best describes your typical mental and emotional state.

☐ **A.** I have a lot of anxiety about world affairs and would like to help improve things. (*No points*)
☐ **B.** I have a lot of anxiety about everything, but I always feel better after I've formed a committee and sent it out to present my non-negotiable demands. (*5 points*)
☐ **C.** I worry a lot because I know that all cops are paranoid and that they're out to get me. (*7½ points*)
☐ **D.** I have power to move the masses much as Che and Malcolm X did, and I often wonder if they were bed-wetters, too. (*Deduct 5 points*)

PART II—PHYSICAL ABILITY

1. If called upon to participate in a protest march to the Mexican border on behalf of striking grape pickers, how far do you think you could walk?

☐ **A.** As far as there were crossing guards to help me across the streets. (*No points*)
☐ **B.** All the way to Minneapolis because I am very strong, but have a terrible sense of direction. (*1 point*)
☐ **C.** Walk?! Forget it. My specialty is lie-ins. (*5 points*)
☐ **D.** As far as the blonde in the mini-skirt walking ahead of me decides to go. (*10 points*)

2. In rock throwing demonstrations, which of the following statements best describes your degree of proficiency?

☐ **A.** I'm not sure because the rocks I throw always seem to hit my fellow demonstrators in the head before they reach the target. (*No points*)
☐ **B.** Just fair. I can only hit fat National Guardsmen. (*3 points*)
☐ **C.** I frequently go in for the three-cushion hurl in which I back-spin the rock off a library window with reverse English causing it to clobber the dean of students on its downward arc and carom off into a clutch of recruiters from Dow Chemical. (*25 points*)
☐ **D.** I never pick up rocks big enough to throw because sometimes there are squiggly bugs underneath them. (*Deduct 3½ points*)

o pick applicants. Naturally, these exams fail to weed out the bookworms and drudges n an era when the real qualifications for campus leadership are a loud voice, unbounded hostility and the will to impose minority views on everybody else. We think it's igh time colleges cleared out the deadwood and admitted students on the basis of . . .

LEGE ENTRANCE EXAM

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: TOM KOCH

3. Judging from past tests of your physical endurance, how do you think you would feel after the third day of a campus sit-in demonstration?

☐**A.** I think I would have to go to the bathroom too bad to know how I felt. (*No points*)
☐**B.** The same as usual. Due to a combination of acne, bad breath and bushy nose hair, I have been sitting-in at home since 1964 anyway. (*5 points*)
☐**C.** Better than I felt after a recent like-in in front ot a troop train that refused to stop. (*10 points*)
☐**D.** Just great! I recently went into sit-in training by attending a double feature of "Gone With The Wind" and "Doctor Zhivago" and recovered completely after less than a week of intensive care. (*25 points*)

4. If those sneaky Navy recruiters on campus ever conned you into signing up, do you think you could pass the physical?

☐**A.** No, because picketing those sneaky Navy recruiters on campus has given me a terrible case of flat feet. (*5 points*)
☐**B.** No, because I took a swing at a Navy recruiter during a recent demonstration, and he responded by permanently dislocating my entire body. (*10 points*)
☐**C.** No, because I'm so weak and puny that I may even have trouble sprinting to the Canadian border when my draft notice comes. (*10 points*)
☐**D.** No, because I doubt if the Navy would take a man who sports an Afro haircut, wears a dashiki and carries a purse. (*20 points*)

PART III—PROFANE VOCABULARY & OVERWORKED CLICHES

(NOTE: Point scores are not allocated in this English composition section because we don't want the campus cluttered up with eggheads and, therefore, the mere ability to read the questions will count against you.)

1. In talking dirty, which of the following vulgarisms is most likely to get you thrown out of the Filthy Speech Movement?

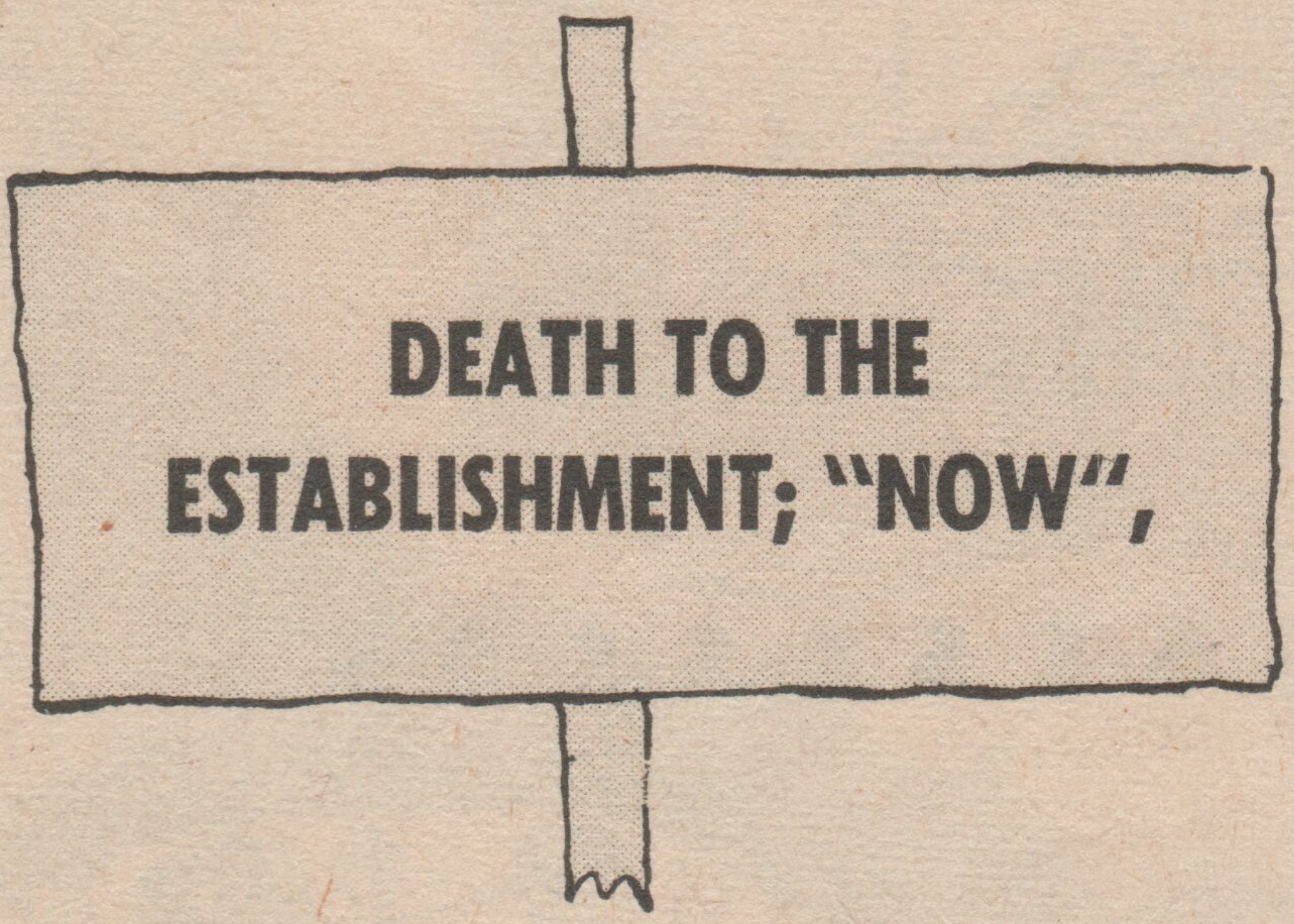
☐**A.** Mercy, no! We won't go!
☐**B.** A pox upon thee, Whitey!
☐**C.** Ronald Reagan is one peach of a swell fascist.
☐**D.** All cops are murdering, sadistic pigs, and some are even overly zealous naughty-naughties.

2. Which of the following responses is most appropriate when you are requested to stop burning down the library?

☐**A.** "You racist reactionaries are all alike."
☐**B.** "You said the same thing when we went into Viet Nam."
☐**C.** "Your fat cat bosses who've never done stoop labor would like that, wouldn't they?"
☐**D.** Any of the above, just so it doesn't interfere with burning down the library.

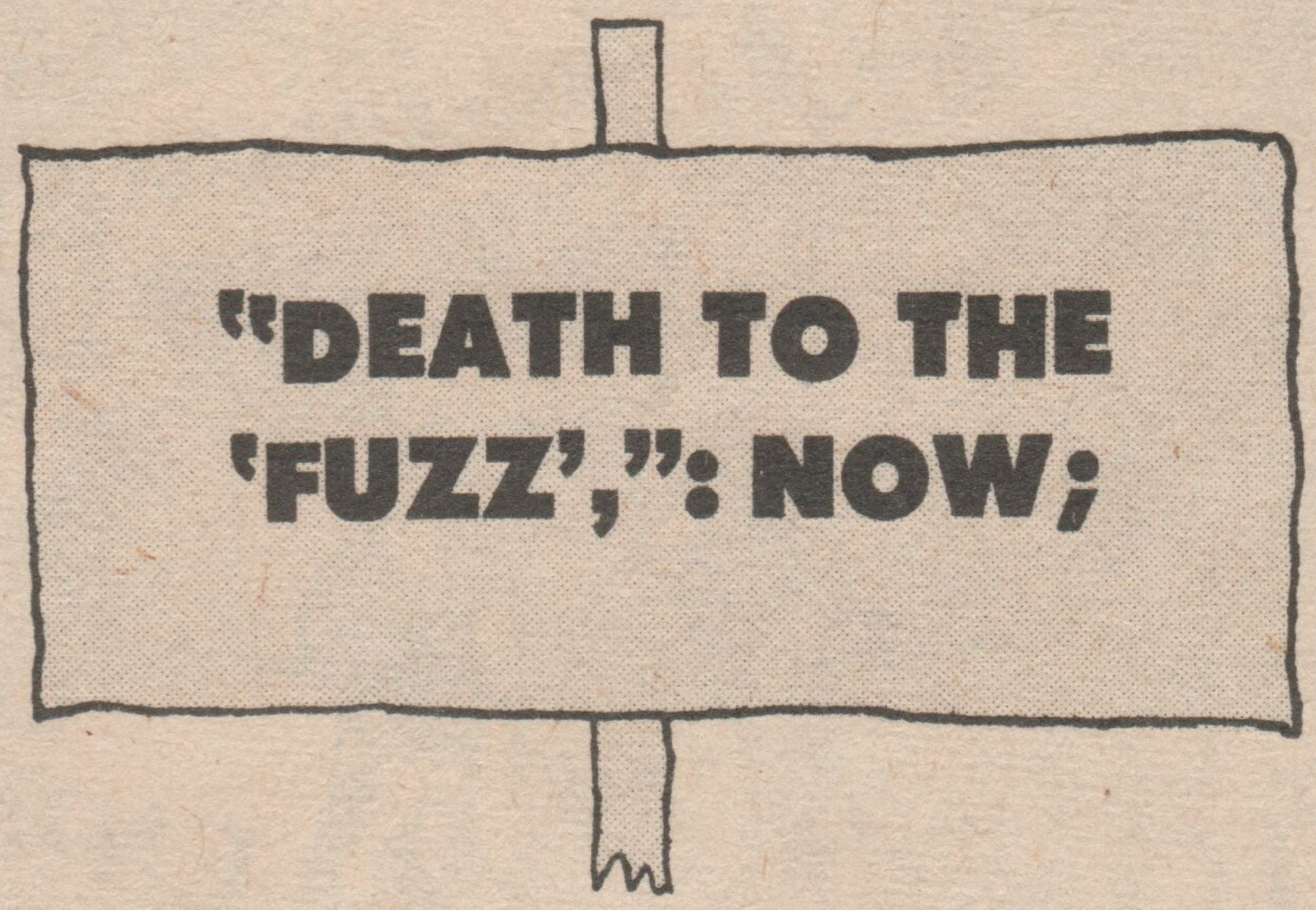
3. Which of these demonstration placards do you consider incorrectly punctuated?

☐**A.**



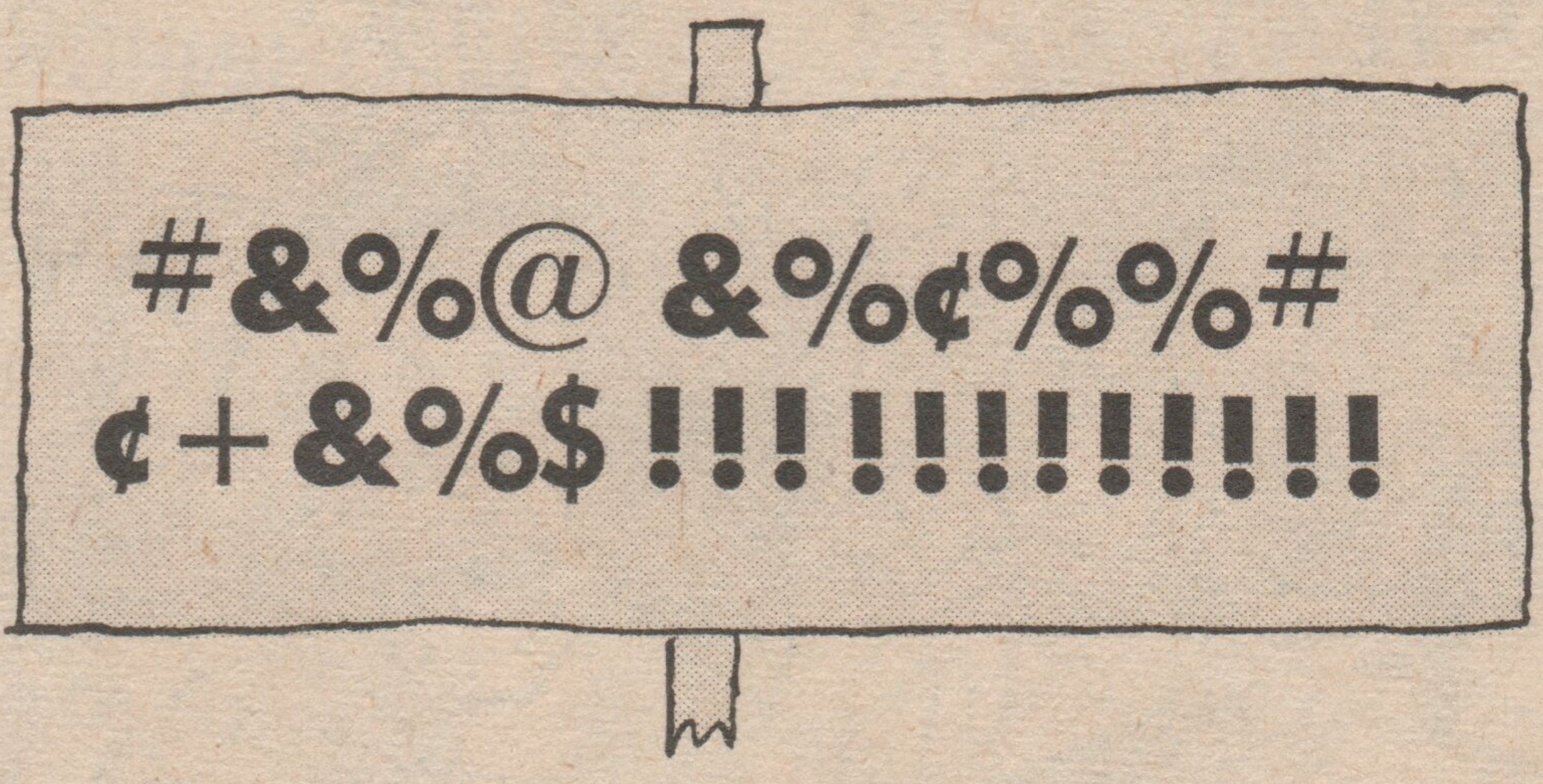
DEATH TO THE ESTABLISHMENT; "NOW",

☐**B.**

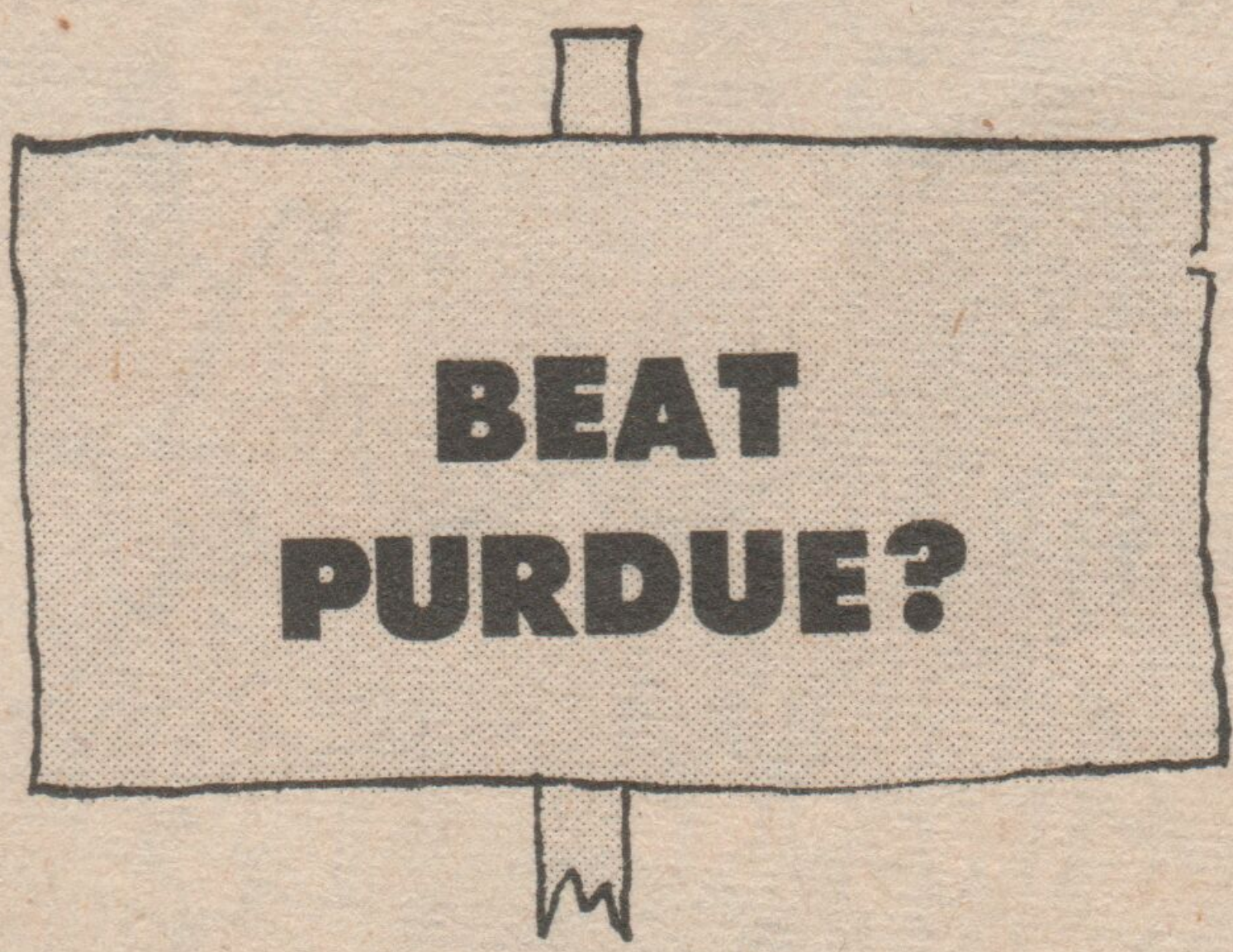


"DEATH TO THE 'FUZZ',": NOW;

☐**C.**



☐**D.**



BEAT PURDUE?

4. Getting "up tight" is synonymous with:

☐**A.** Becoming intoxicated on an airplane.
☐**B.** Climbing Mount Everest in a girdle.
☐**C.** Tail-gating at 90 M.P.H.
☐**D.** I don't care. Answering dumb questions like this gets me up tight.

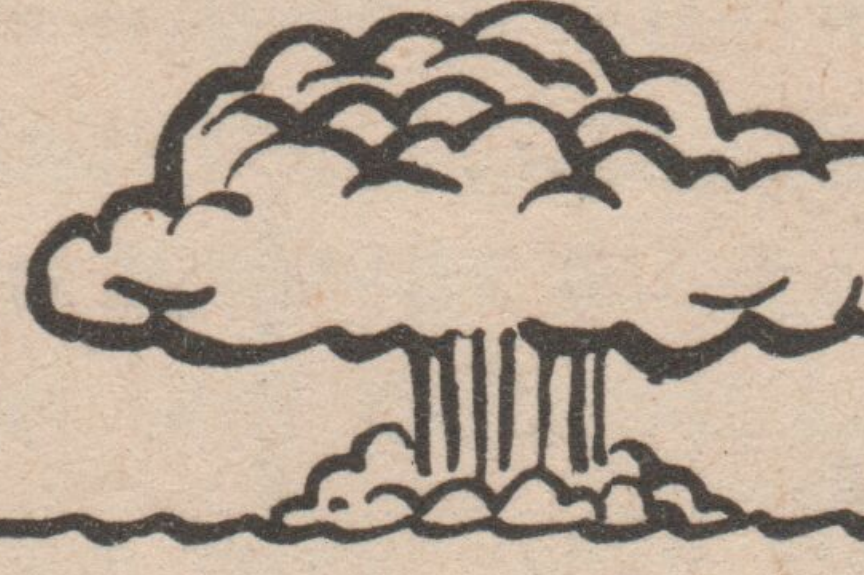
PART IV—SEMI-ACADEMIC STUFF

(NOTE: Naturally, the completion of this section is optional since the New Society, due to be formed momentarily, will replace factual knowledge accumulation with emphasis on more important things, such as gut feelings, self-realization and meaningful mind blowing. However, applicants who already have wasted 12 years in school may wish to stumble through the following questions as a means of demonstrating how our public educational system has failed them.)

1. Which of the following geometric diagrams constitutes a pentagon?

☐**A.** 卐

☐**B.** ★★★★★

☐**C.** 

☐**D.** $ $ $ $ $ $ $ $ $ $

2. By 1980, the total population of the United States will be:

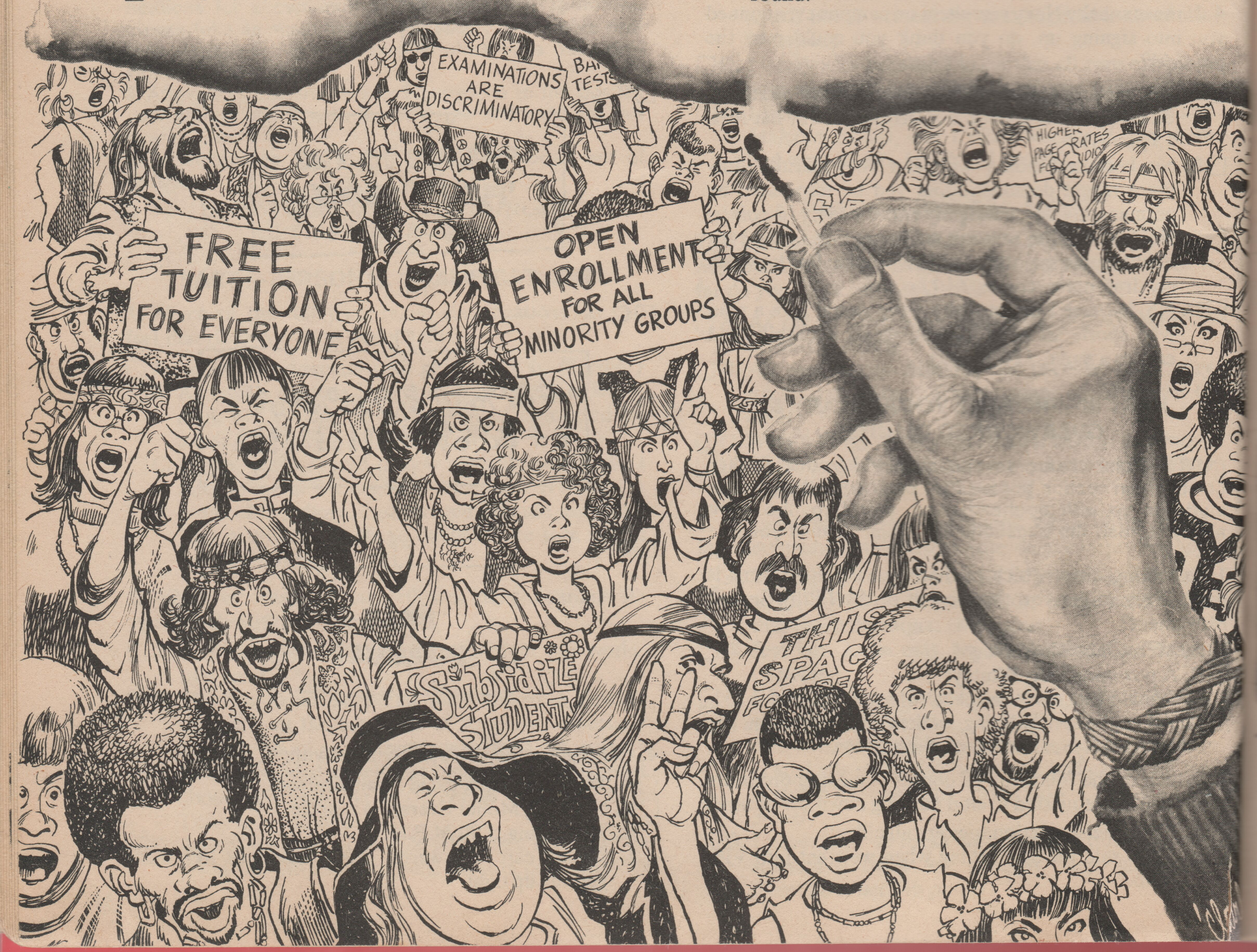
☐**A.** At least several hundred.
☐**B.** All fighting in Viet Nam and still losing.
☐**C.** All black unless you honkies shape up fast.
☐**D.** Young enough, on the average, so that it won't be safe to trust anybody over 15.

3. President Nixon's proposed budget for the next fiscal year amounts to:

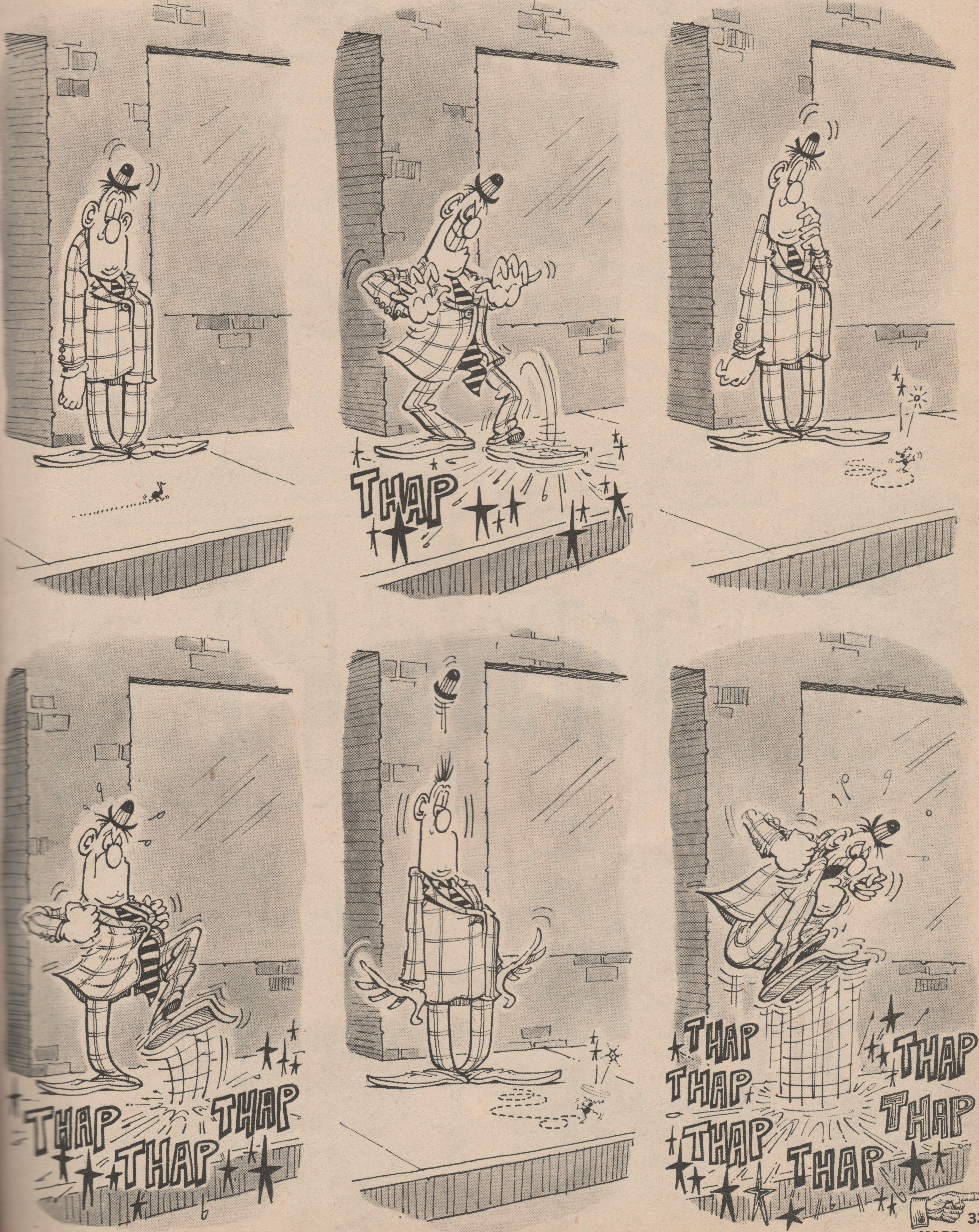
☐**A.** A hill of beans compared to what we need to move all the ghettos to the suburbs and replace our decaying cities with cooperatively owned flower beds.
☐**B.** Another sell-out to the reactionary zinc mining lobby.
☐**C.** More than I'll probably make in a lifetime off my beautiful psychedelic beadwork.
☐**D.** Who is President Nixon?

4. Apply formal logic to the following proposition: All numbers between 1 and 10 are either odd or even. Half of the numbers are odd. Therefore:

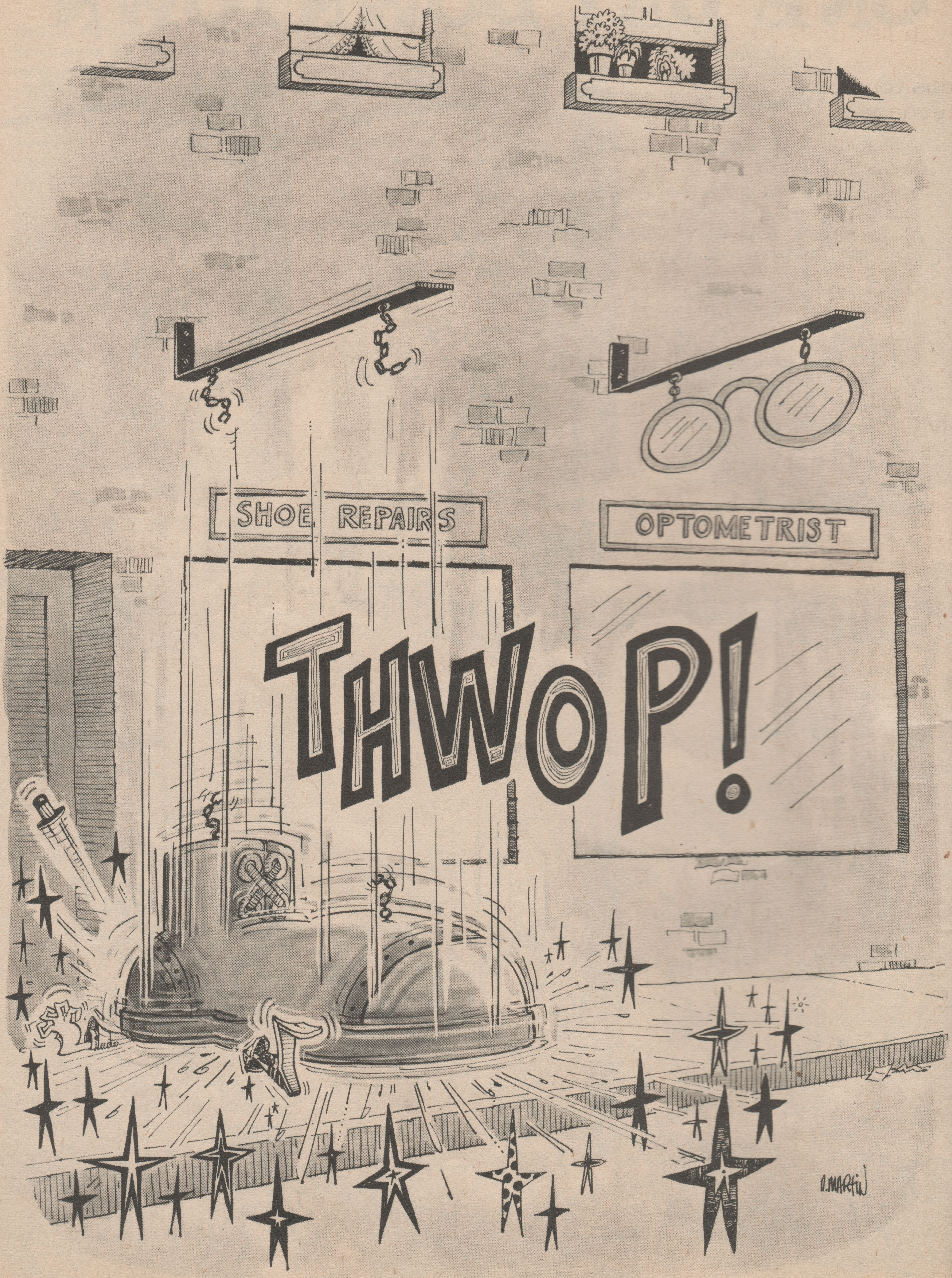
☐**A.** My parents don't even try to understand me.
☐**B.** You've got to be born black to know how it feels.
☐**C.** Nothing is worth fixing because the whole system is rotten.
☐**D.** Chairman Mao's theory remains fundamentally sound.


EXAMINATIONS ARE DISCRIMINATORY
BA TESTS
HIGHER PAGE RATES FO IDIOT
FREE TUITION FOR EVERYONE
OPEN ENROLLMENT FOR ALL MINORITY GROUPS
Subsidize STUDENTS
THIS SPAC FO

ONE DAY DOWNTOWN


THAP
THAP
THAP
THAP
THAP
THAP
THAP
THAP
THAP
THAP
THAP

MORE


SHOE REPAIRS
OPTOMETRIST
THWOP!
D. MARTIN

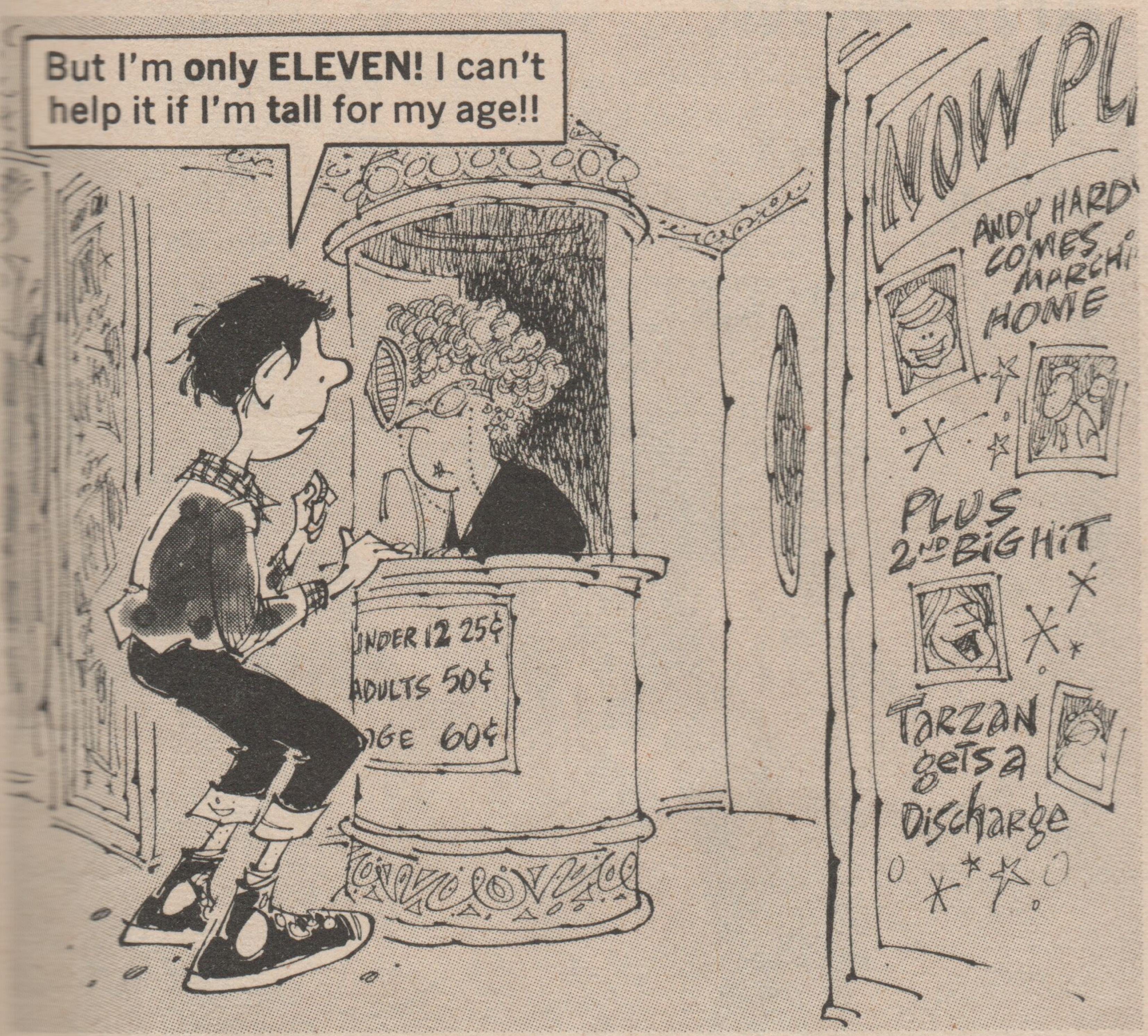
MINOR ADJUSTMENT DEPT.

Several issues back, we ran an article comparing College life in the '40's with life on the Campus today. Since this article received an overwhelming response of utter silence from our readers, we've decided to try again . . . this time by showing the changes that have taken place with respect to the teenagers of the '40's and the teenagers today. So join us now as we take

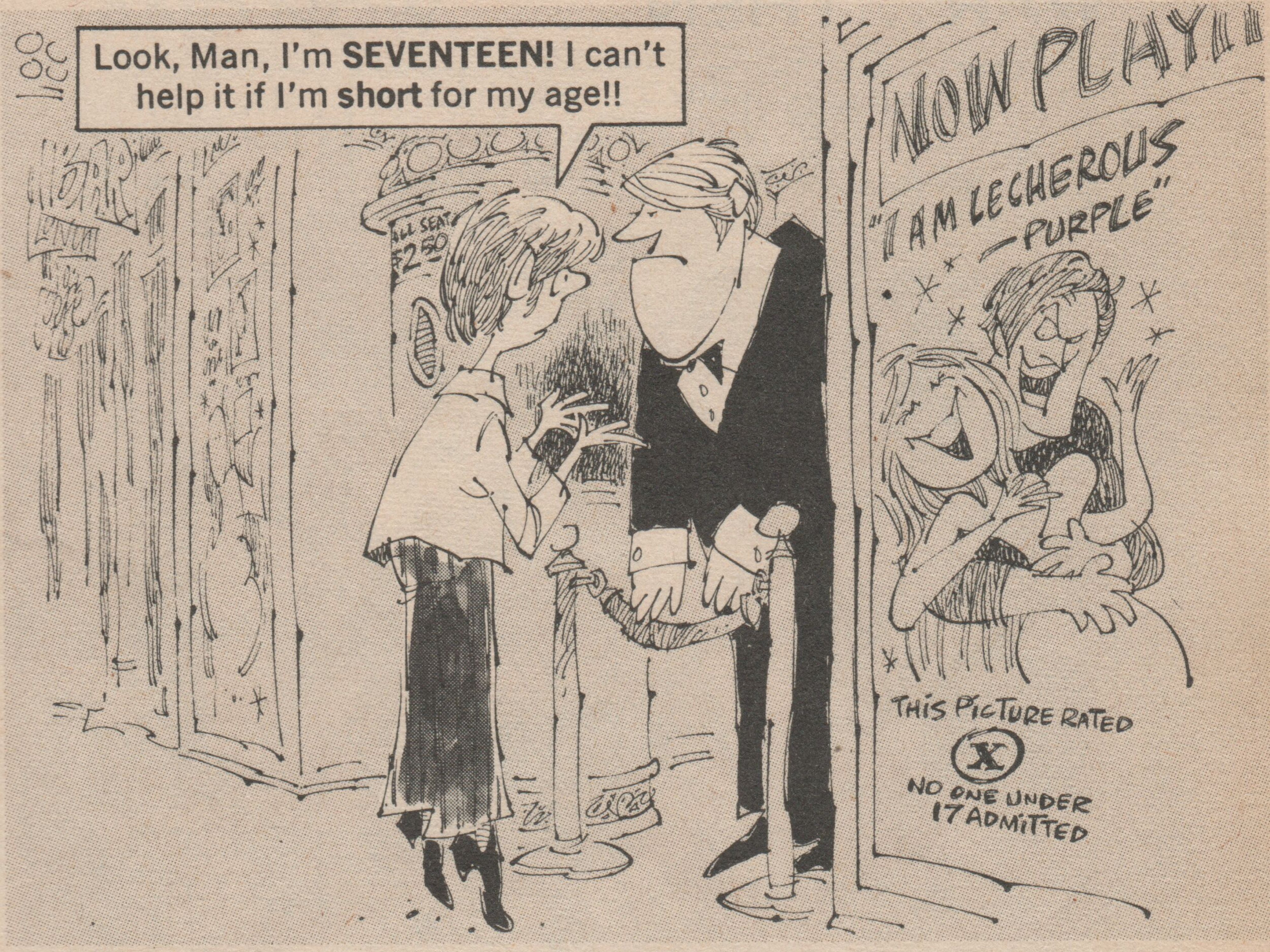
A MAD LOOK AT TWO HIGH SCHOOL GENERATIONS

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.   WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

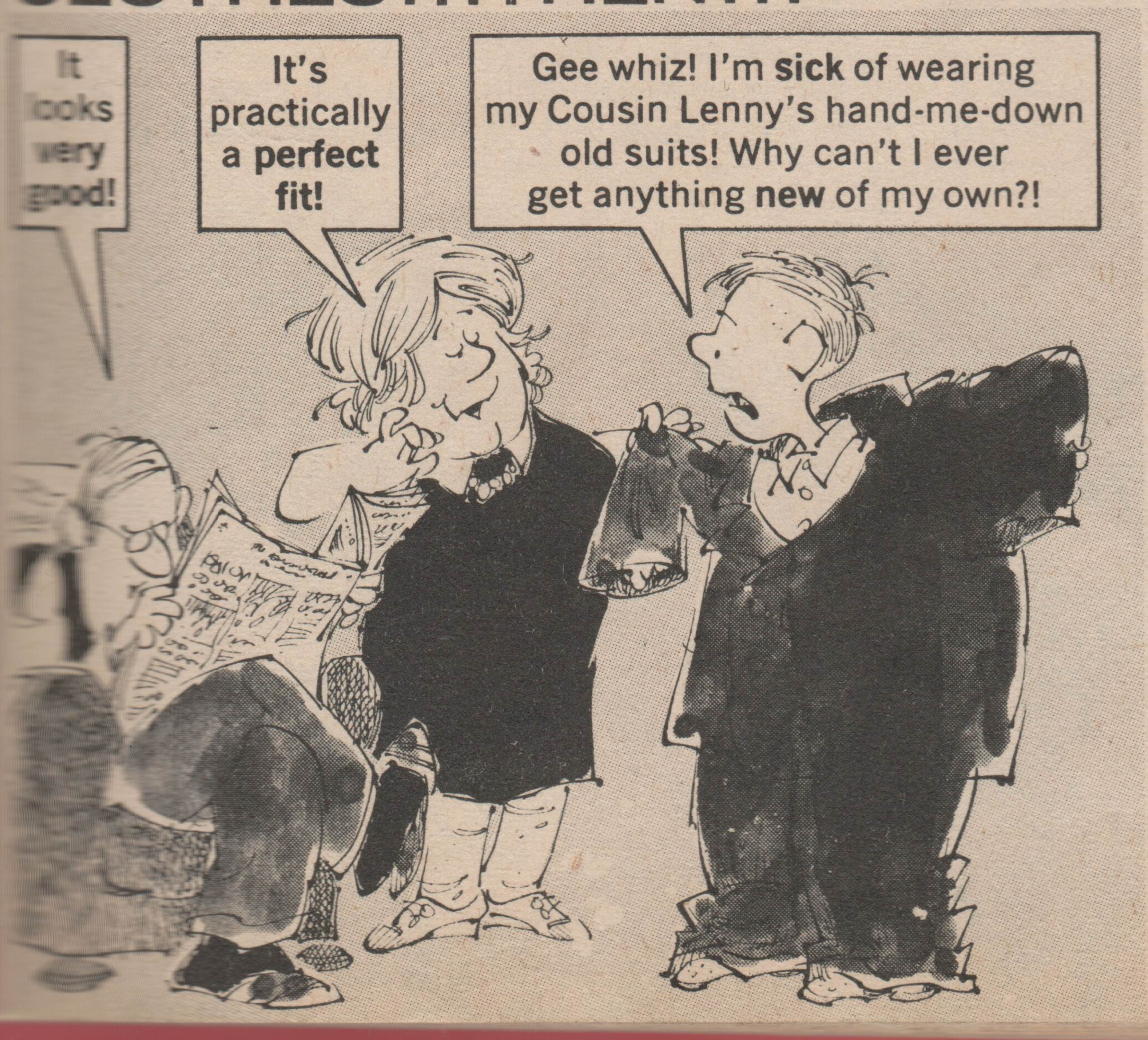
MOVIES . . . THEN . . .


But I'm **only ELEVEN!** I can't help it if I'm **tall** for my age!!
NOW PL
ANDY HARD COMES MARCHI HOME
PLUS 2ND BIG HIT
TARZAN gets a Discharge
UNDER 12 25¢
ADULTS 50¢
GE 60¢

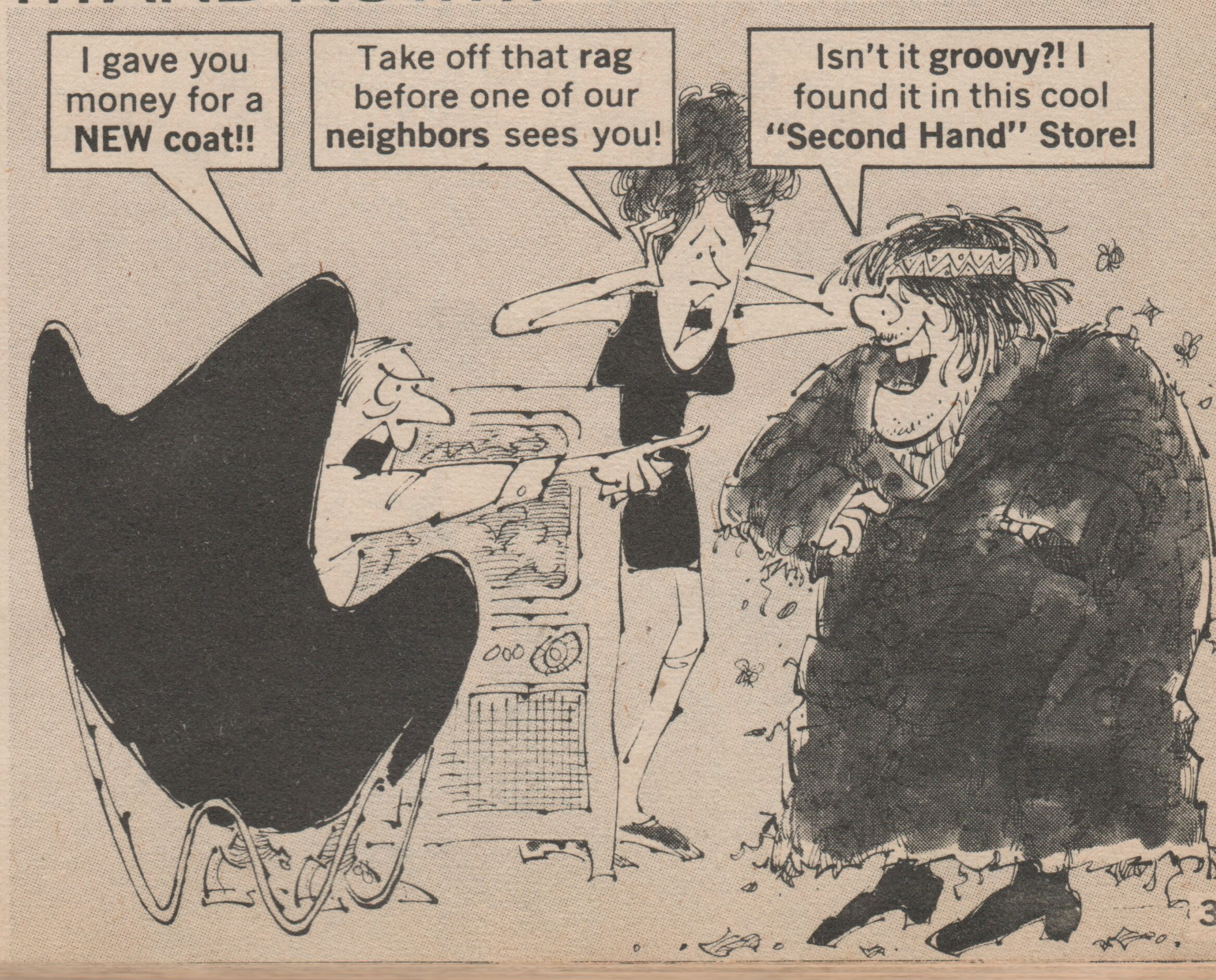
. . . AND NOW . . .


Look, Man, I'm **SEVENTEEN!** I can't help it if I'm **short** for my age!!
NOW PLAYI
"I AM LECHEROUS —PURPLE"
ALL SEATS $2.50
THIS PICTURE RATED X
NO ONE UNDER 17 ADMITTED

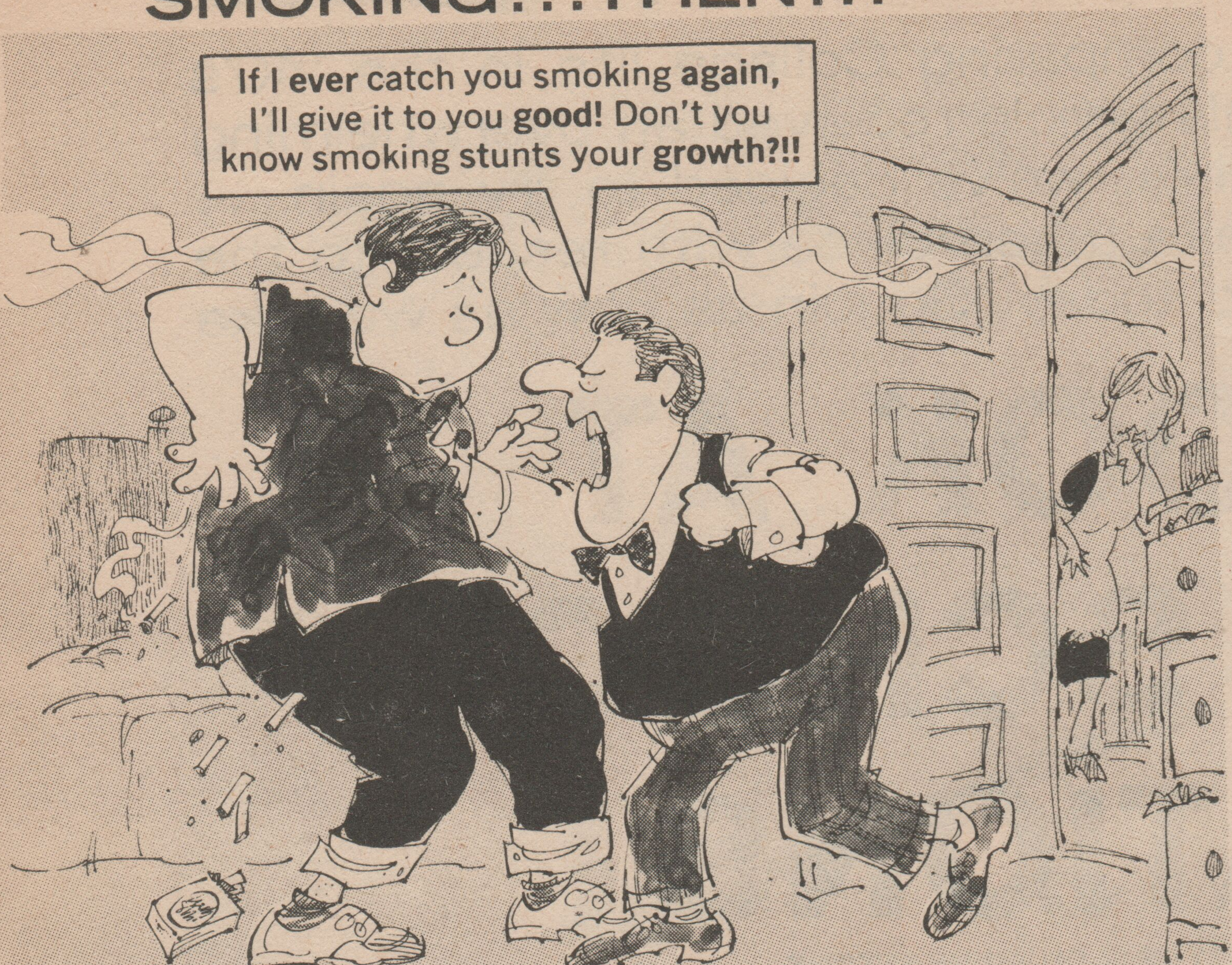
CLOTHES . . . THEN . . .


It looks very good!
It's practically a **perfect** fit!
Gee whiz! I'm **sick** of wearing my Cousin Lenny's hand-me-down old suits! Why can't I ever get anything **new** of my own?!

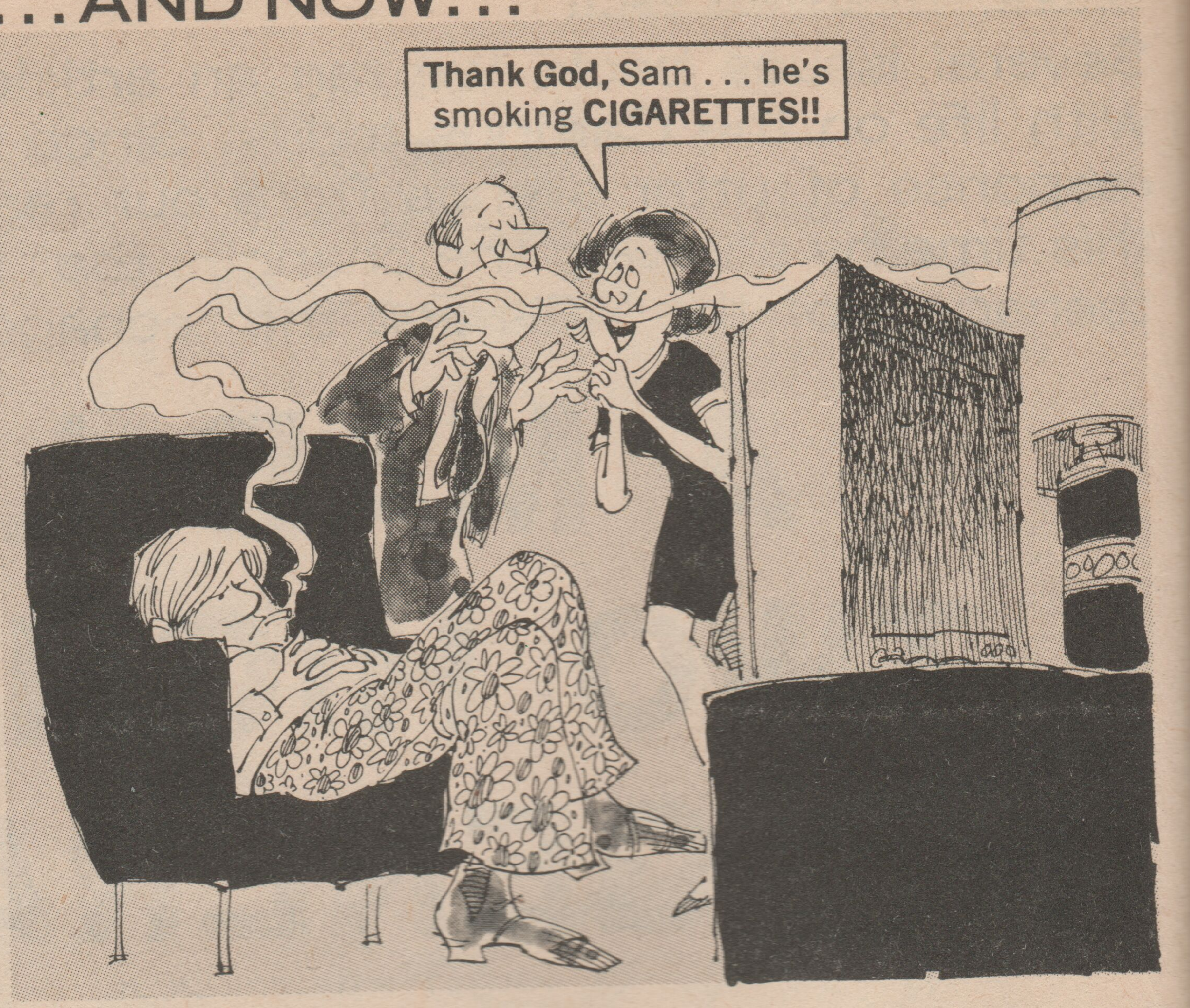
. . . AND NOW . . .

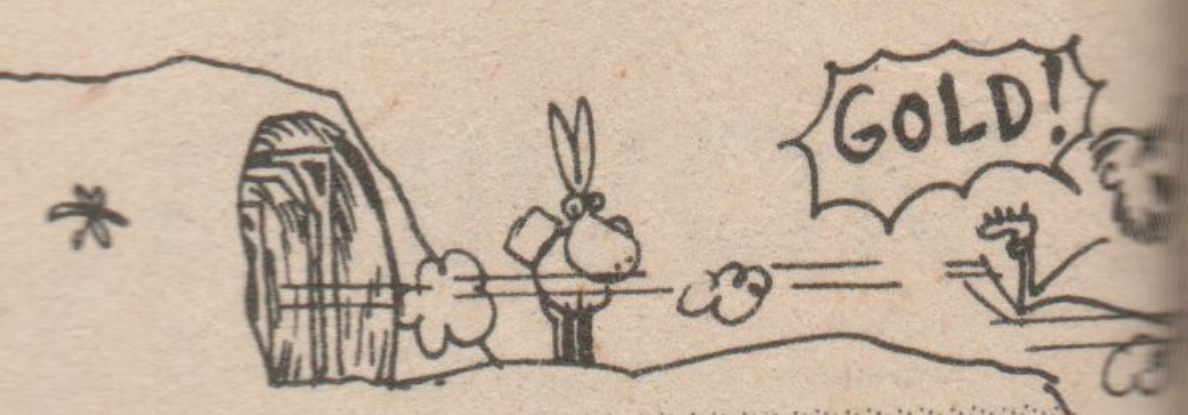

I gave you money for a **NEW coat!!**
Take off that **rag** before one of our **neighbors** sees you!
Isn't it **groovy?!** I found it in this cool **"Second Hand"** Store!

SMOKING...THEN...

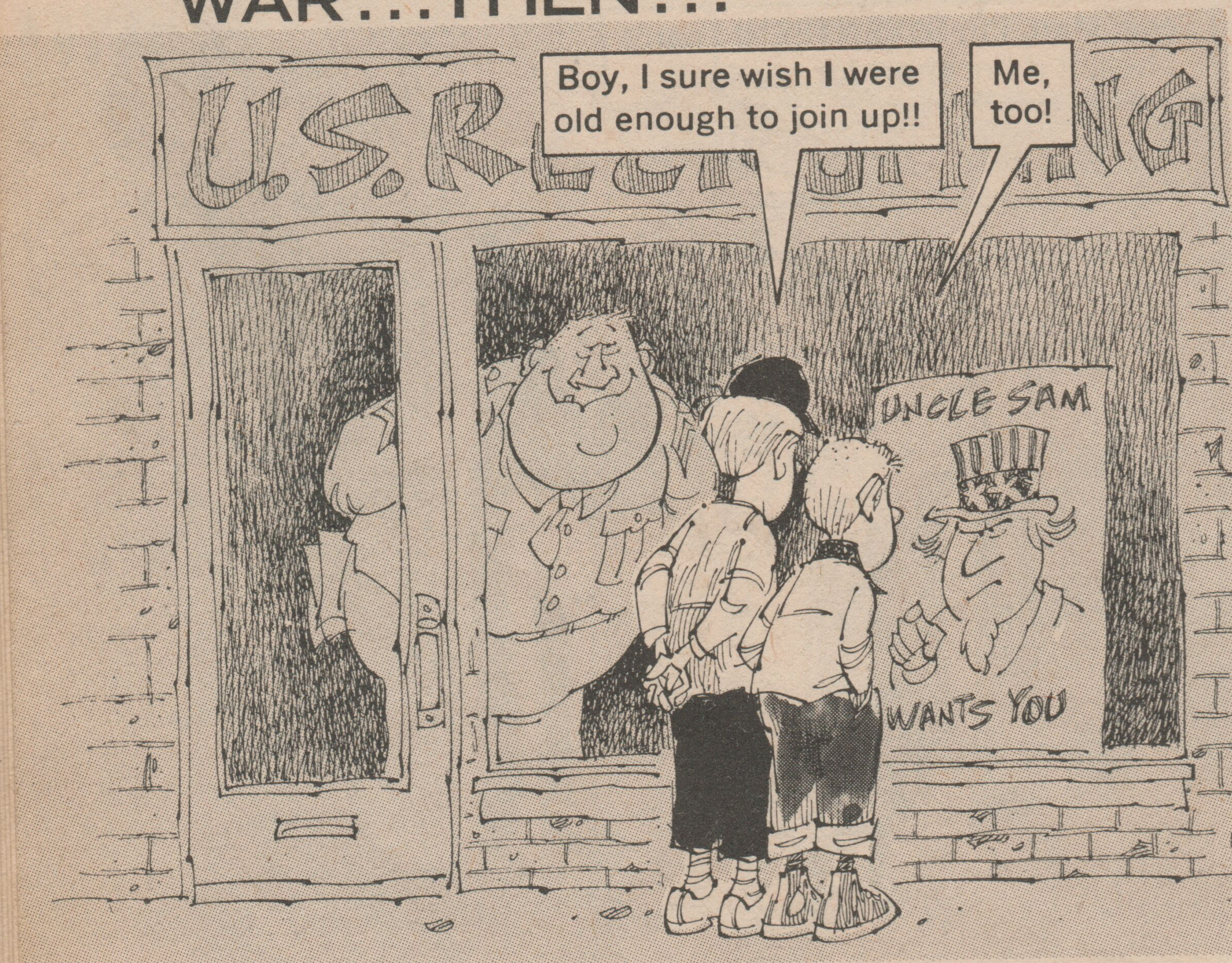

If I ever catch you smoking again, I'll give it to you good! Don't you know smoking stunts your growth?!!

...AND NOW...

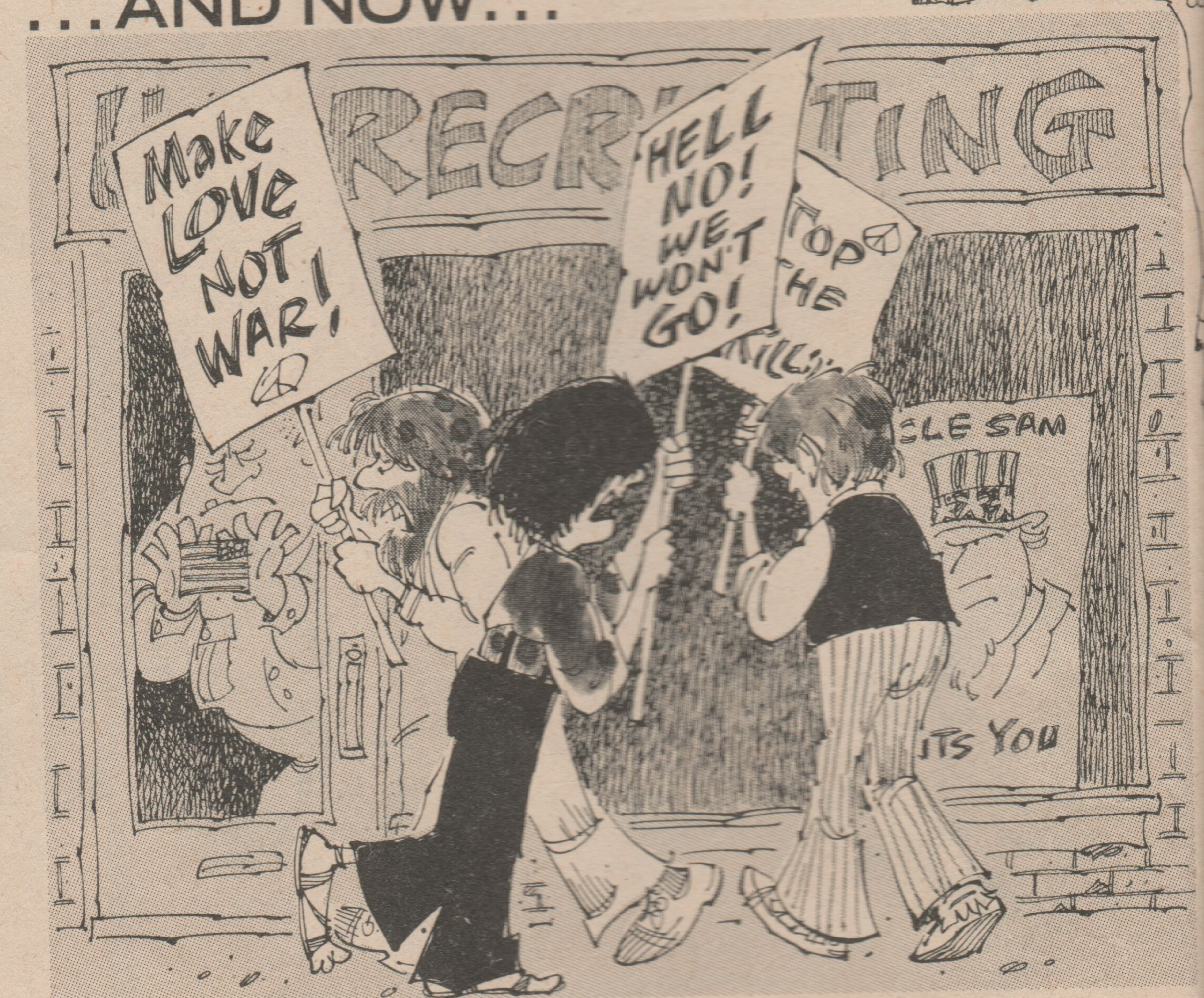

Thank God, Sam . . . he's smoking CIGARETTES!!



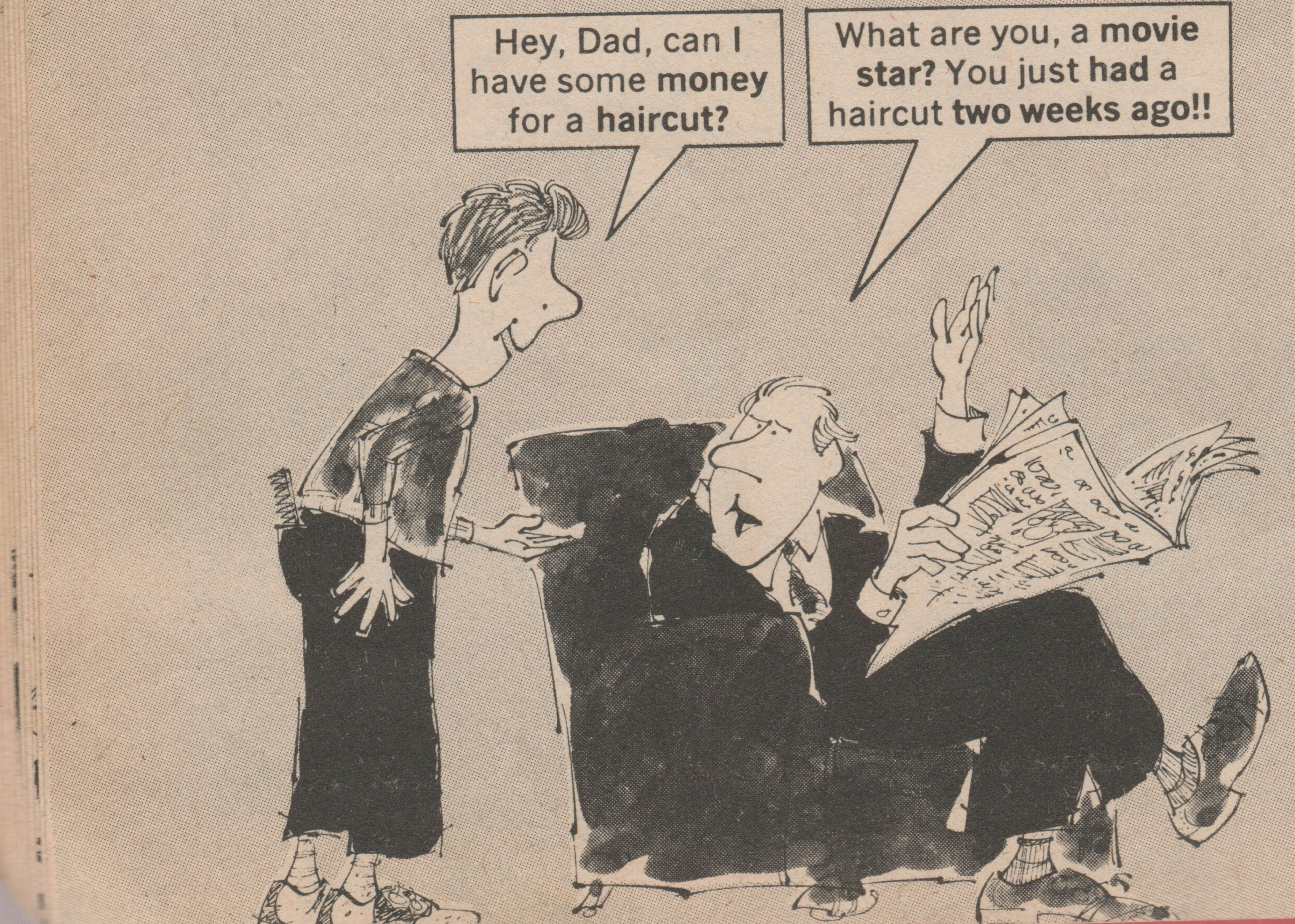
WAR...THEN...


U.S. RECRUITING
Boy, I sure wish I were old enough to join up!!
Me, too!
UNCLE SAM WANTS YOU

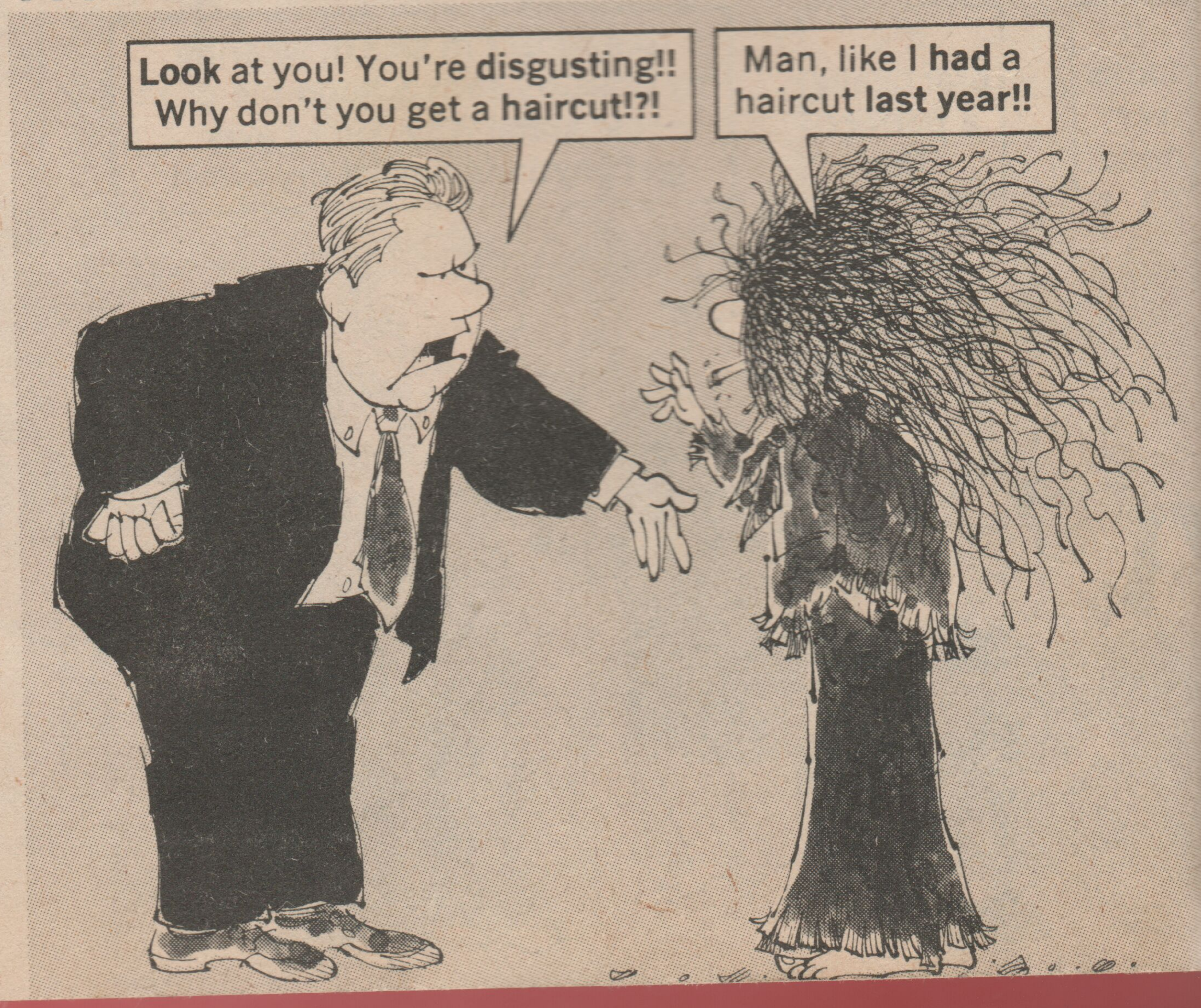
...AND NOW...


RECRUITING
Make LOVE NOT WAR!
HELL NO! WE WON'T GO!
TOP THE KILL
CLE SAM
TS YOU

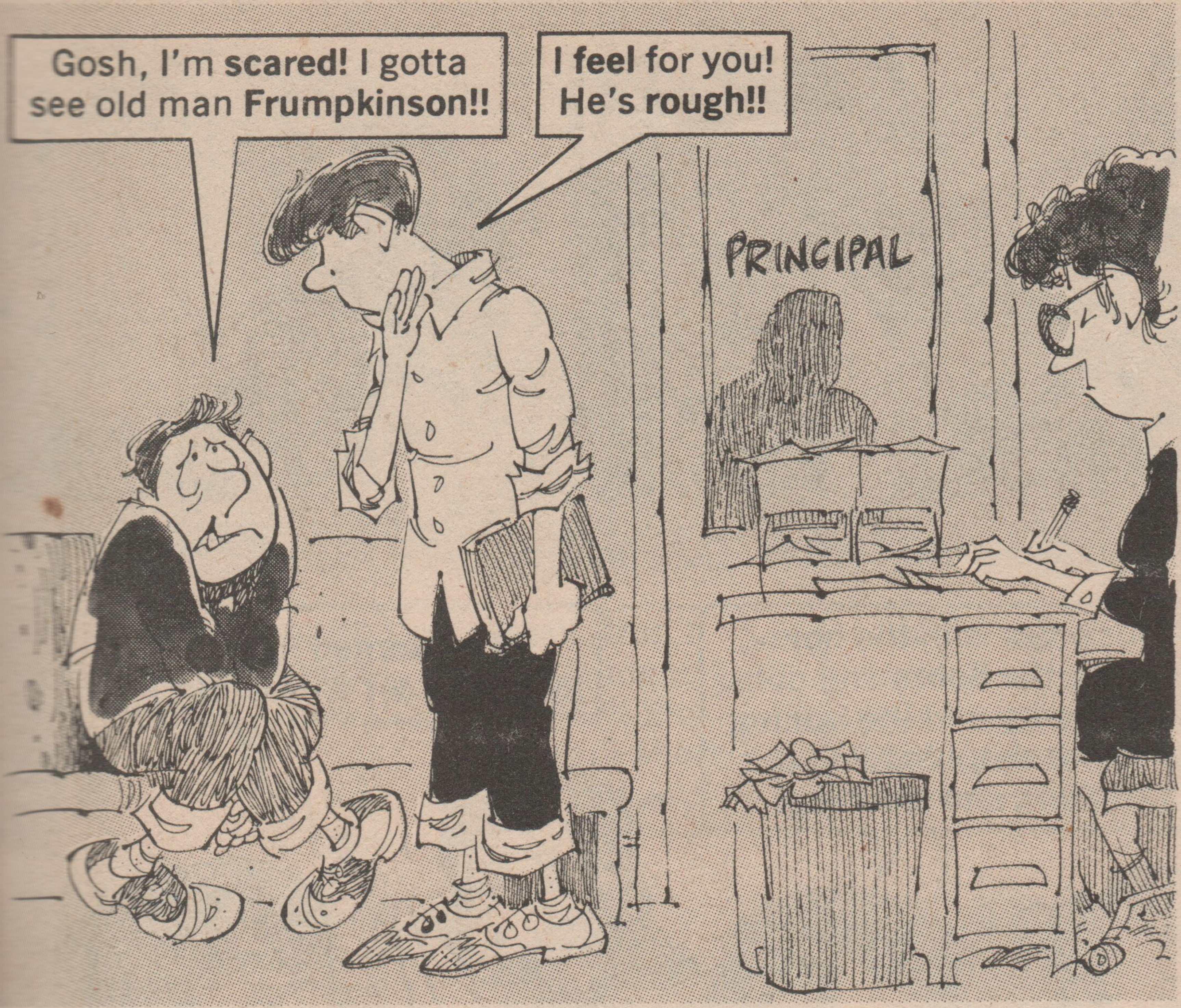
HAIR...THEN...


Hey, Dad, can I have some money for a haircut?
What are you, a movie star? You just had a haircut two weeks ago!!

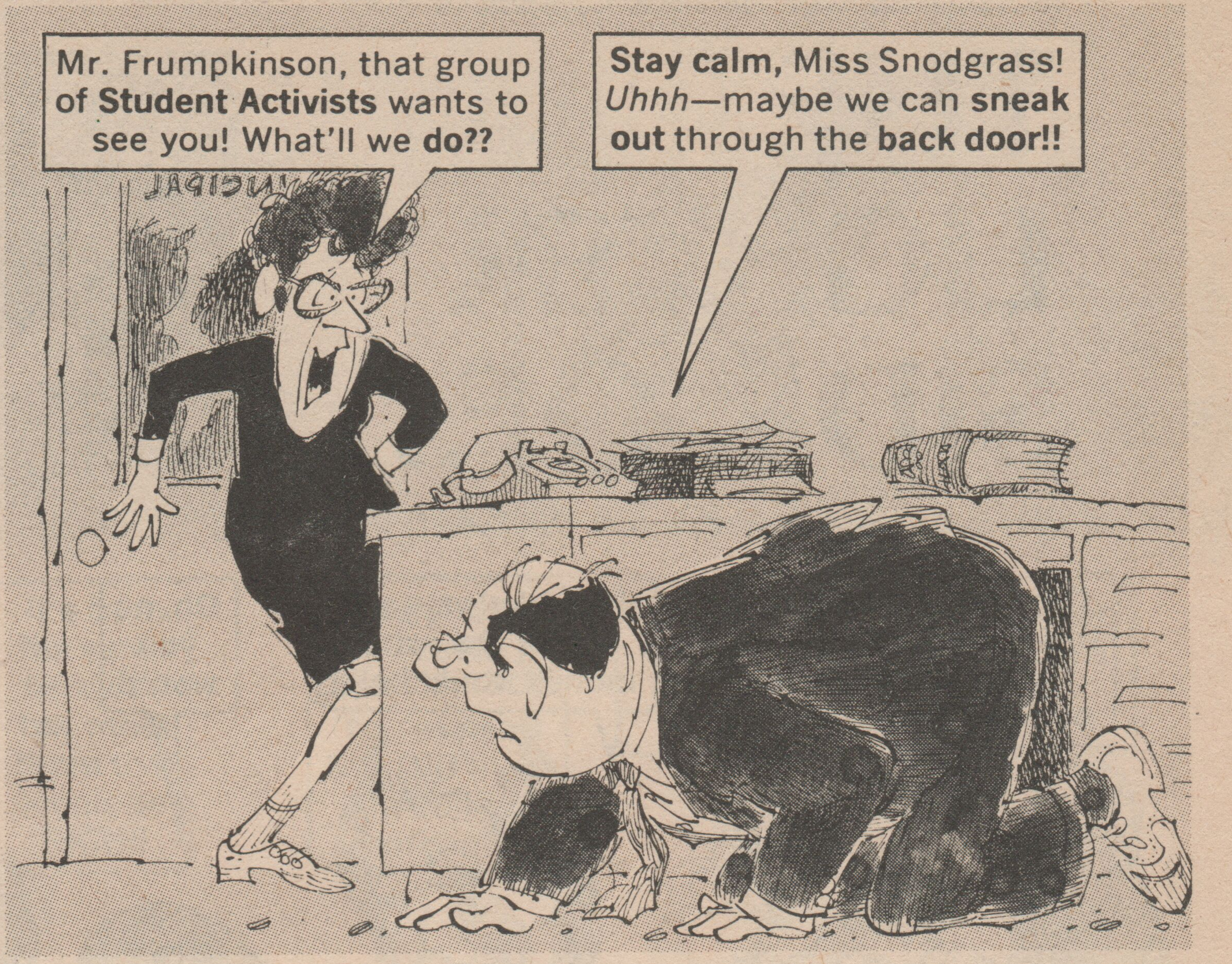
...AND NOW...


Look at you! You're disgusting!! Why don't you get a haircut!?!
Man, like I had a haircut last year!!

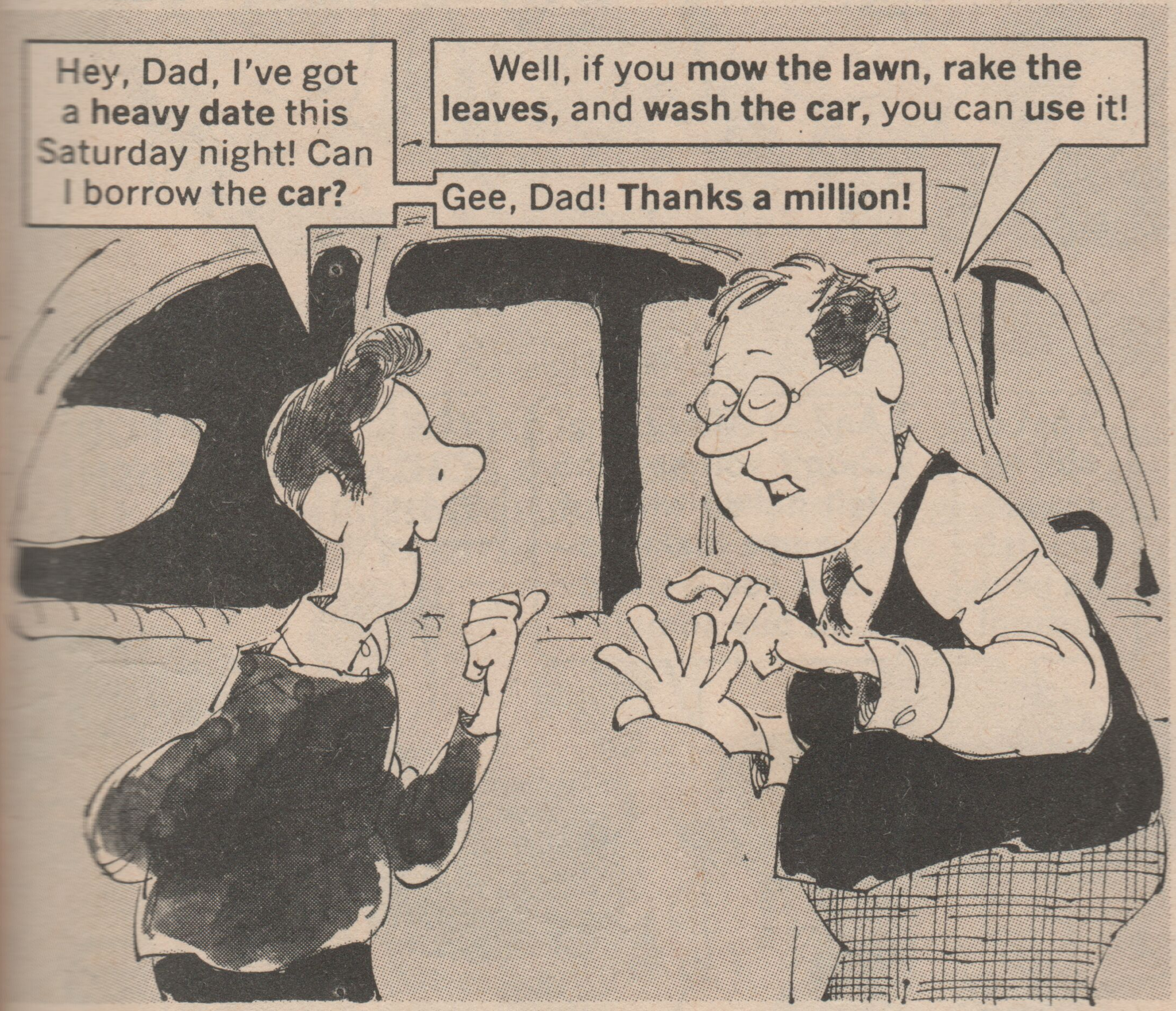
SCHOOL AUTHORITY…THEN…


Gosh, I'm **scared!** I gotta see old man **Frumpkinson!!**
I feel for you! He's **rough!!**
PRINCIPAL

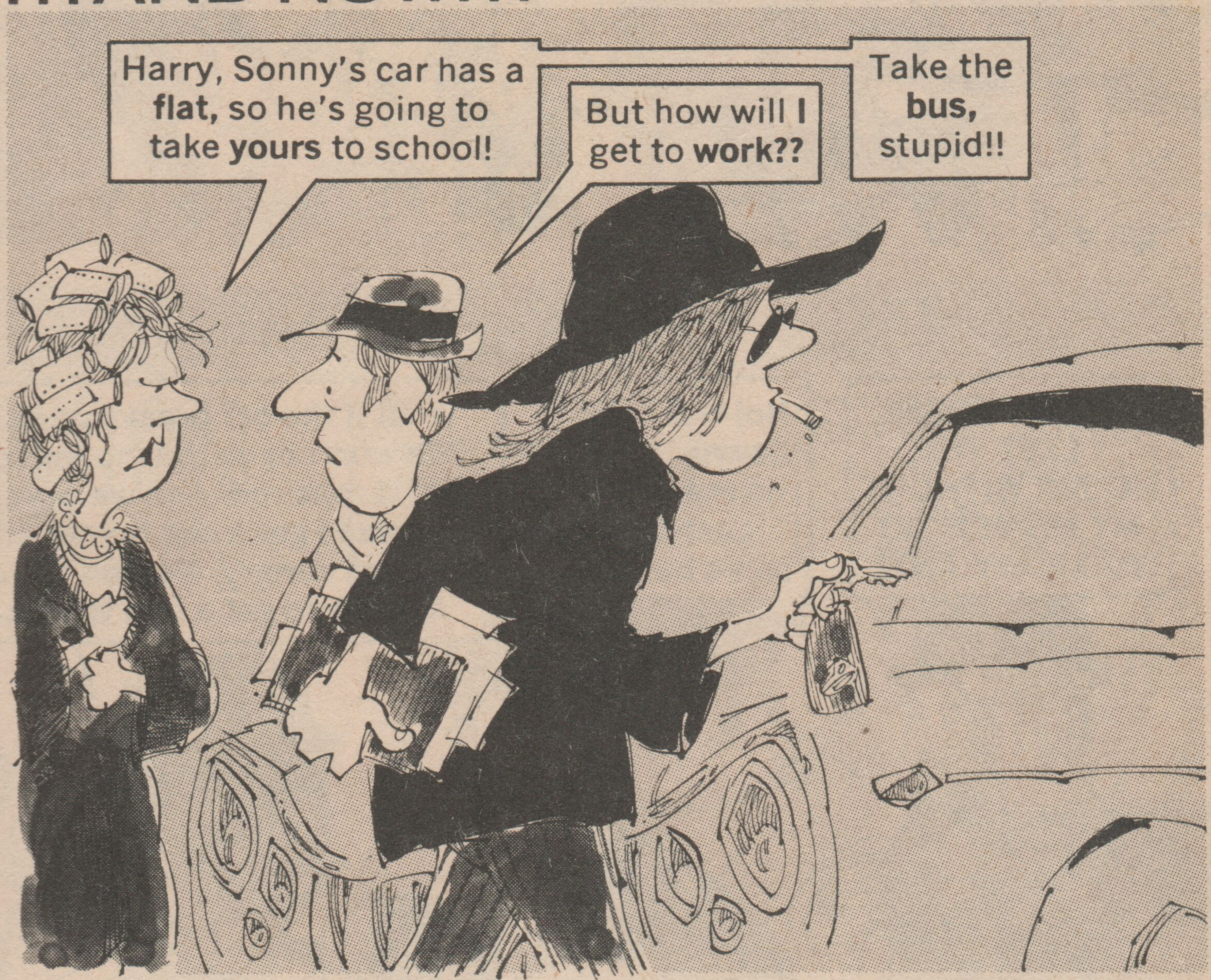
…AND NOW…


Mr. Frumpkinson, that group of **Student Activists** wants to see you! What'll we **do??**
Stay calm, Miss Snodgrass! *Uhhh*—maybe we can **sneak out** through the **back door!!**

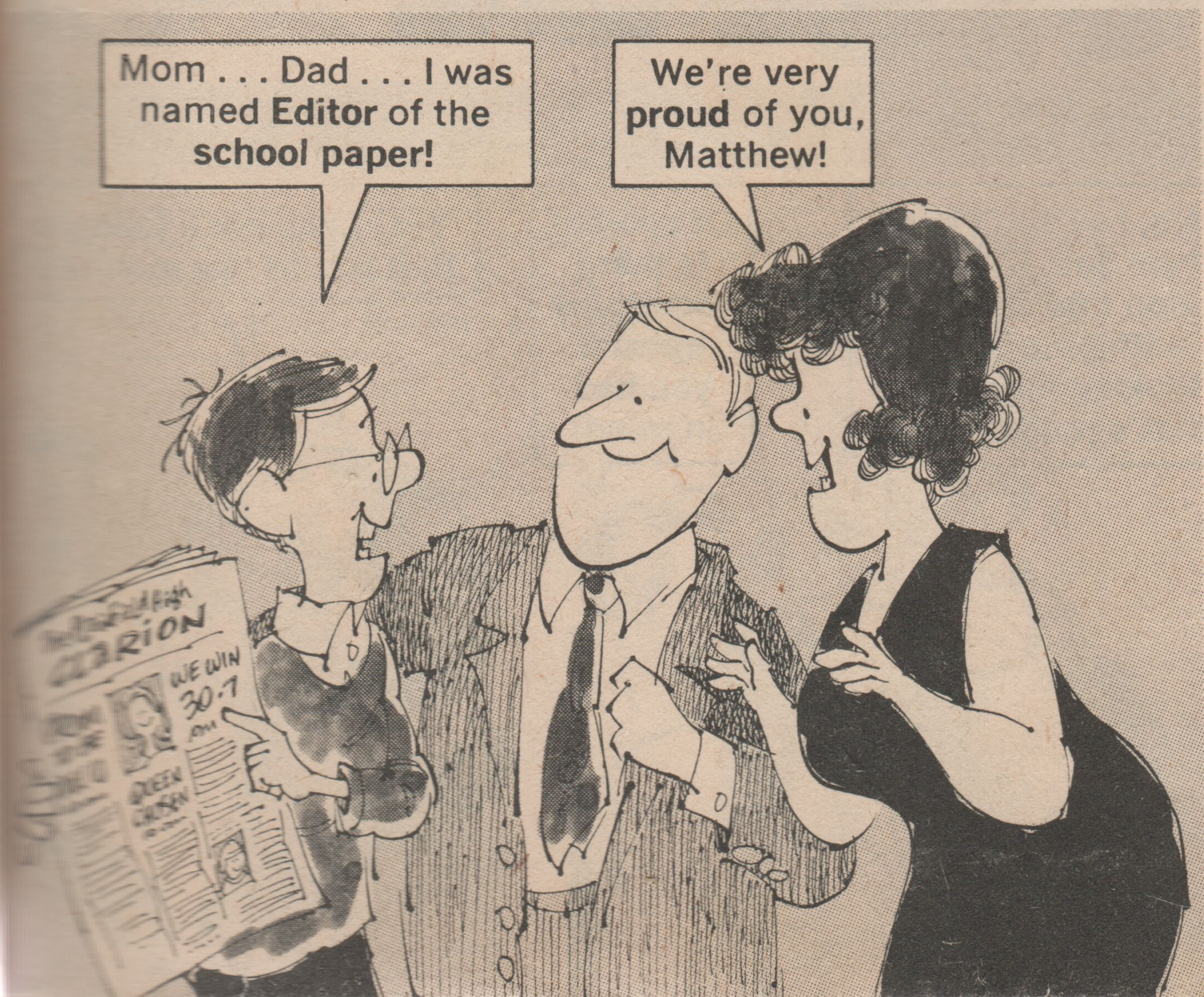
THE FAMILY CAR…THEN…


Hey, Dad, I've got a **heavy date** this Saturday night! Can I borrow the **car?**
Well, if you **mow the lawn, rake the leaves,** and **wash the car,** you can **use** it!
Gee, Dad! **Thanks a million!**

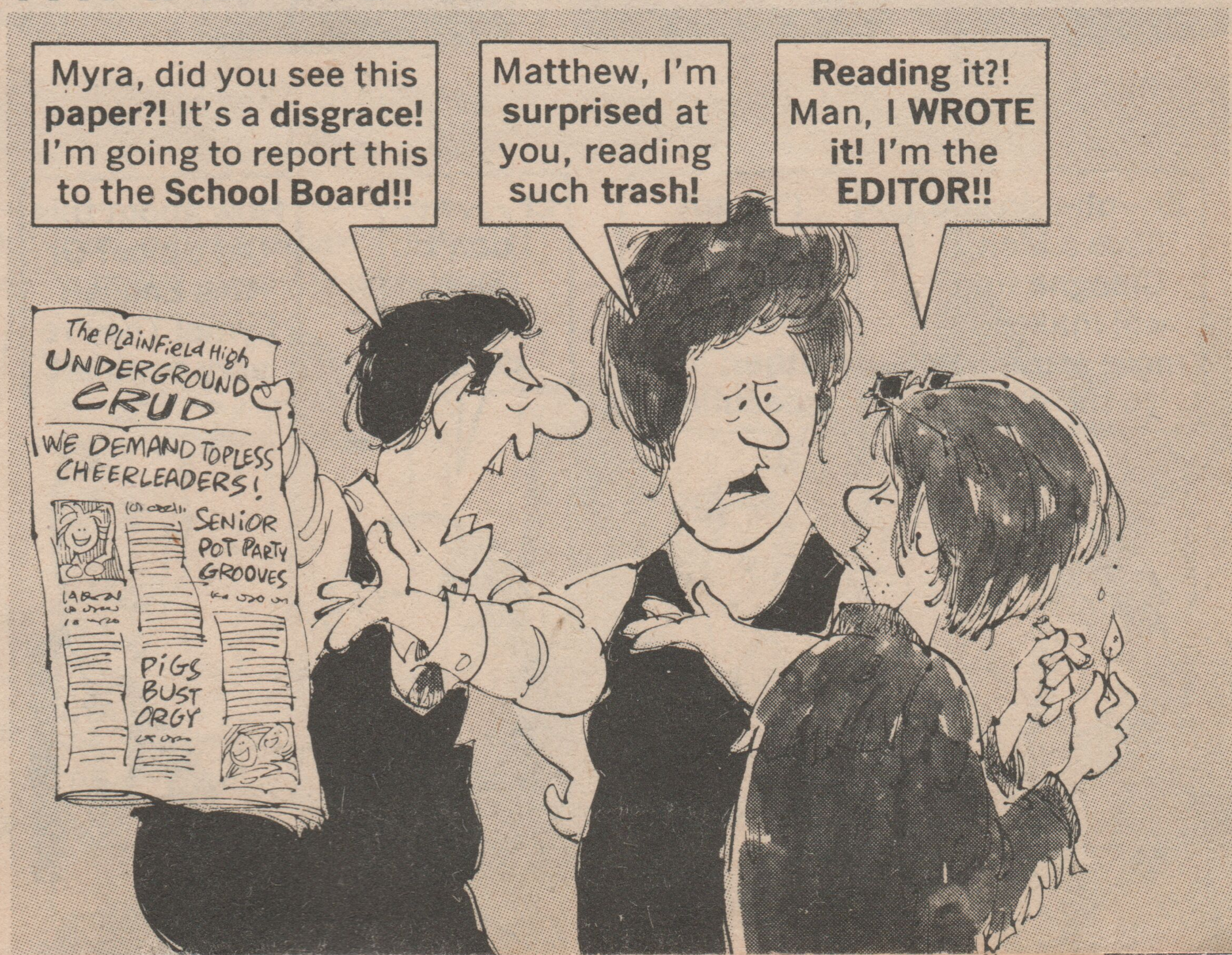
…AND NOW…


Harry, Sonny's car has a **flat,** so he's going to take **yours** to school!
But how will I get to **work??**
Take the **bus,** stupid!!

THE SCHOOL PAPER…THEN…

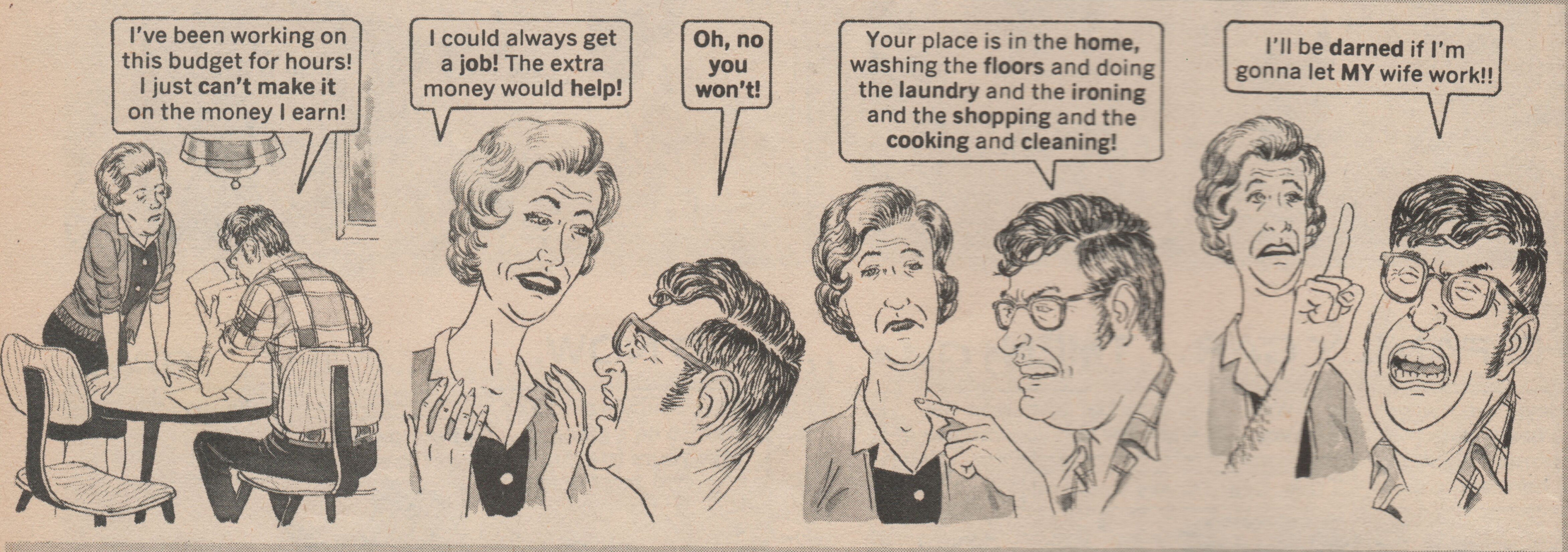

Mom . . . Dad . . . I was named **Editor** of the **school paper!**
We're very **proud** of you, Matthew!
The Plainfield High CLARION
WE WIN 30-7
QUEEN CHOSEN

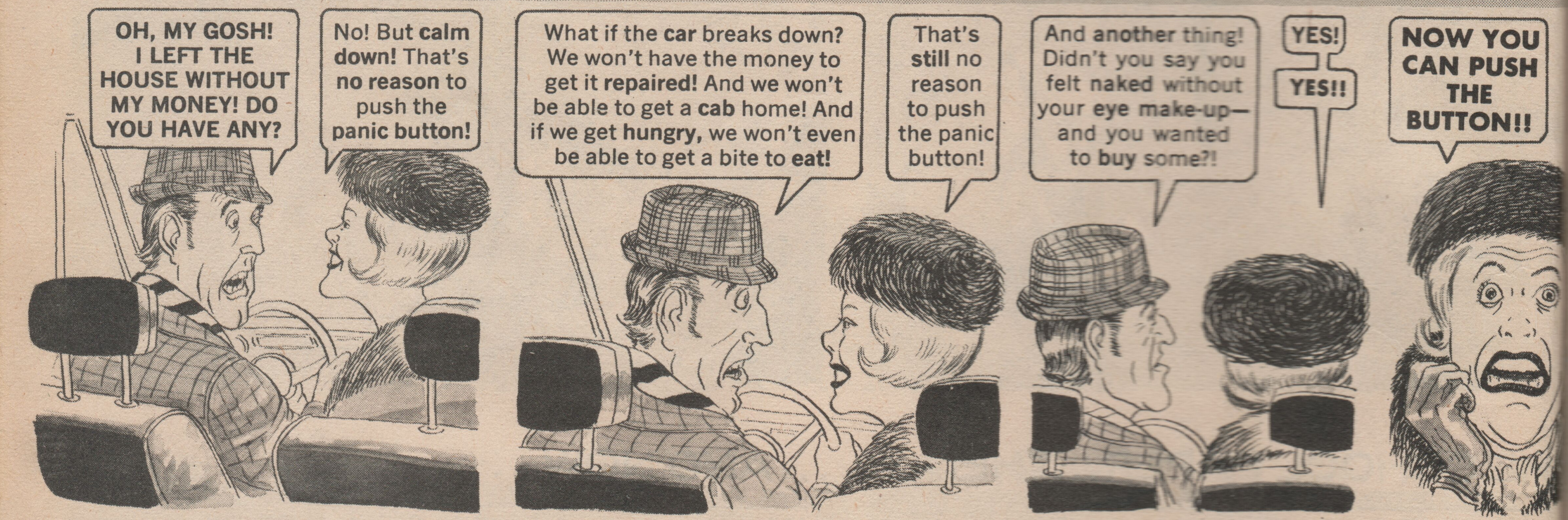
…AND NOW…

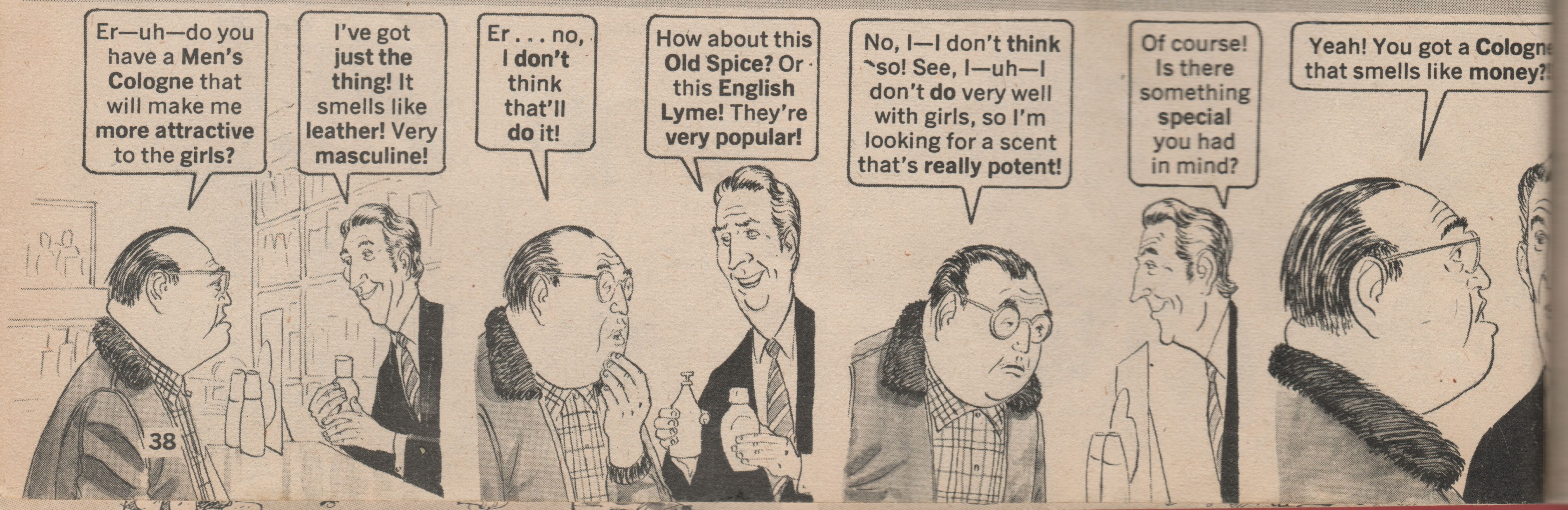

Myra, did you see this **paper?!** It's a **disgrace!** I'm going to report this to the **School Board!!**
Matthew, I'm **surprised** at you, reading such **trash!**
Reading it?! Man, I **WROTE it!** I'm the **EDITOR!!**
The Plainfield High UNDERGROUND CRUD
WE DEMAND TOPLESS CHEERLEADERS!
SENIOR POT PARTY GROOVES
PIGS BUST ORGY

BERG'S-EYE-VIEW DEPT. PART I

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF... MO

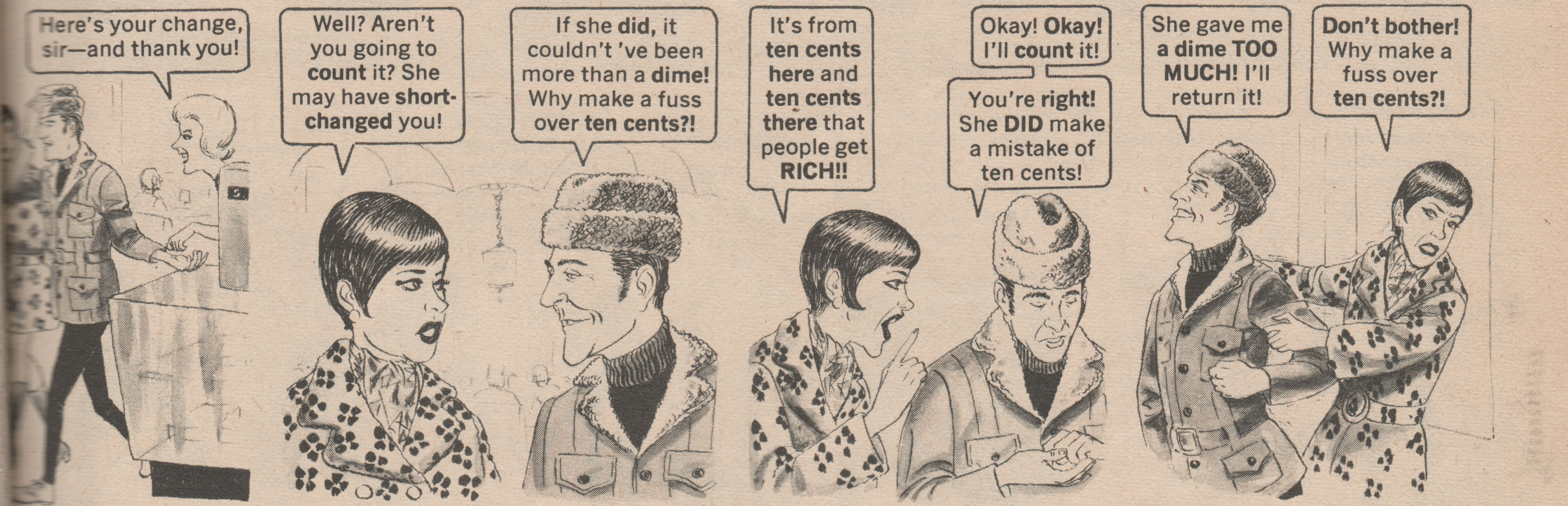

I've been working on this budget for hours! I just can't make it on the money I earn!
I could always get a job! The extra money would help!
Oh, no you won't!
Your place is in the home, washing the floors and doing the laundry and the ironing and the shopping and the cooking and cleaning!
I'll be darned if I'm gonna let MY wife work!!

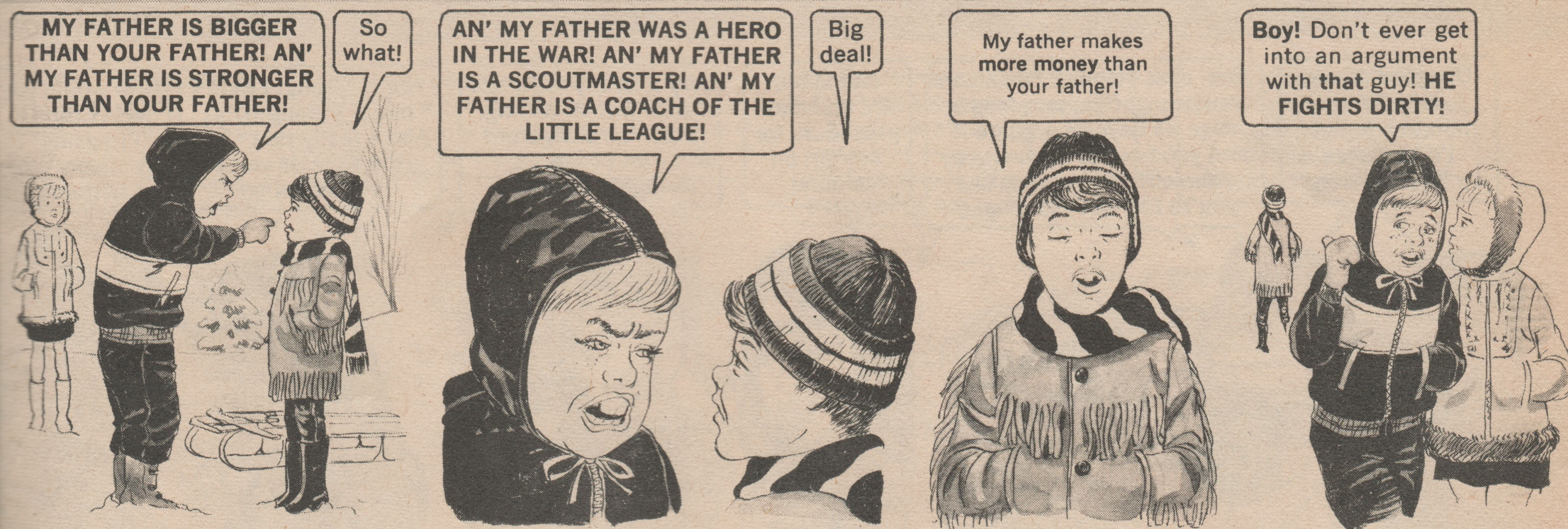

OH, MY GOSH! I LEFT THE HOUSE WITHOUT MY MONEY! DO YOU HAVE ANY?
No! But calm down! That's no reason to push the panic button!
What if the car breaks down? We won't have the money to get it repaired! And we won't be able to get a cab home! And if we get hungry, we won't even be able to get a bite to eat!
That's still no reason to push the panic button!
And another thing! Didn't you say you felt naked without your eye make-up—and you wanted to buy some?!
YES!
YES!!
NOW YOU CAN PUSH THE BUTTON!!

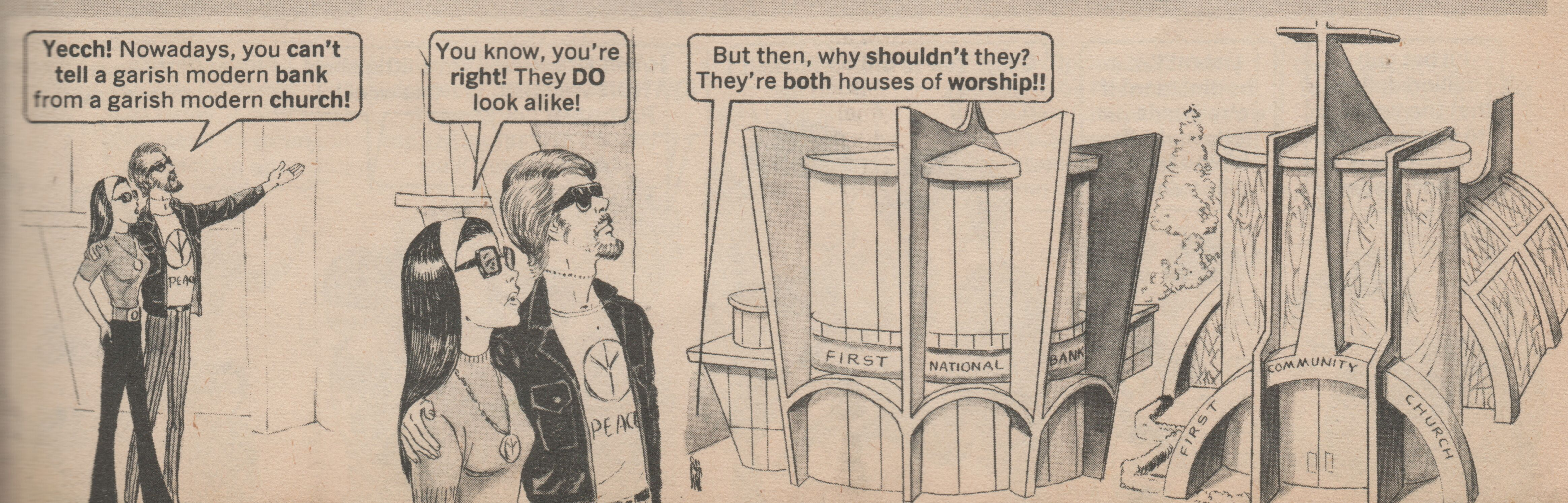

Er—uh—do you have a Men's Cologne that will make me more attractive to the girls?
I've got just the thing! It smells like leather! Very masculine!
Er . . . no, I don't think that'll do it!
How about this Old Spice? Or this English Lyme! They're very popular!
No, I—I don't think so! See, I—uh—I don't do very well with girls, so I'm looking for a scent that's really potent!
Of course! Is there something special you had in mind?
Yeah! You got a Cologne that smells like money?!

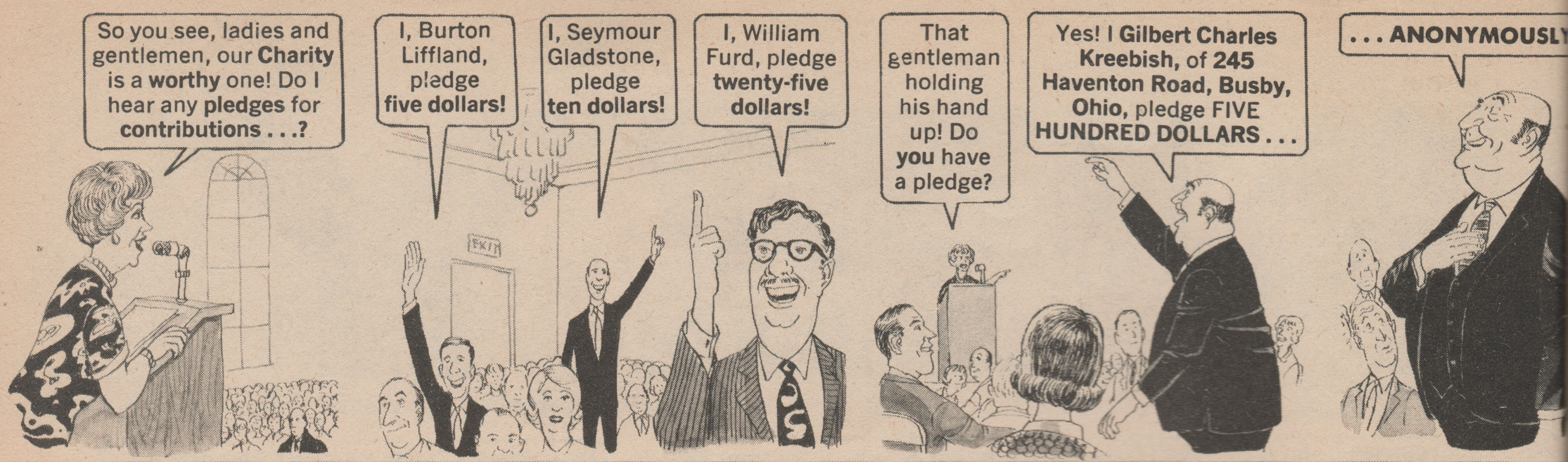
NEY

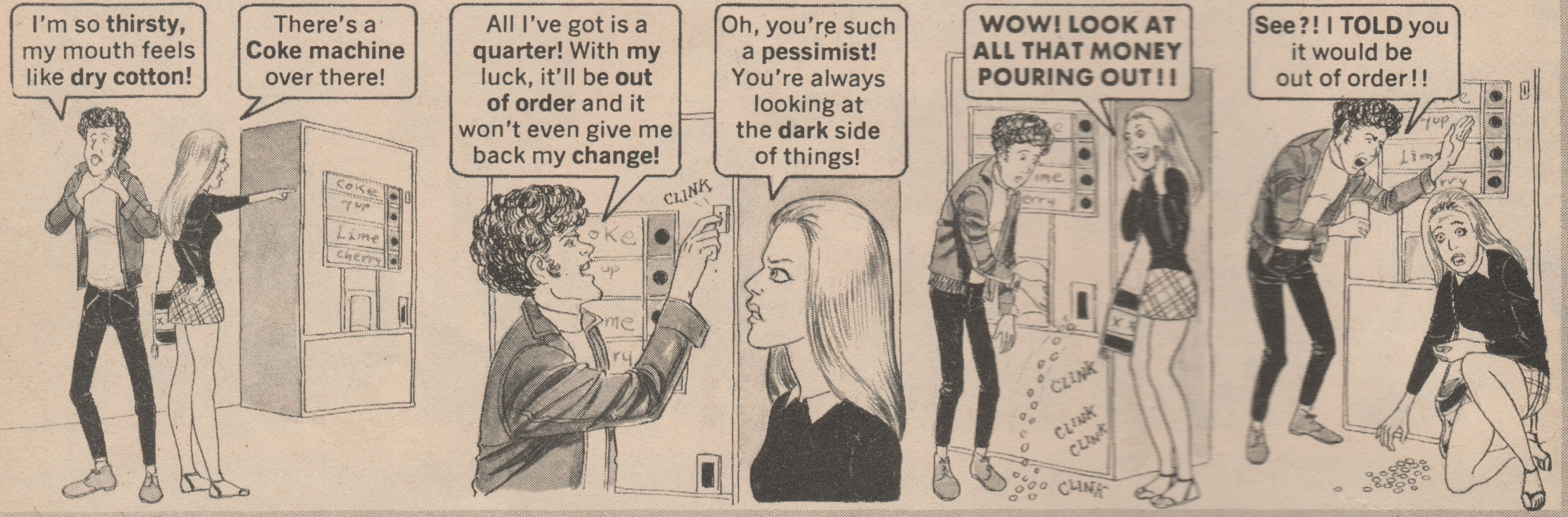
ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG

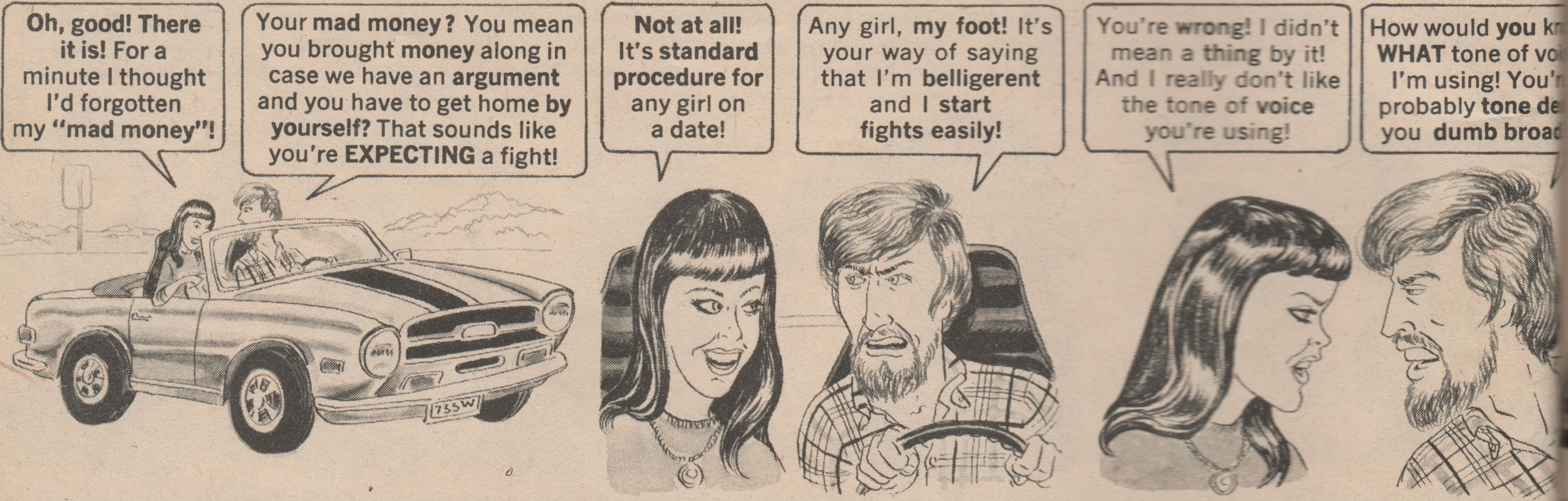

Here's your change, sir—and thank you!
Well? Aren't you going to **count** it? She may have **short-changed** you!
If she **did**, it couldn't 've been more than a **dime!** Why make a fuss over **ten cents?!**
It's from **ten cents here** and **ten cents there** that people get **RICH!!**
Okay! **Okay!** I'll **count** it!
You're **right!** She **DID** make a mistake of ten cents!
She gave me **a dime TOO MUCH!** I'll return it!
Don't bother! Why make a fuss over **ten cents?!**

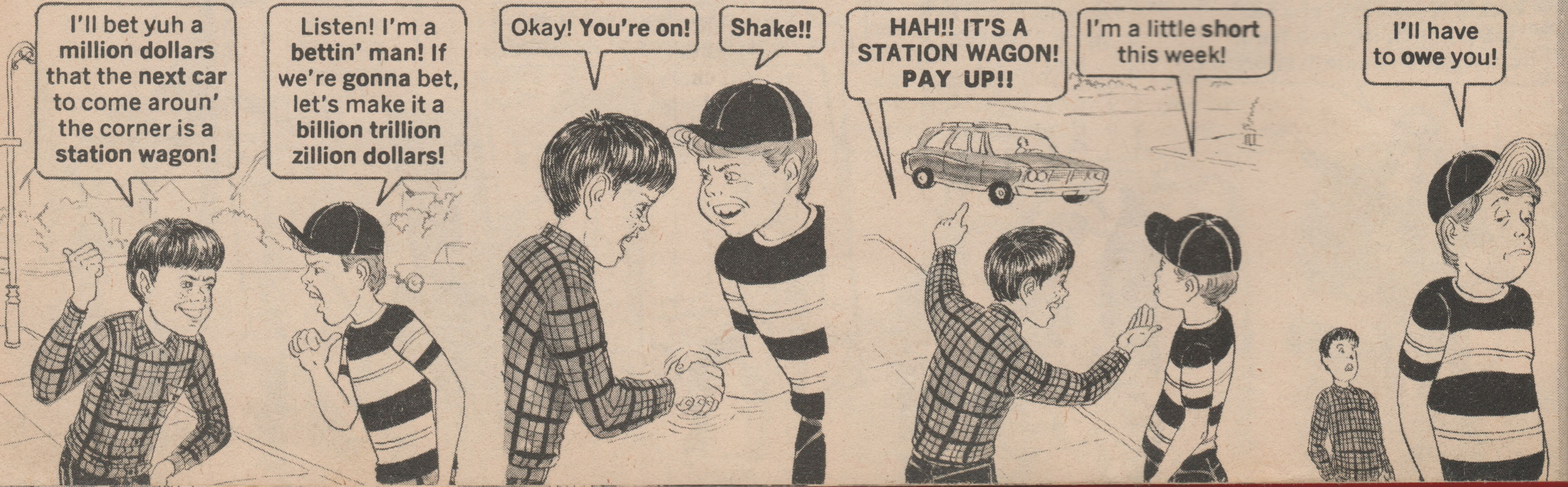

MY FATHER IS BIGGER THAN YOUR FATHER! AN' MY FATHER IS STRONGER THAN YOUR FATHER!
So what!
AN' MY FATHER WAS A HERO IN THE WAR! AN' MY FATHER IS A SCOUTMASTER! AN' MY FATHER IS A COACH OF THE LITTLE LEAGUE!
Big deal!
My father makes **more money** than your father!
Boy! Don't ever get into an argument with **that** guy! **HE FIGHTS DIRTY!**

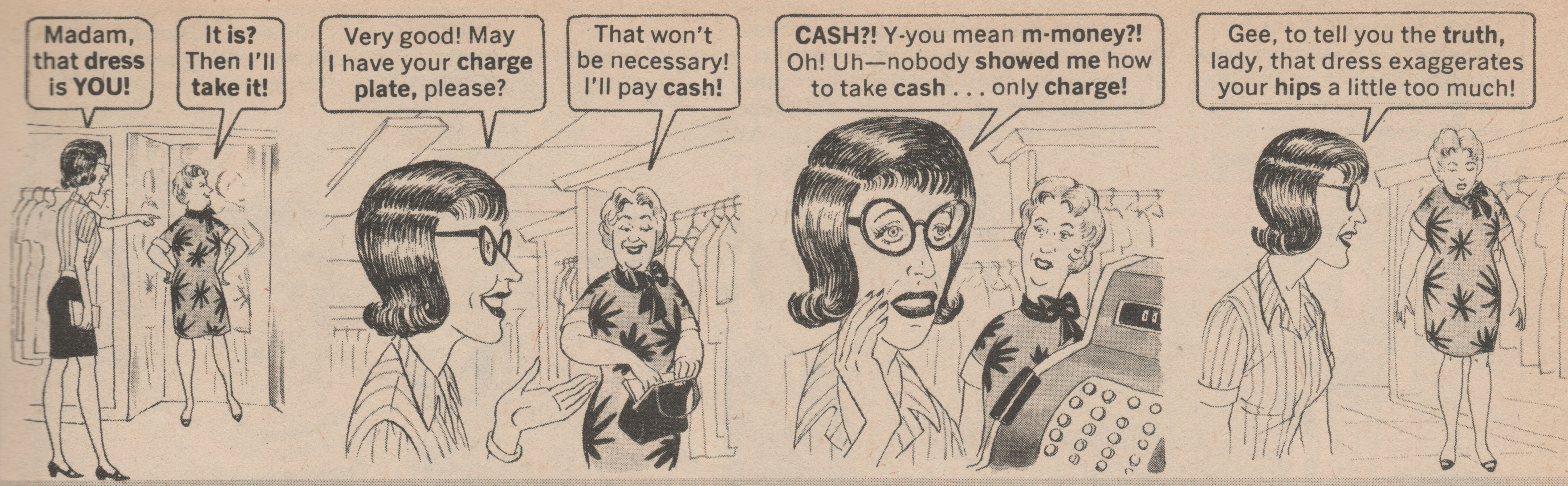

Yecch! Nowadays, you **can't** tell a garish modern **bank** from a garish modern **church!**
You know, you're **right!** They **DO** look alike!
But then, why **shouldn't** they? They're **both** houses of **worship!!**
PEACE
PEACE
FIRST NATIONAL BANK
FIRST COMMUNITY CHURCH

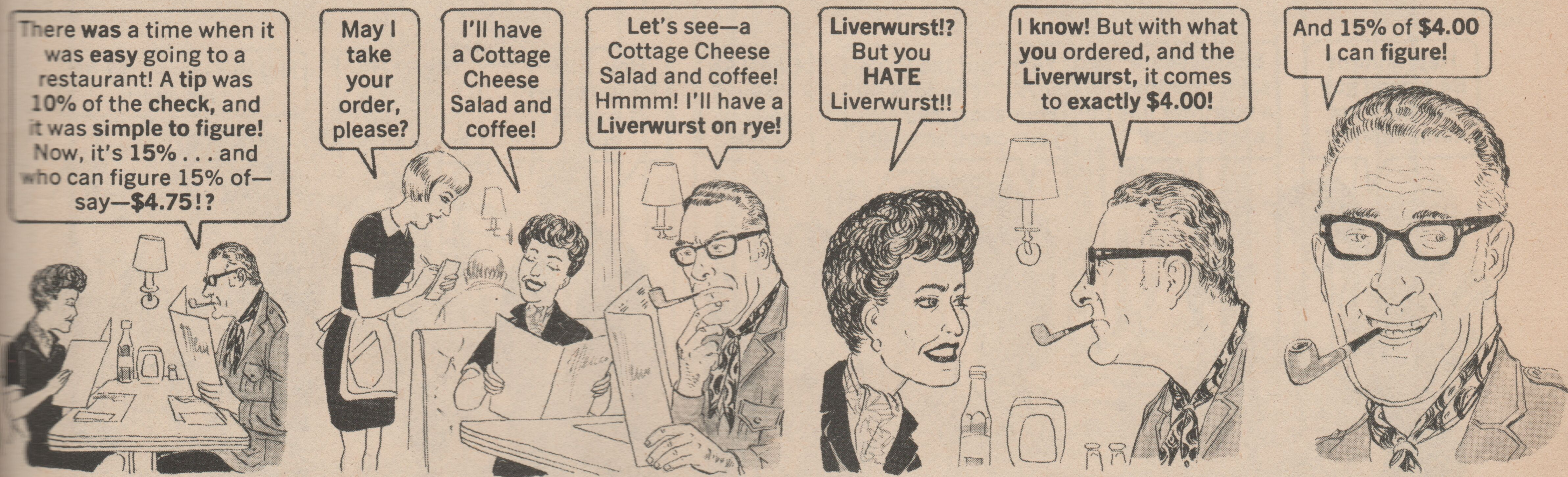

So you see, ladies and gentlemen, our **Charity** is a **worthy** one! Do I hear any **pledges** for **contributions . . .?**
I, Burton Liffland, pledge **five dollars!**
I, Seymour Gladstone, pledge **ten dollars!**
I, William Furd, pledge **twenty-five dollars!**
EXIT
That gentleman holding his hand up! Do **you** have a pledge?
Yes! I **Gilbert Charles Kreebish,** of **245 Haventon Road, Busby, Ohio,** pledge FIVE **HUNDRED DOLLARS . . .**
. . . ANONYMOUSL

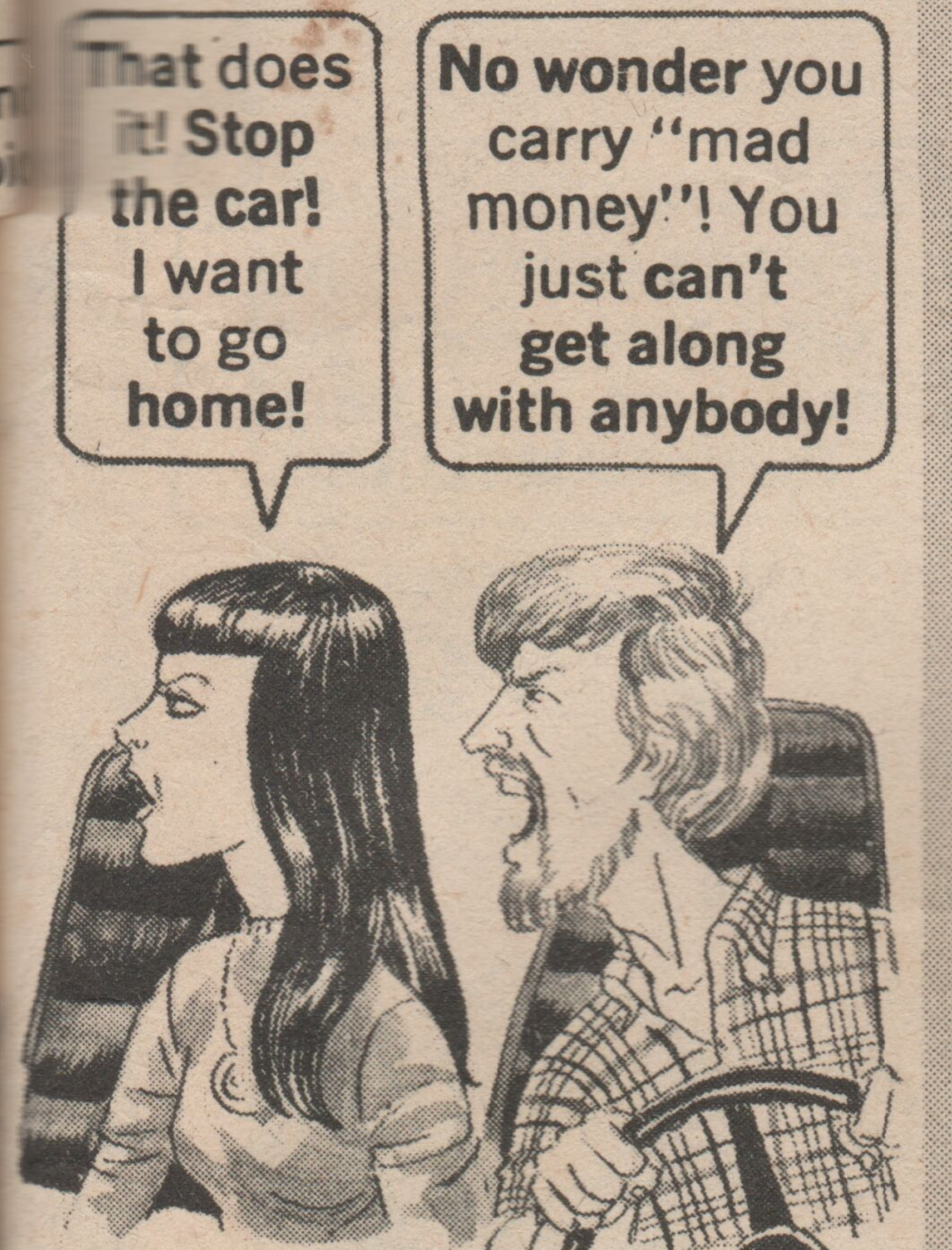

I'm so **thirsty,** my mouth feels like **dry cotton!**
There's a **Coke machine** over there!
All I've got is a **quarter!** With **my** luck, it'll be **out of order** and it won't even give me back my **change!**
CLINK
Oh, you're such a **pessimist!** You're always looking at the **dark** side of things!
WOW! LOOK AT ALL THAT MONEY POURING OUT!!
CLINK
CLINK
CLINK
CLINK
See?! I **TOLD** you it would be out of order!!

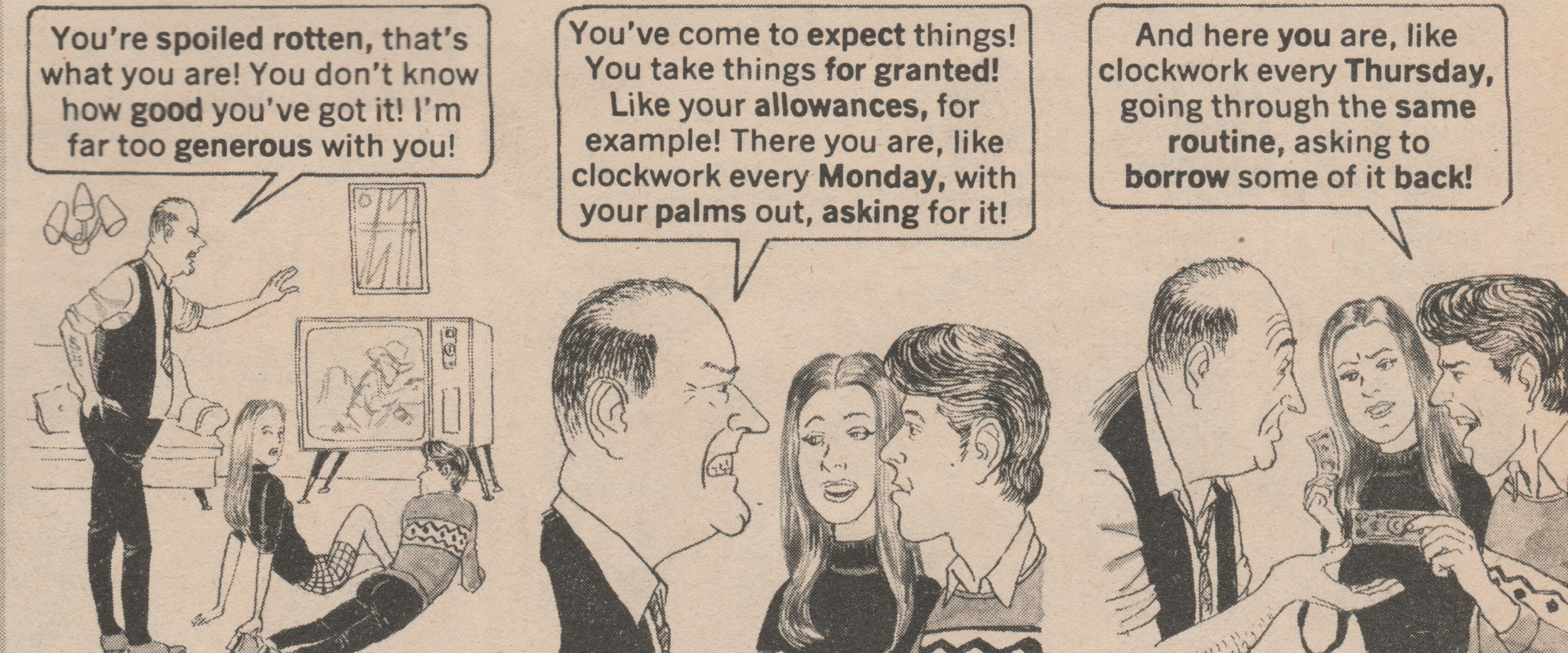

Oh, good! There it is! For a minute I thought I'd forgotten my **"mad money"**!
Your **mad money?** You mean you brought **money** along in case we have an **argument** and you have to get home **by yourself?** That sounds like you're **EXPECTING** a fight!
735W
Not at all! It's standard procedure for any girl on a date!
Any girl, **my foot!** It's your way of saying that I'm **belligerent** and I **start fights easily!**
You're **wrong!** I didn't mean a thing by it! And I really don't like the tone of **voice** you're using!
How would **you** kn
WHAT tone of vo
I'm using! You'r
probably **tone de**
you **dumb broad**

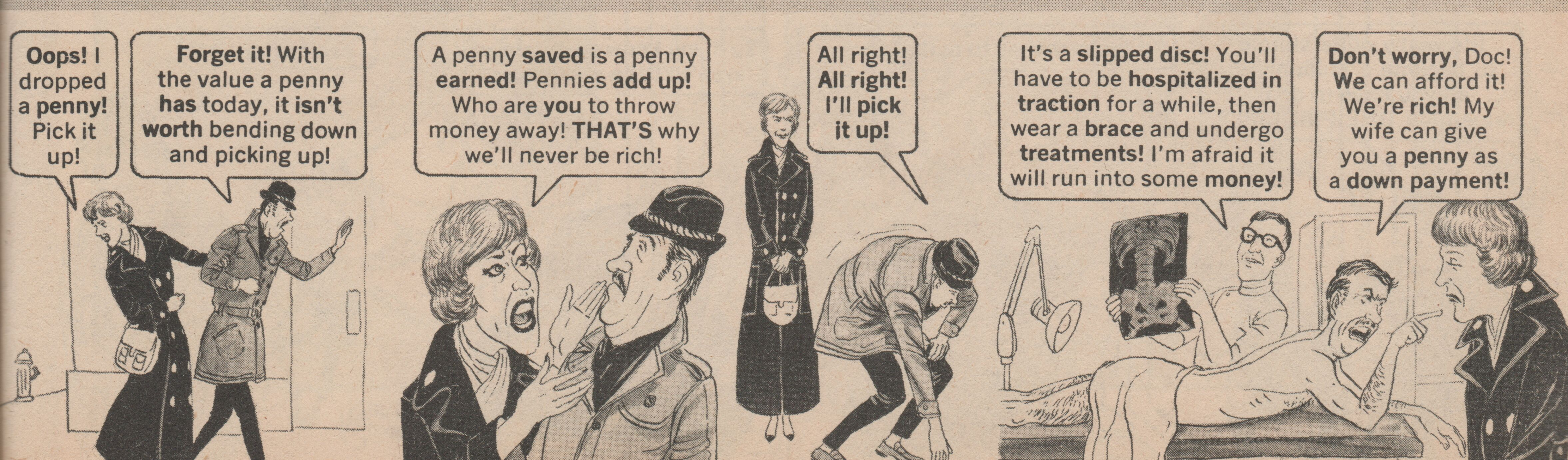

I'll bet yuh a **million dollars** that the **next car** to come aroun' the corner is a **station wagon!**
Listen! I'm a **bettin' man!** If we're gonna bet, let's make it a **billion trillion zillion dollars!**
Okay! **You're on!**
Shake!!
HAH!! IT'S A STATION WAGON! PAY UP!!
I'm a little **short** this week!
I'll have to **owe** you!

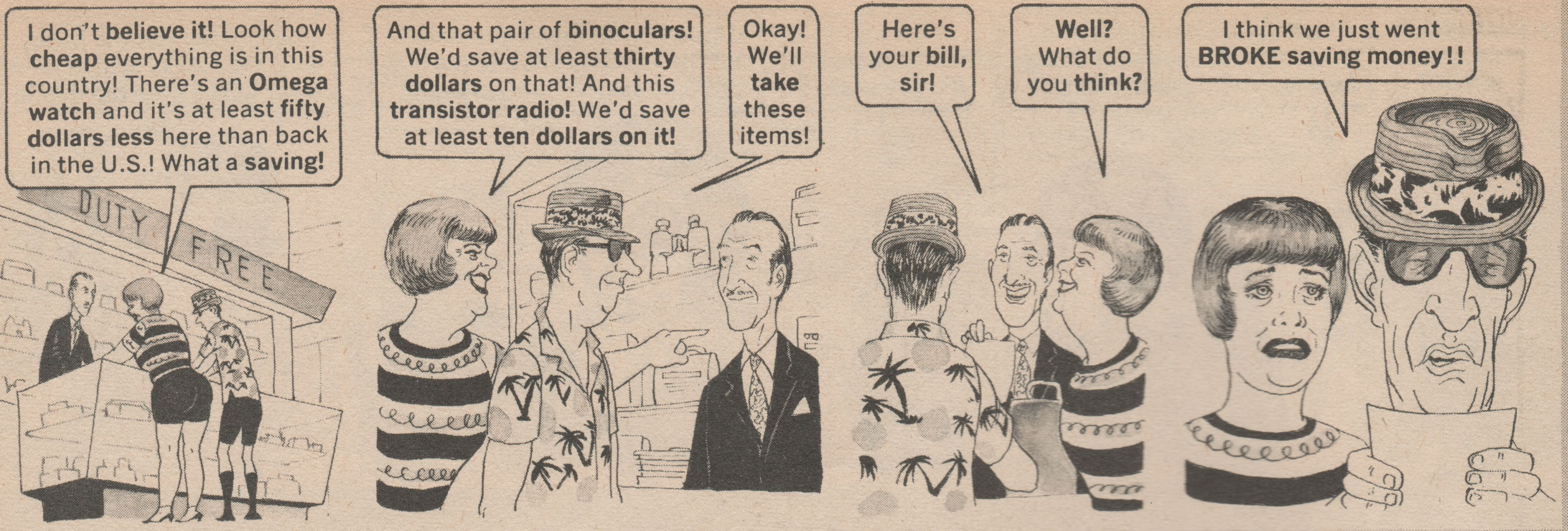

Madam, that dress is YOU!
It is? Then I'll take it!
Very good! May I have your charge plate, please?
That won't be necessary! I'll pay cash!
CASH?! Y-you mean m-money?! Oh! Uh—nobody showed me how to take cash . . . only charge!
Gee, to tell you the truth, lady, that dress exaggerates your hips a little too much!

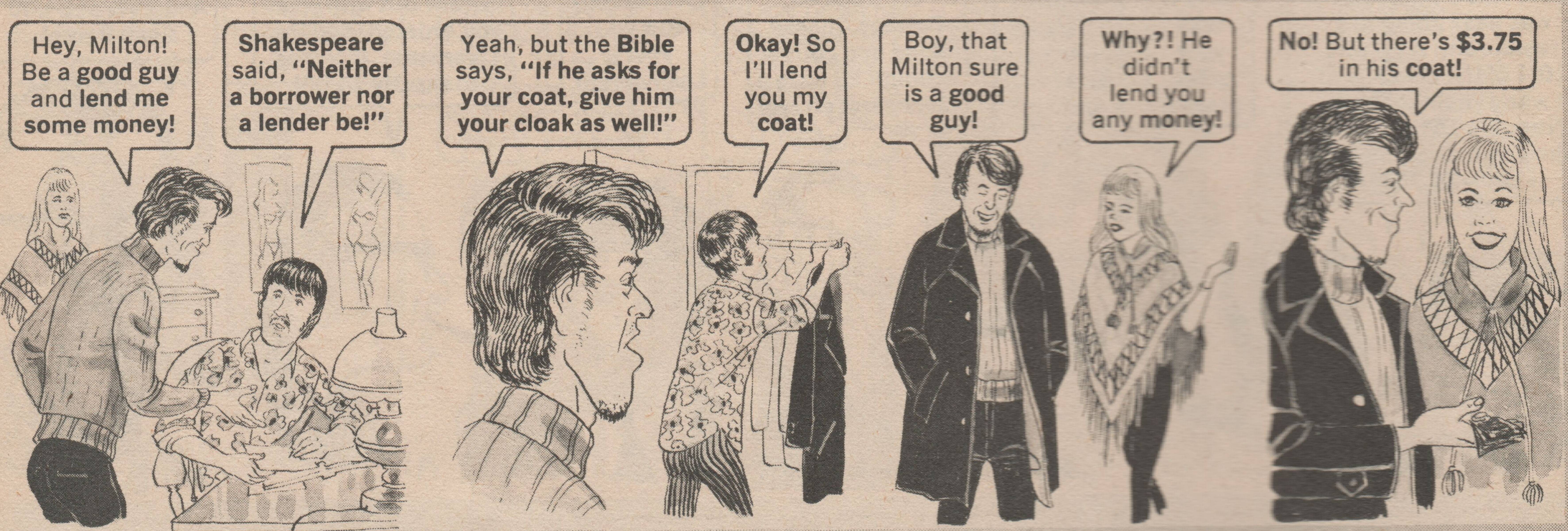

There was a time when it was easy going to a restaurant! A tip was 10% of the check, and it was simple to figure! Now, it's 15% . . . and who can figure 15% of—say—$4.75!?
May I take your order, please?
I'll have a Cottage Cheese Salad and coffee!
Let's see—a Cottage Cheese Salad and coffee! Hmmm! I'll have a Liverwurst on rye!
Liverwurst!? But you HATE Liverwurst!!
I know! But with what you ordered, and the Liverwurst, it comes to exactly $4.00!
And 15% of $4.00 I can figure!

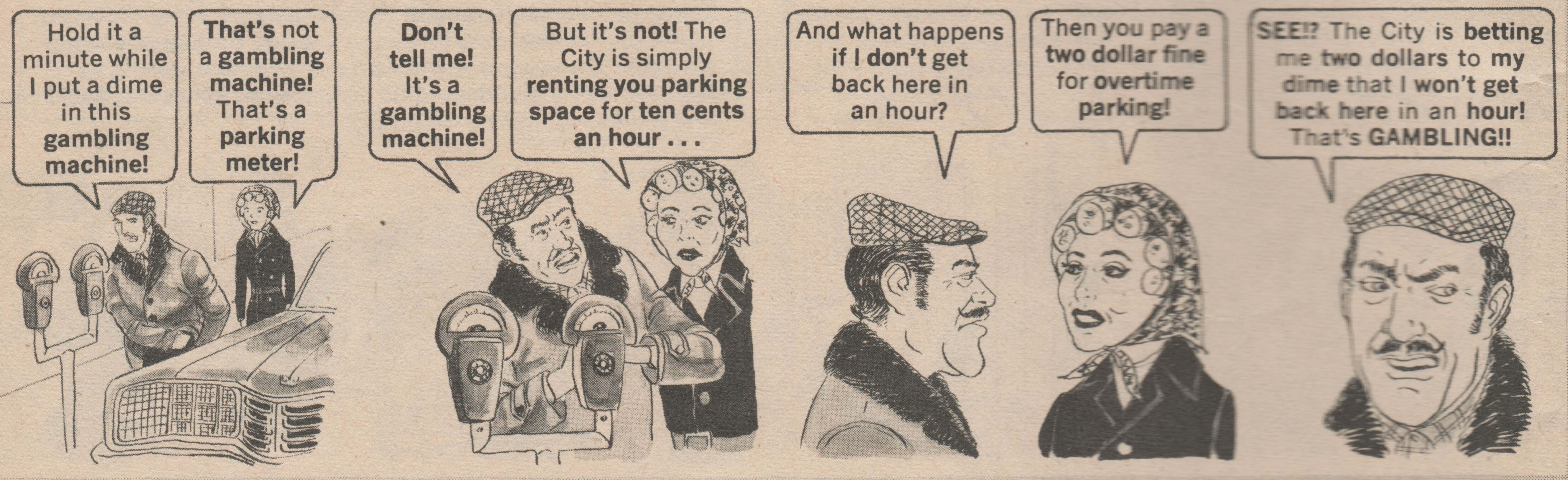

That does it! Stop the car! I want to go home!
No wonder you carry "mad money"! You just can't get along with anybody!

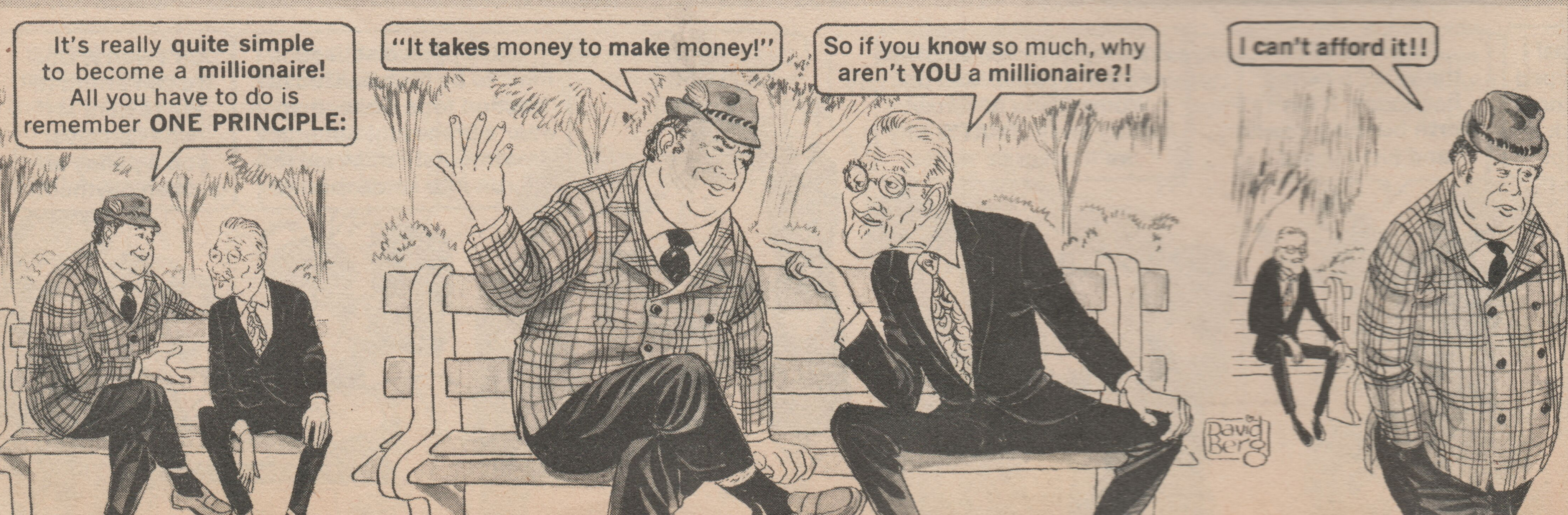

You're spoiled rotten, that's what you are! You don't know how good you've got it! I'm far too generous with you!
You've come to expect things! You take things for granted! Like your allowances, for example! There you are, like clockwork every Monday, with your palms out, asking for it!
And here you are, like clockwork every Thursday, going through the same routine, asking to borrow some of it back!


Oops! I dropped a penny! Pick it up!
Forget it! With the value a penny has today, it isn't worth bending down and picking up!
A penny saved is a penny earned! Pennies add up! Who are you to throw money away! THAT'S why we'll never be rich!
All right! All right! I'll pick it up!
It's a slipped disc! You'll have to be hospitalized in traction for a while, then wear a brace and undergo treatments! I'm afraid it will run into some money!
Don't worry, Doc! We can afford it! We're rich! My wife can give you a penny as a down payment!

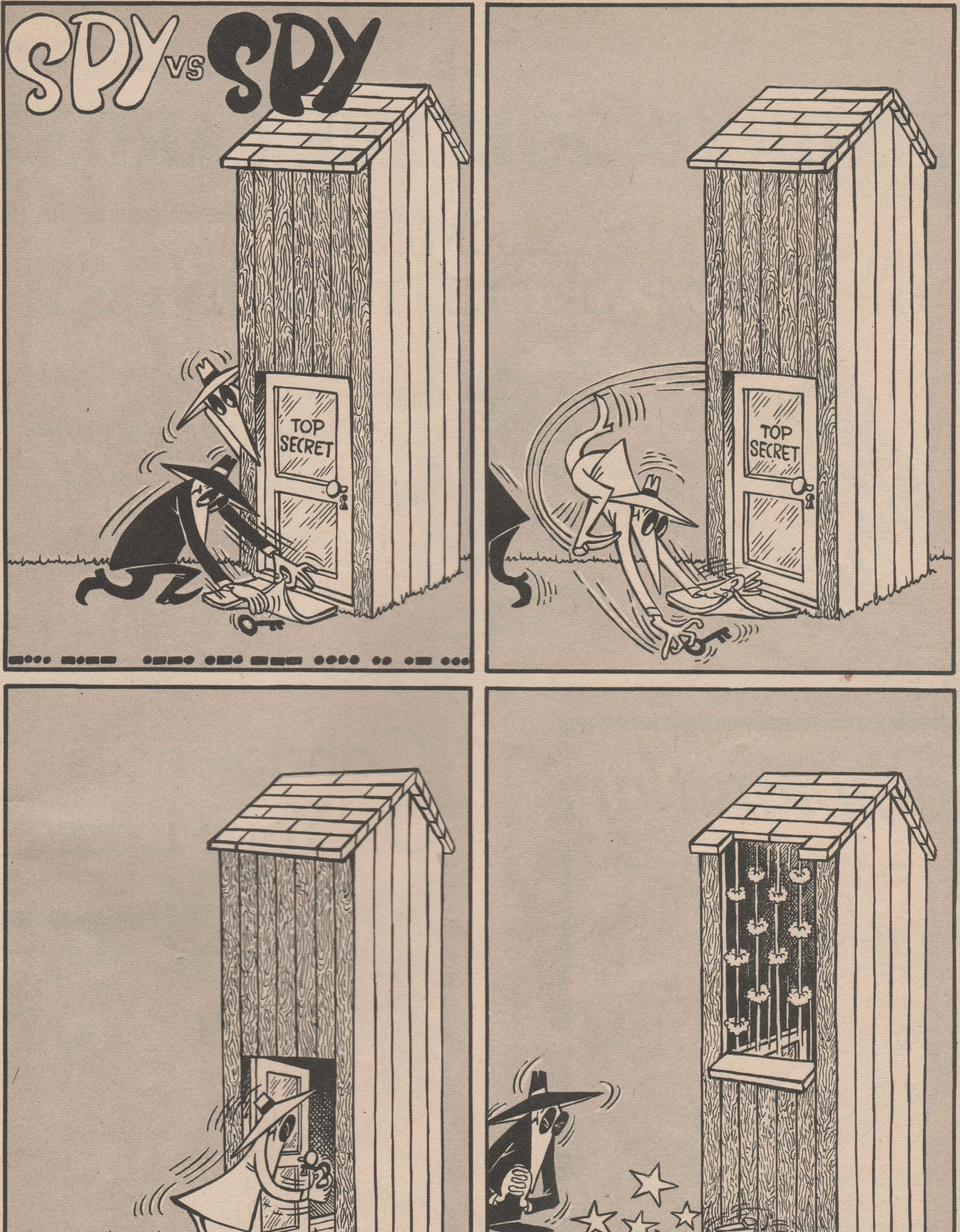

I don't **believe it!** Look how **cheap** everything is in this country! There's an **Omega watch** and it's at least **fifty dollars less** here than back in the U.S.! What a **saving!**
DUTY FREE
And that pair of **binoculars!** We'd save at least **thirty dollars** on that! And this **transistor radio!** We'd save at least **ten dollars on it!**
Okay! We'll **take** these items!
Here's your **bill,** sir!
Well? What do you **think?**
I think we just went **BROKE saving money!!**

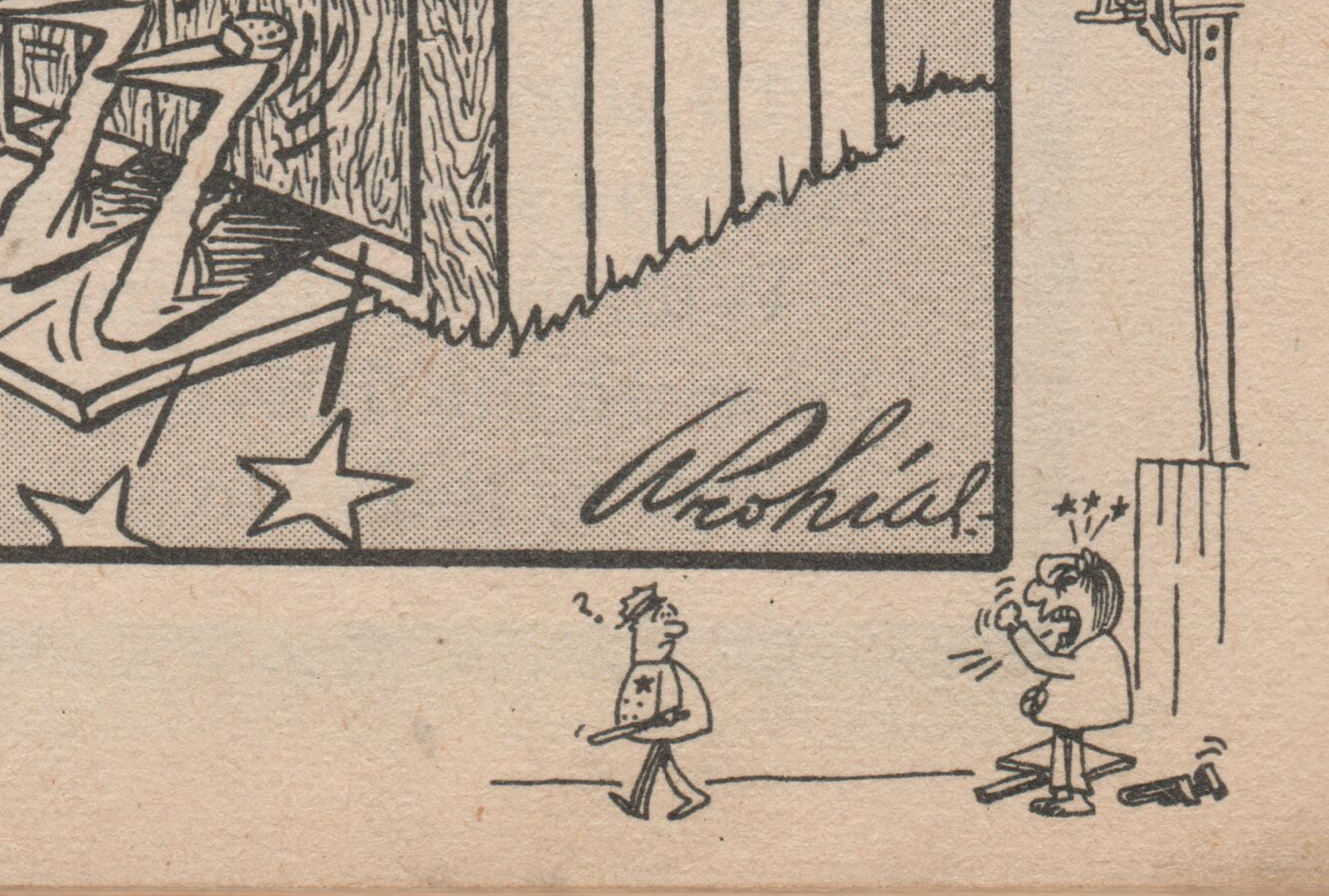

Hey, Milton! Be a **good guy** and **lend me some money!**
Shakespeare said, **"Neither a borrower nor a lender be!"**
Yeah, but the **Bible** says, **"If he asks for your coat, give him your cloak as well!"**
Okay! So I'll lend you my **coat!**
Boy, that Milton sure is a **good guy!**
Why?! He didn't lend you any **money!**
No! But there's **$3.75** in his **coat!**


Hold it a minute while I put a dime in this **gambling machine!**
That's not a **gambling machine!** That's a **parking meter!**
Don't tell me! It's a **gambling machine!**
But it's **not!** The City is simply **renting you parking space for ten cents an hour . . .**
And what happens if I **don't** get back here in an hour?
Then you pay a **two dollar fine** for **overtime parking!**
SEE!? The City is **betting** me **two dollars** to **my dime** that **I won't get back here in an hour!** That's **GAMBLING!!**


It's really **quite simple** to become a **millionaire!** All you have to do is remember **ONE PRINCIPLE:**
"It takes money to **make** money!"
So if you **know** so much, why aren't **YOU** a **millionaire?!**
I can't afford it!!
David Berg

JOKE AND DAGGER DEPT. PART I


SPY vs SPY
TOP SECRET
TOP SECRET

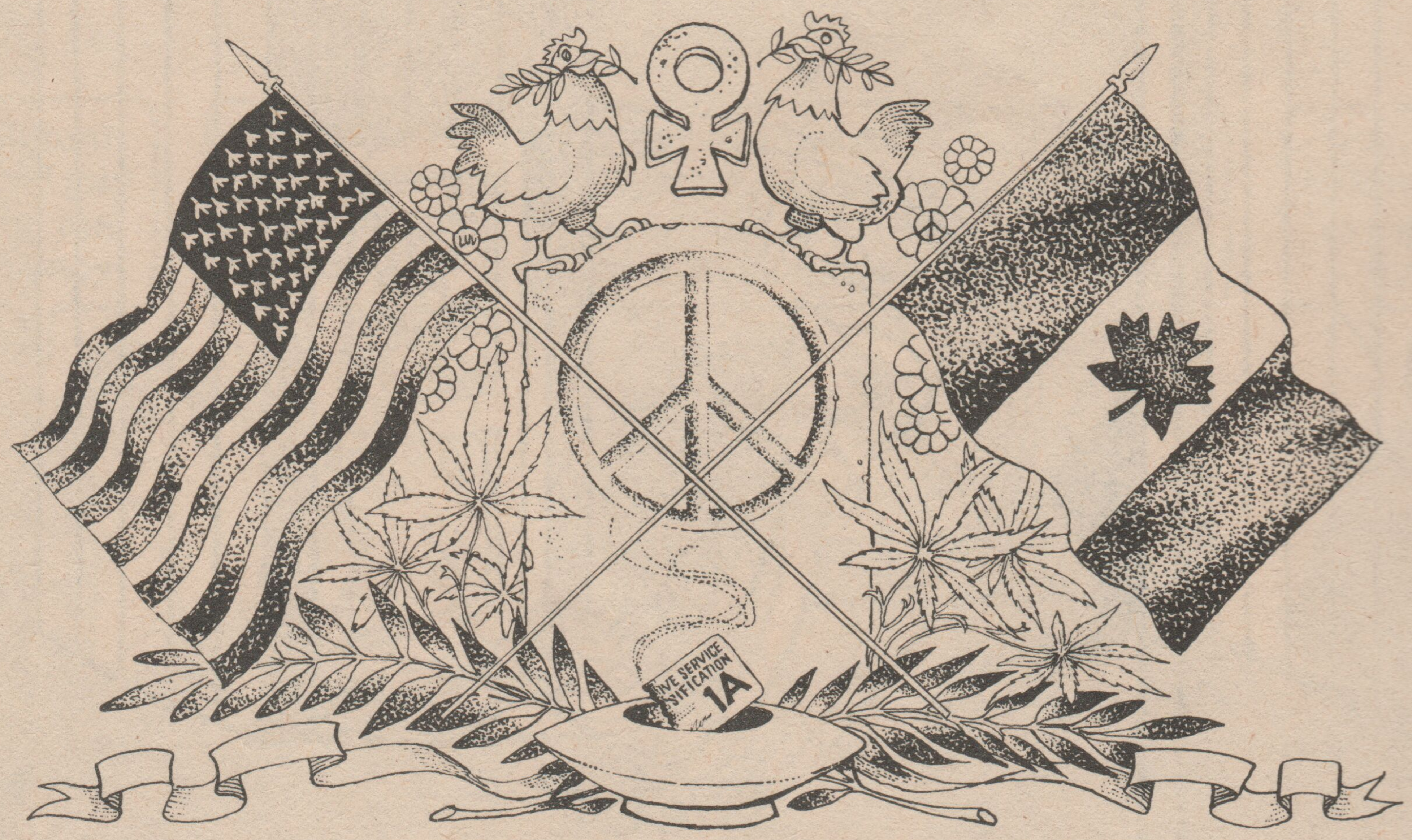


POSTAL MORTEMS DEPT.

If you've ever browsed through a Greeting Card Shop, you've probabl
noticed the vast selection of Condolence Cards. Now, we admit tha
these cards serve very well when someone has suffered the loss of a

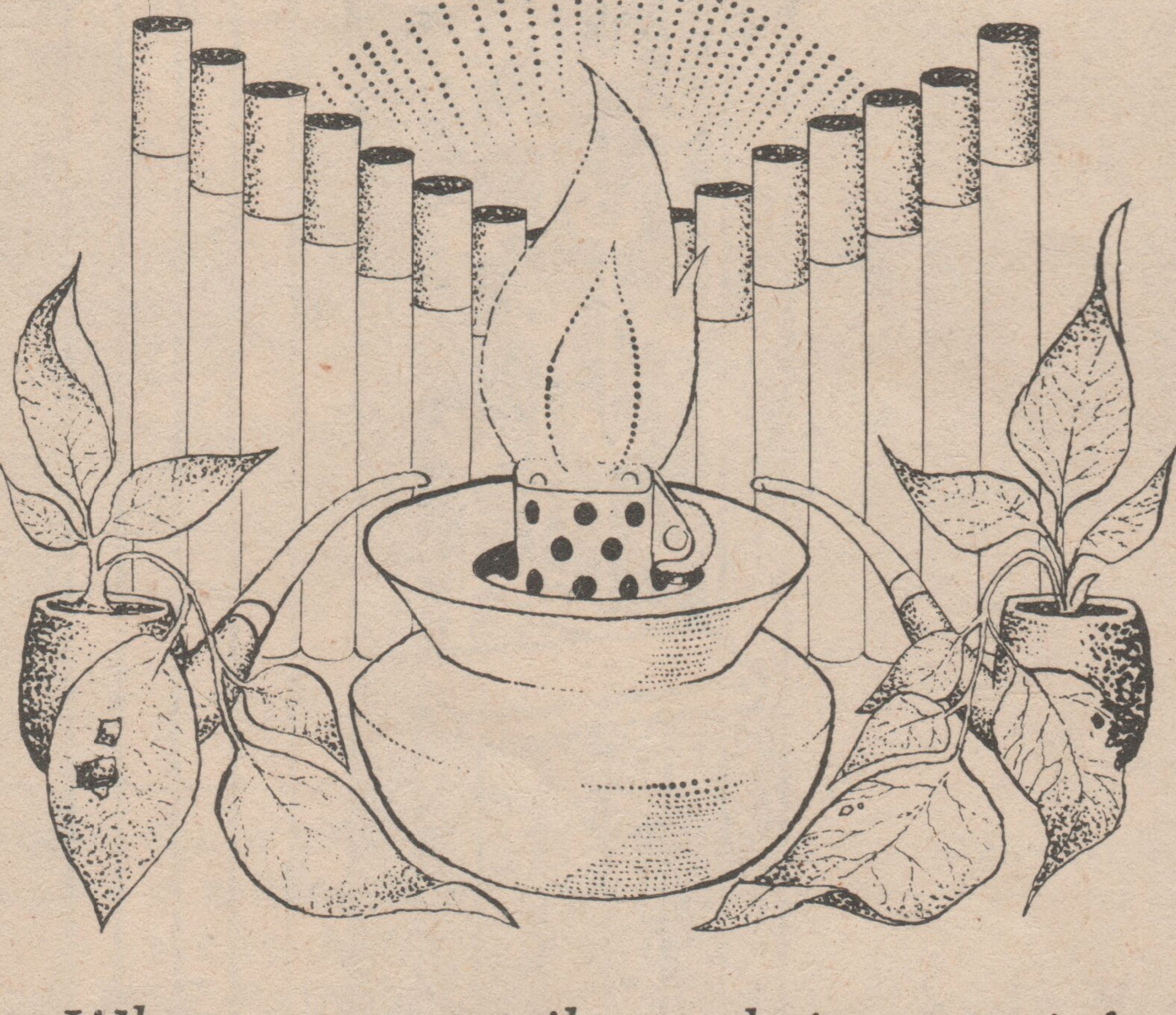
MAD CONDOLENCE CARDS FO

IN MEMORY OF A DEPARTED LOVED ONE



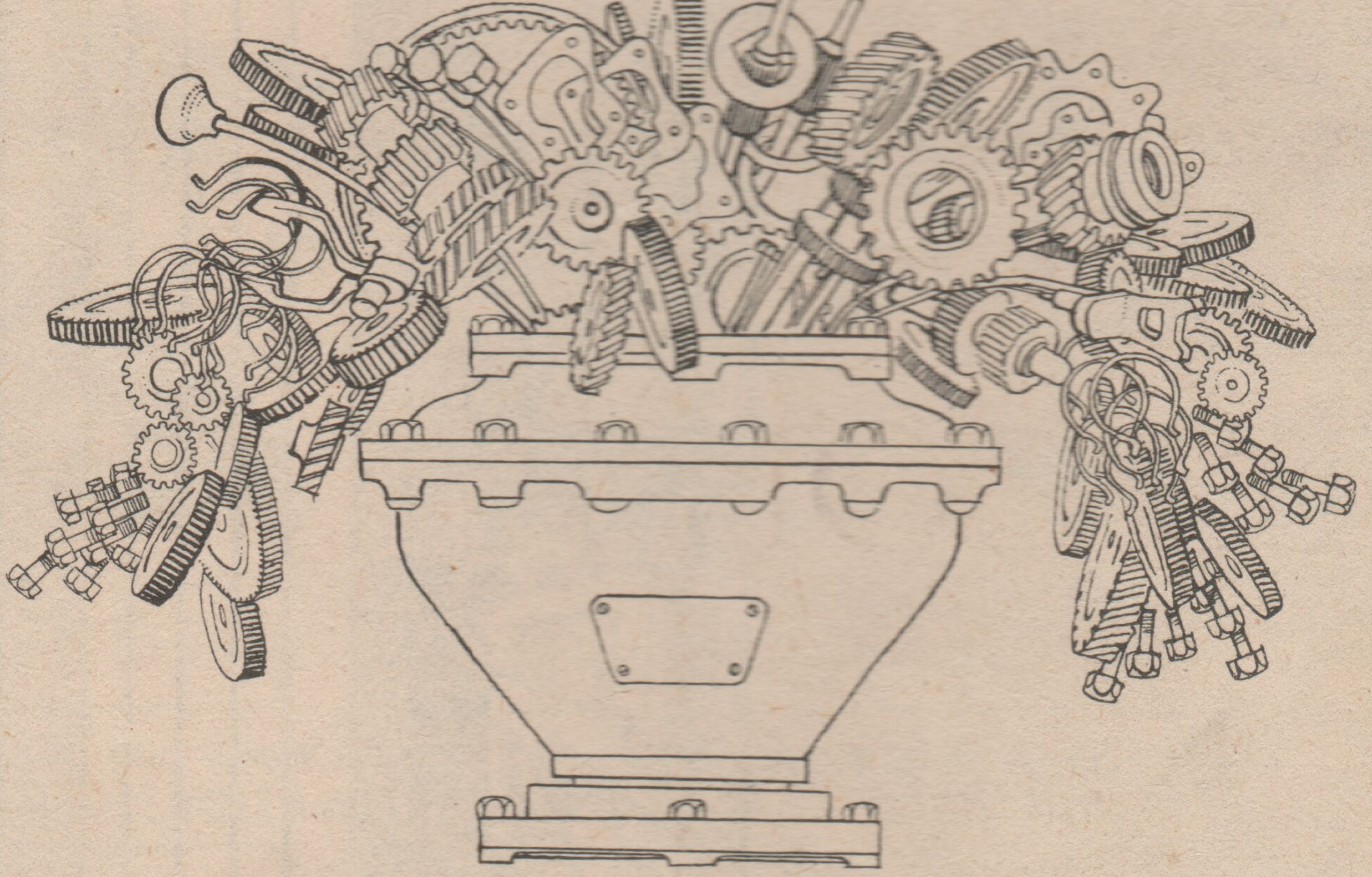
We're full of grief, we're shedding tears,
We're sad and broken-hearted
In mourning for your teen-age son
Who from you has departed;
But though his loss is hard to bear,
One thought should soothe us all—
He's finding ever-lasting Peace
Holed-up in Montreal.

Sympathy



When sorrow strikes to bring us grief
And clouds above are gray,
One often needs a friendly word
To brighten up the day;
And so I send this note sincere
With sympathy invoking
To mark the fifty-second time
You've failed to give up smoking.

Condolences On Your Loss



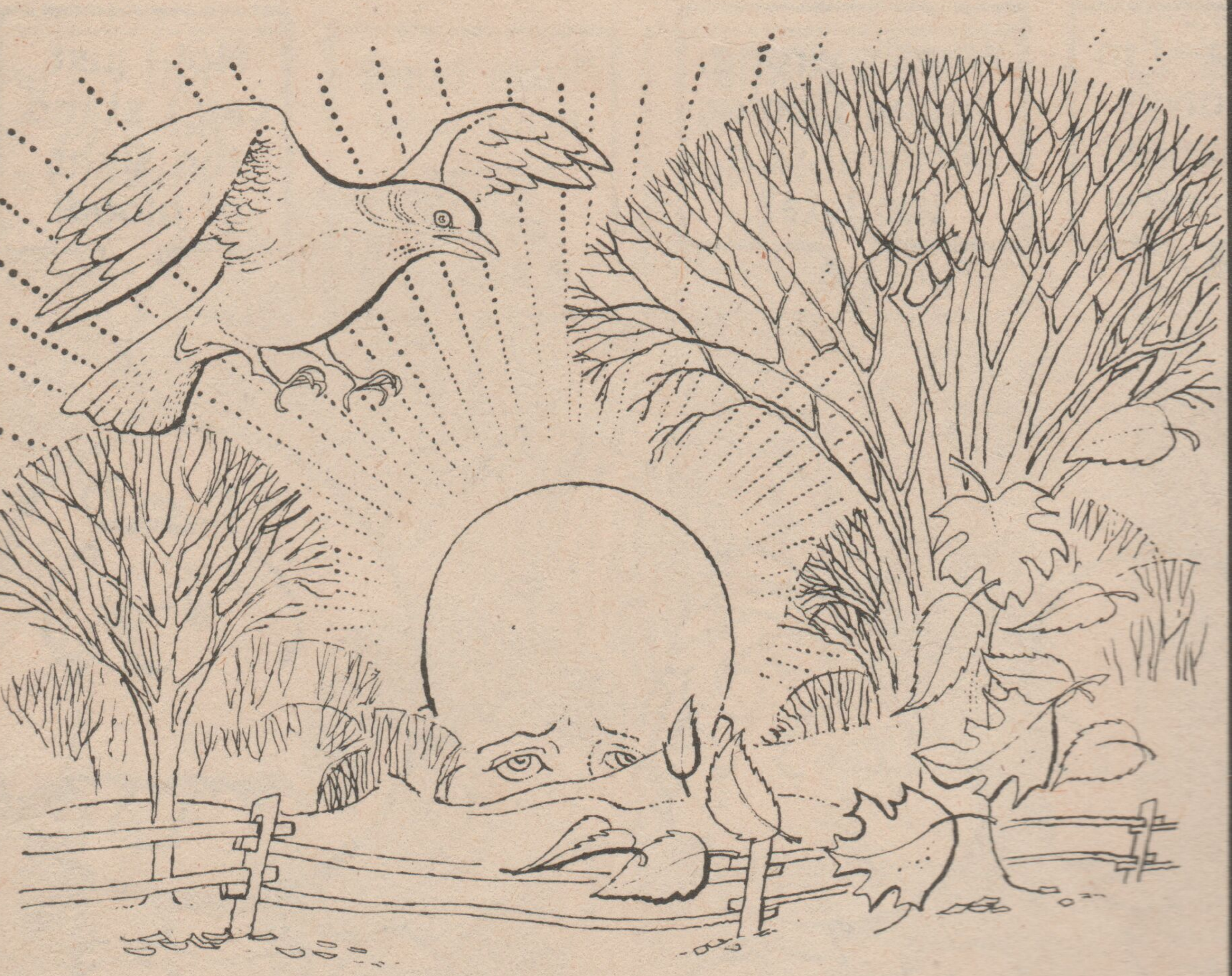
We bid goodby to faithful friends
With eulogies and praise;
With flower wreaths and mourning bands
To mark their earthly days;
And so I send this simple card
In heartfelt recognition
Of how you're feeling since you lost
Your brand new car's transmission.

oved one. But what about the other losses that affect people's lives? How do we pay our respects to folks who suffer these lesser, but still staggering, personal tragedies? Well, one way is to send them . . .

R LIFE'S OTHER TRAGEDIES

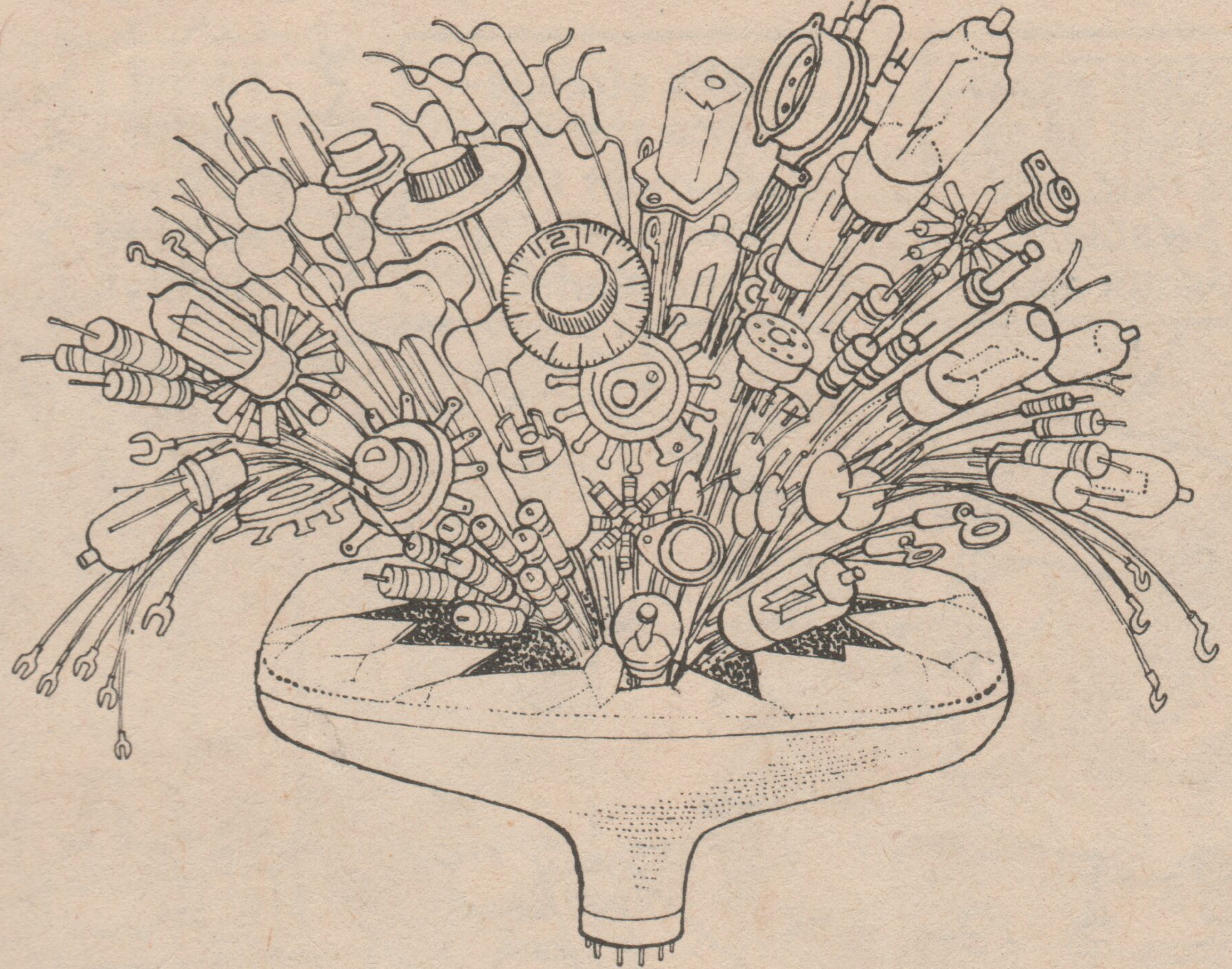
ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

SORROW



In Fall the elm tree sheds its leaves,
The robin flies away;
The firefly no more is seen;
The blue skies turn to grey;
But though we mourn these lovely things,
Their loss we'll bravely bear;
What really fills our hearts with grief
Is that you've lost your hair.

Deepest Sympathy



Your life, once filled with rays of light,
Is now a darkened tomb;
No gleam of hope or happiness
Can pierce the dismal gloom;
And so you sit, a saddened soul,
Bereft and all alone,
Because you've learned to your despair
Your picture tube has blown.

TO CONSOLE YOU

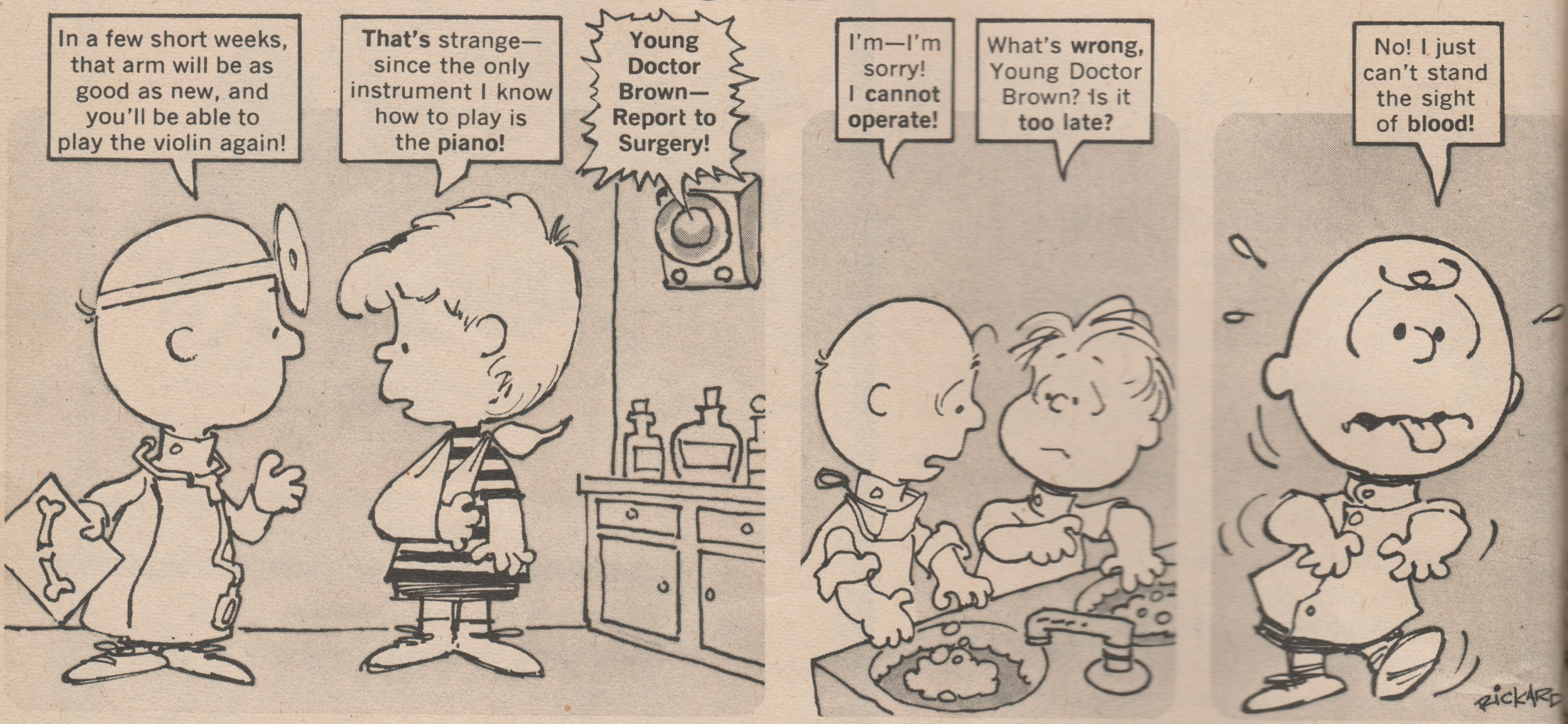
'Tis said that time will calm our grief
When sorrow is our fate;
'Tis said that time will heal our wounds
Despite a loss that's great;
Be grateful all your time is free
For soothing meditation
To mourn the late, lamented job
You lost to automation.

DOING IT UP "BROWN" DEPT.

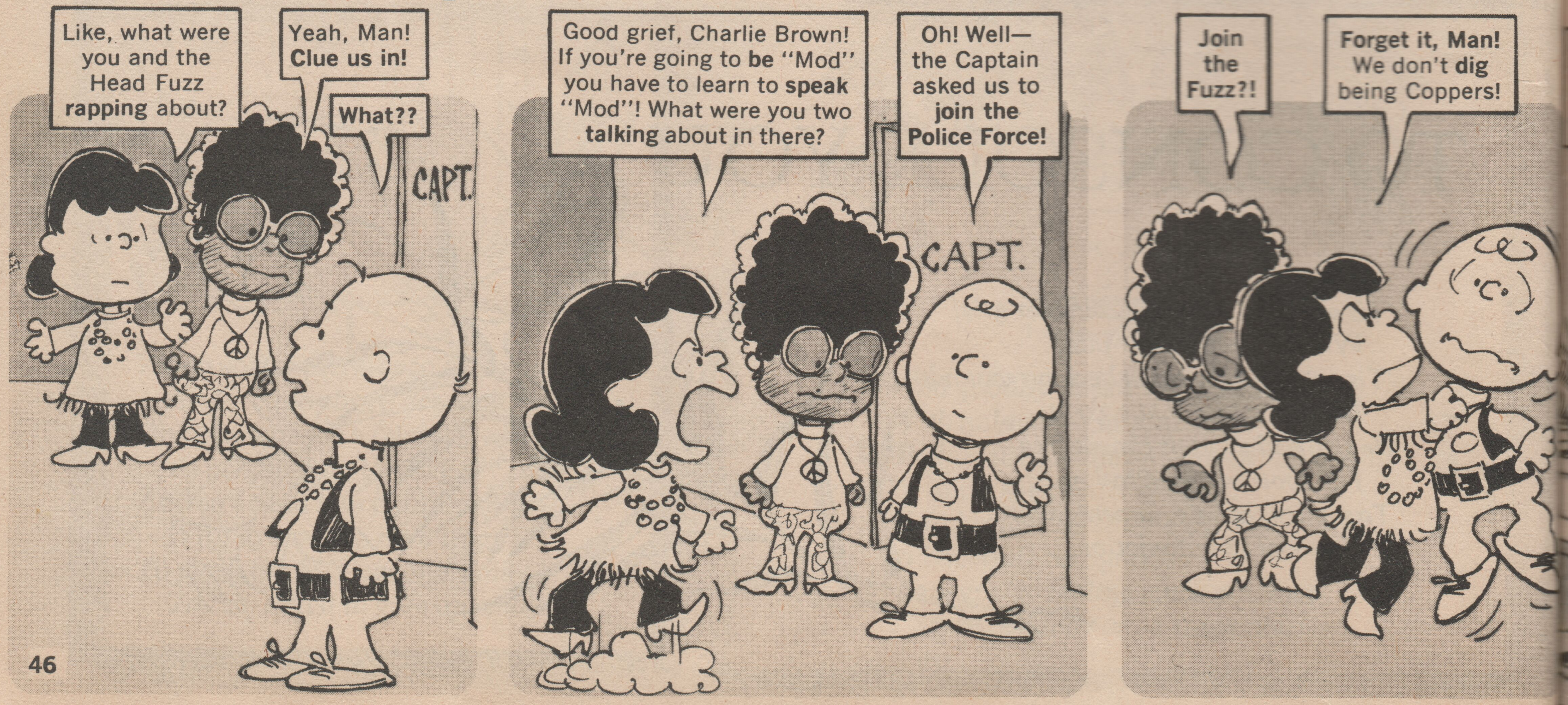
One of the very few bright spots on TV these days are the "Charlie Brown Specials." Since these programs score way up there in the ratings, the net-works have been bugging "Peanuts'" creator, Charles Schulz, to make "Charlie Brown" into a weekly series. So far, he's resisted because he knows it's

IF "PEANUTS" WERE

YOUNG DOCTOR BROWN


In a few short weeks, that arm will be as good as new, and you'll be able to play the violin again!
That's strange—since the only instrument I know how to play is the piano!
Young Doctor Brown—Report to Surgery!
I'm—I'm sorry! I cannot operate!
What's wrong, Young Doctor Brown? Is it too late?
No! I just can't stand the sight of blood!
RICKARD

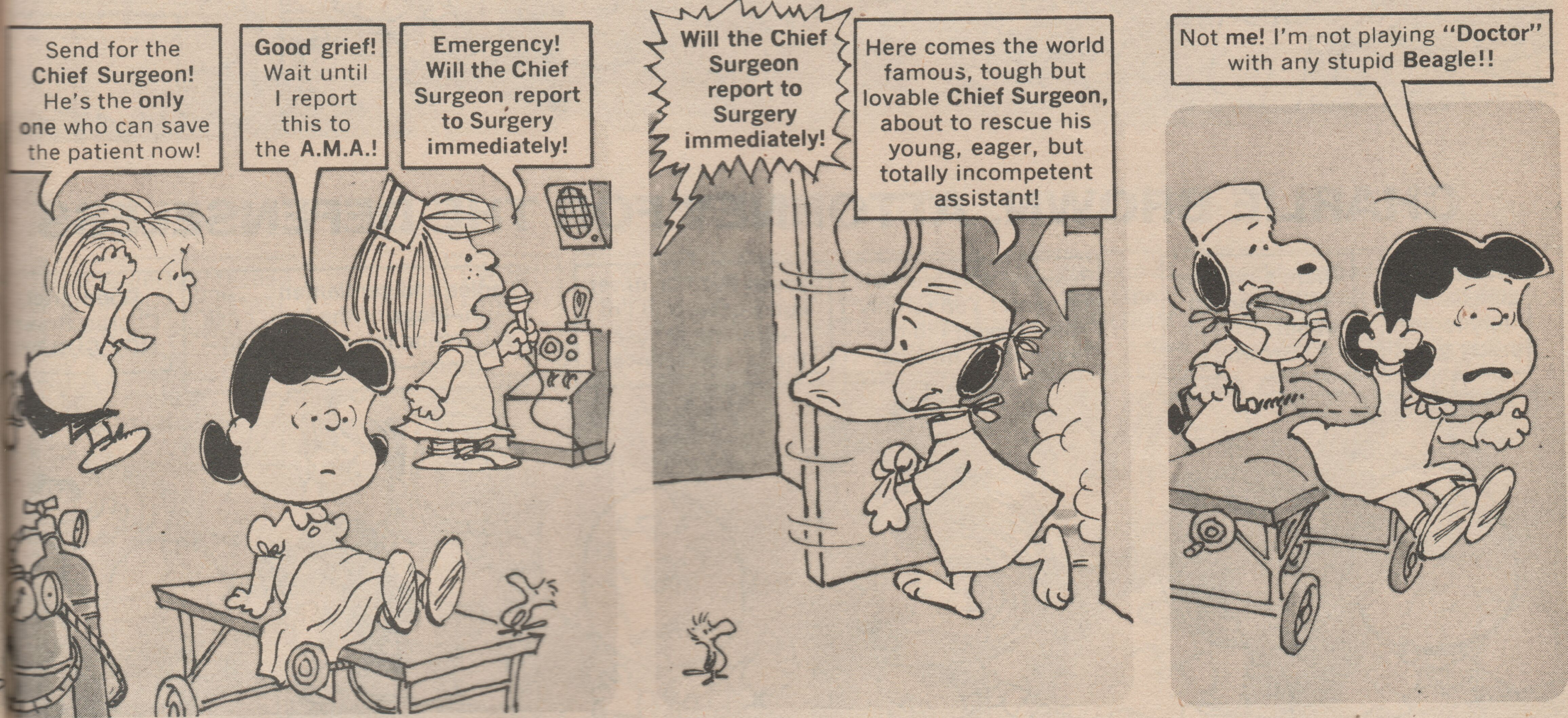
PEANUT SQUAD

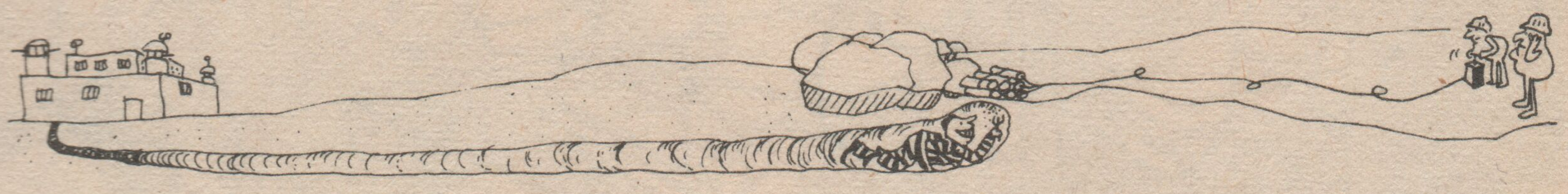

Like, what were you and the Head Fuzz rapping about?
Yeah, Man! Clue us in!
What??
CAPT.
Good grief, Charlie Brown! If you're going to be "Mod" you have to learn to speak "Mod"! What were you two talking about in there?
Oh! Well—the Captain asked us to join the Police Force!
CAPT.
Join the Fuzz?!
Forget it, Man! We don't dig being Coppers!

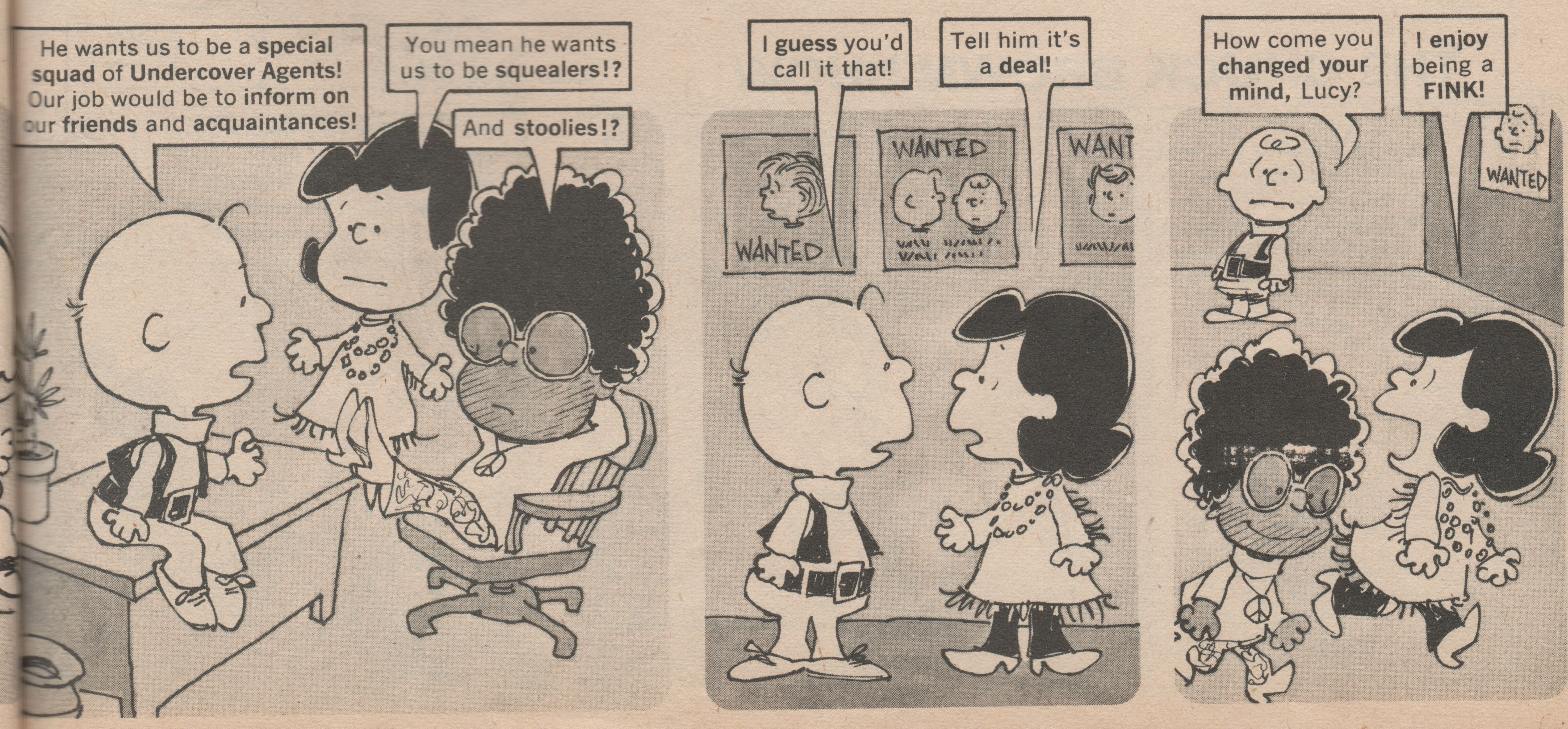
impossible to maintain high standards while grinding out a show a week (as Danny Kaye, Jerry Lewis, and a host of others have discovered!). We hope that Mr. Schulz continues to hold out, because if he doesn't, we can just imagine some of the typical mediocre TV formats he might be forced to adopt

A WEEKLY TV SERIES

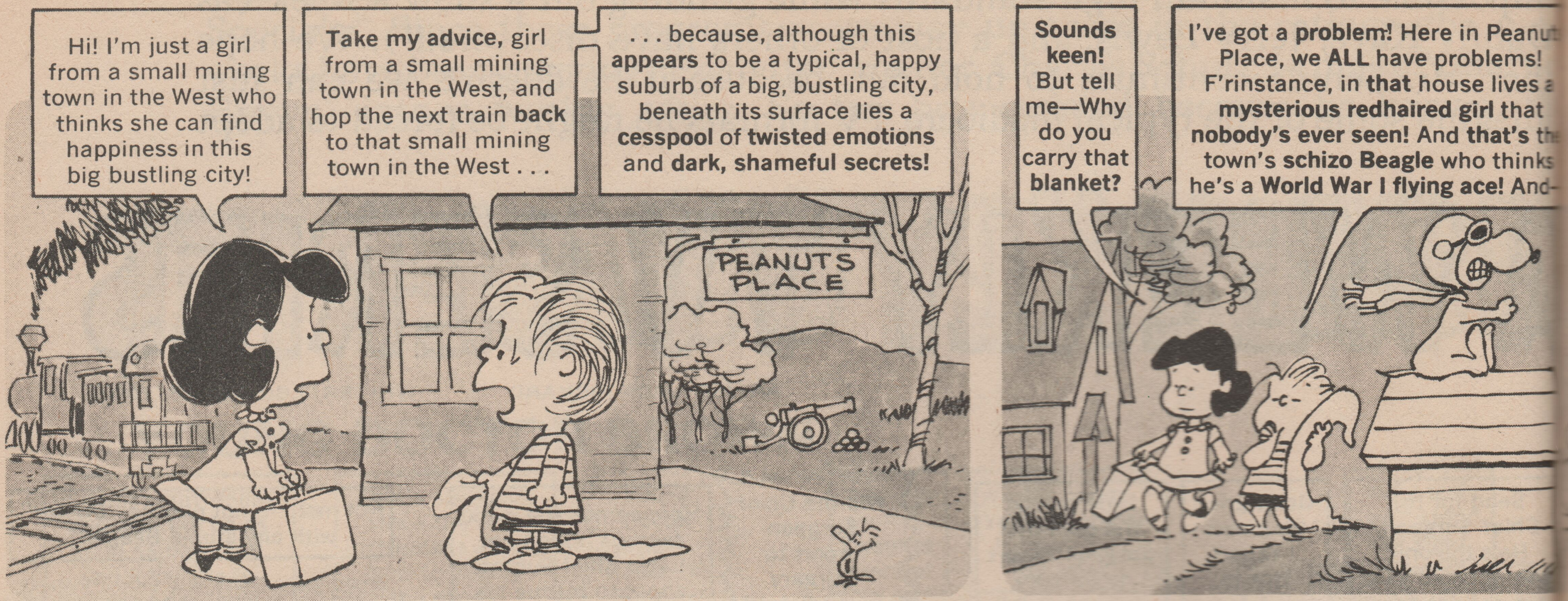
ARTIST: JACK RICKARD WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE


Send for the **Chief Surgeon!** He's the **only one** who can save the patient now!
Good grief! Wait until I report this to the **A.M.A.!**
Emergency! Will the Chief Surgeon report to Surgery immediately!
Will the Chief Surgeon report to Surgery immediately!
Here comes the world famous, tough but lovable **Chief Surgeon,** about to rescue his young, eager, but totally incompetent assistant!
Not **me!** I'm not playing **"Doctor"** with any stupid **Beagle!!**

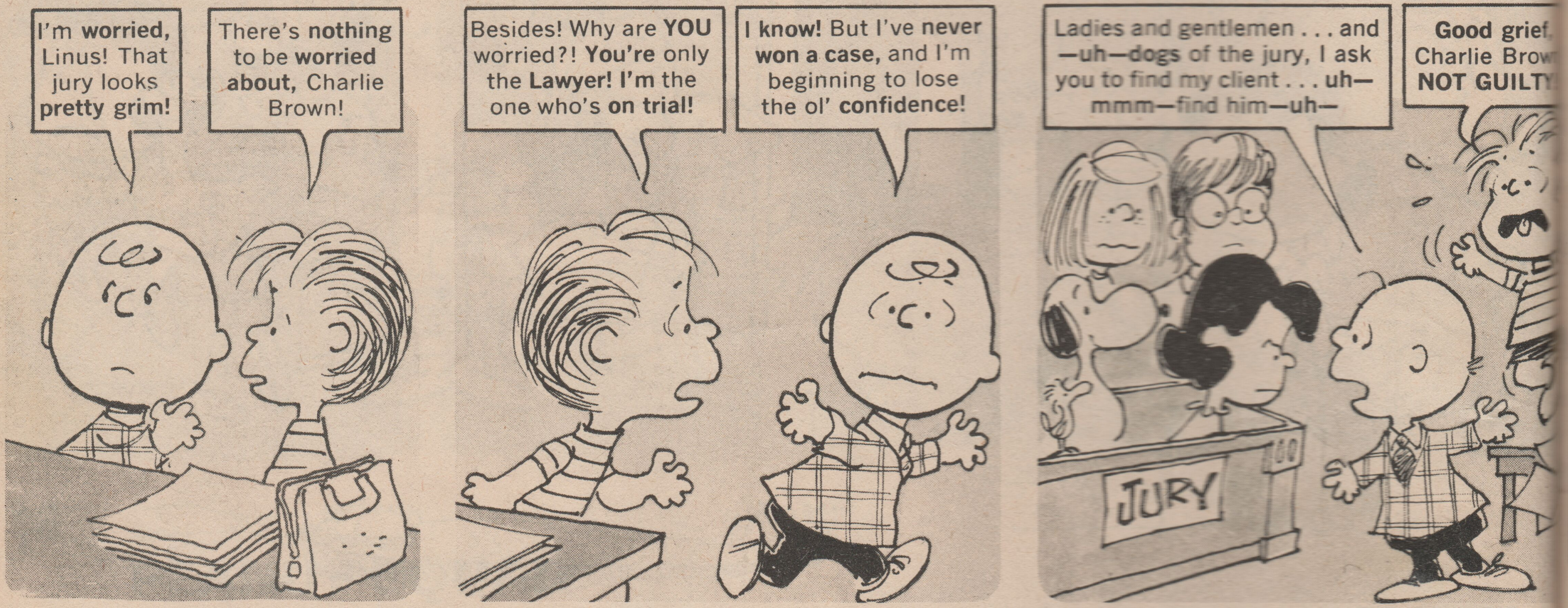



He wants us to be a **special squad** of **Undercover Agents!** Our job would be to **inform on** our **friends** and **acquaintances!**
You mean he wants us to be **squealers!?**
And **stoolies!?**
I guess you'd call it that!
Tell him it's a **deal!**
WANTED
WANTED
WANT
How come you **changed your** mind, Lucy?
I enjoy being a **FINK!**
WANTED

PEANUTS PLACE

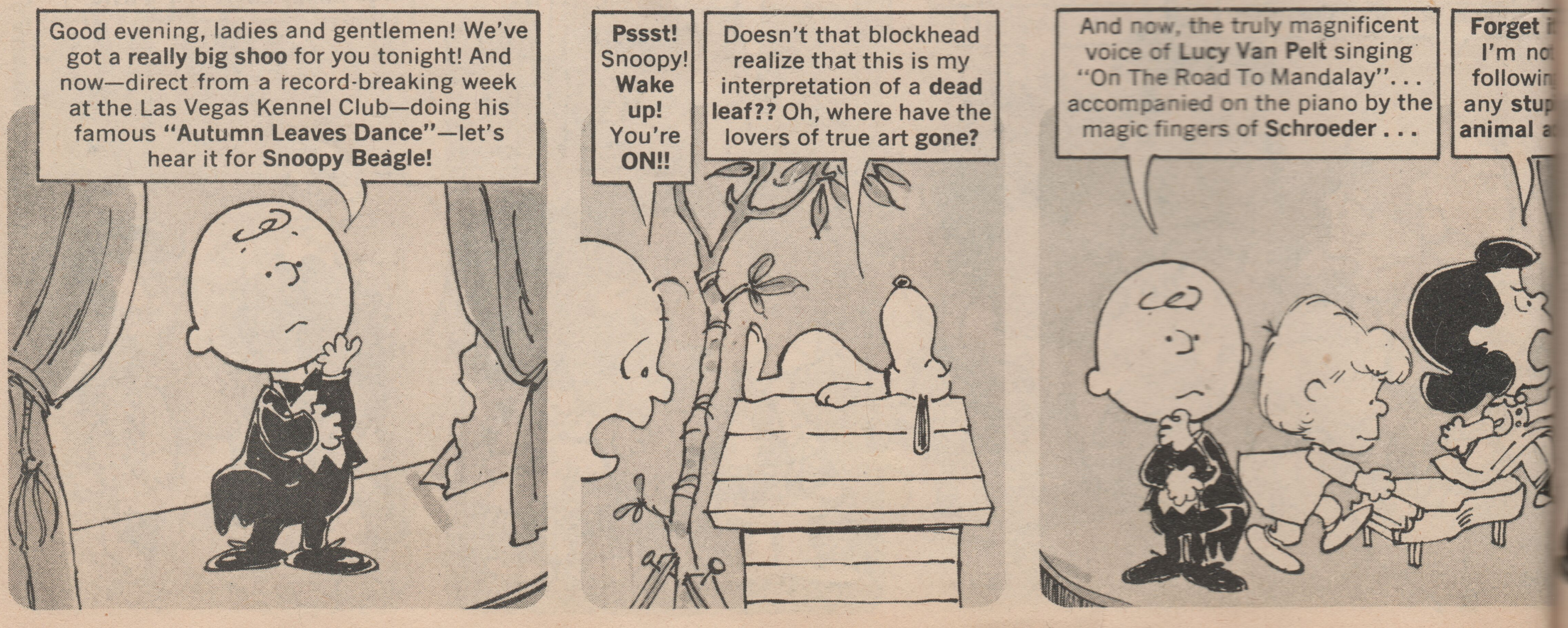

Hi! I'm just a girl from a small mining town in the West who thinks she can find happiness in this big bustling city!
Take my advice, girl from a small mining town in the West, and hop the next train back to that small mining town in the West . . .
. . . because, although this appears to be a typical, happy suburb of a big, bustling city, beneath its surface lies a cesspool of twisted emotions and dark, shameful secrets!
PEANUTS PLACE
Sounds keen! But tell me—Why do you carry that blanket?
I've got a problem! Here in Peanu Place, we ALL have problems! F'rinstance, in that house lives a mysterious redhaired girl that nobody's ever seen! And that's th town's schizo Beagle who thinks he's a World War I flying ace! And-

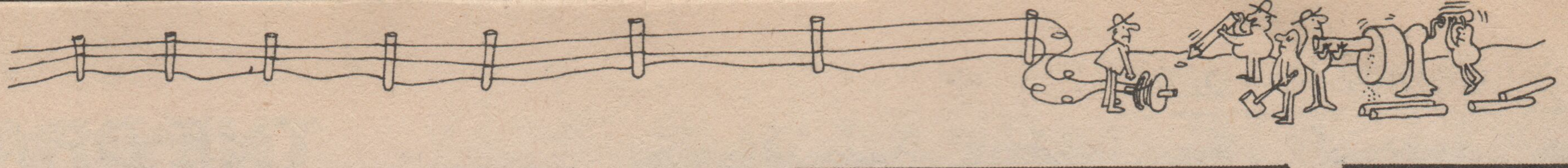
CHARLIE BROWN, ATTORNEY FOR THE DEFENSELESS

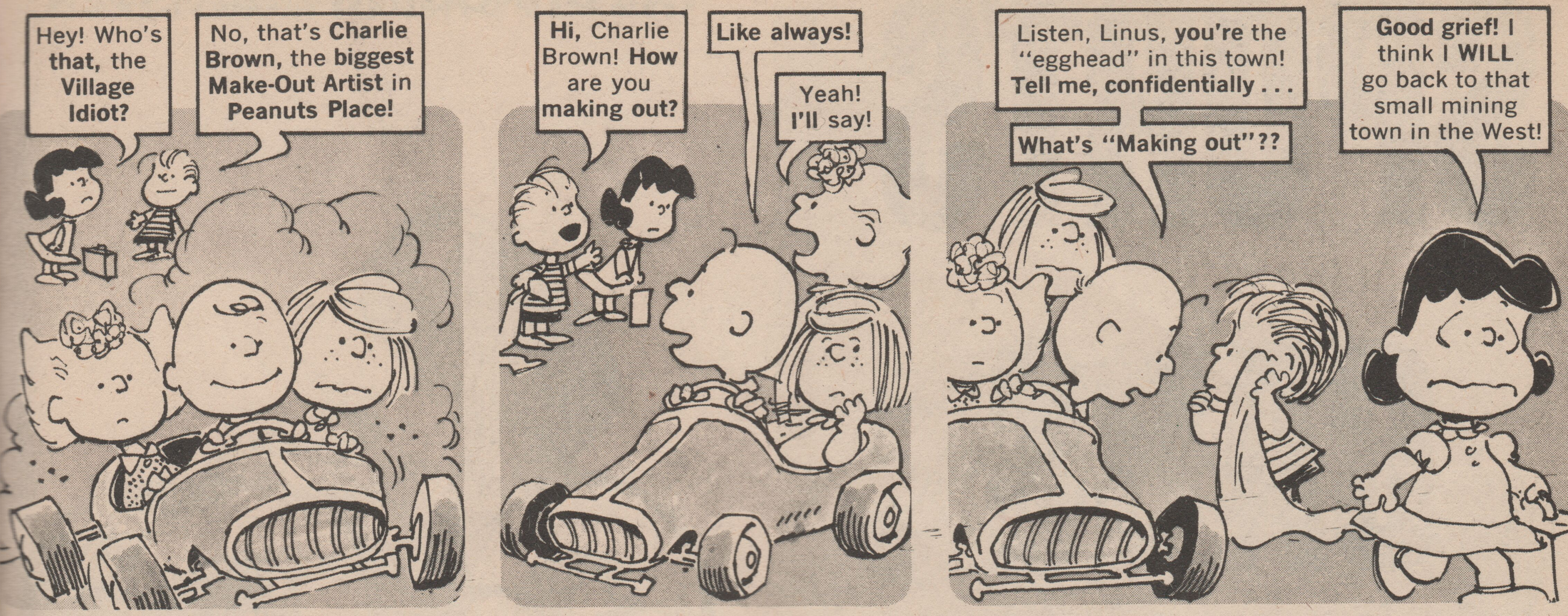

I'm worried, Linus! That jury looks pretty grim!
There's nothing to be worried about, Charlie Brown!
Besides! Why are YOU worried?! You're only the Lawyer! I'm the one who's on trial!
I know! But I've never won a case, and I'm beginning to lose the ol' confidence!
Ladies and gentlemen . . . and —uh—dogs of the jury, I ask you to find my client . . . uh— mmm—find him—uh—
JURY
Good grief, Charlie Brow NOT GUILTY

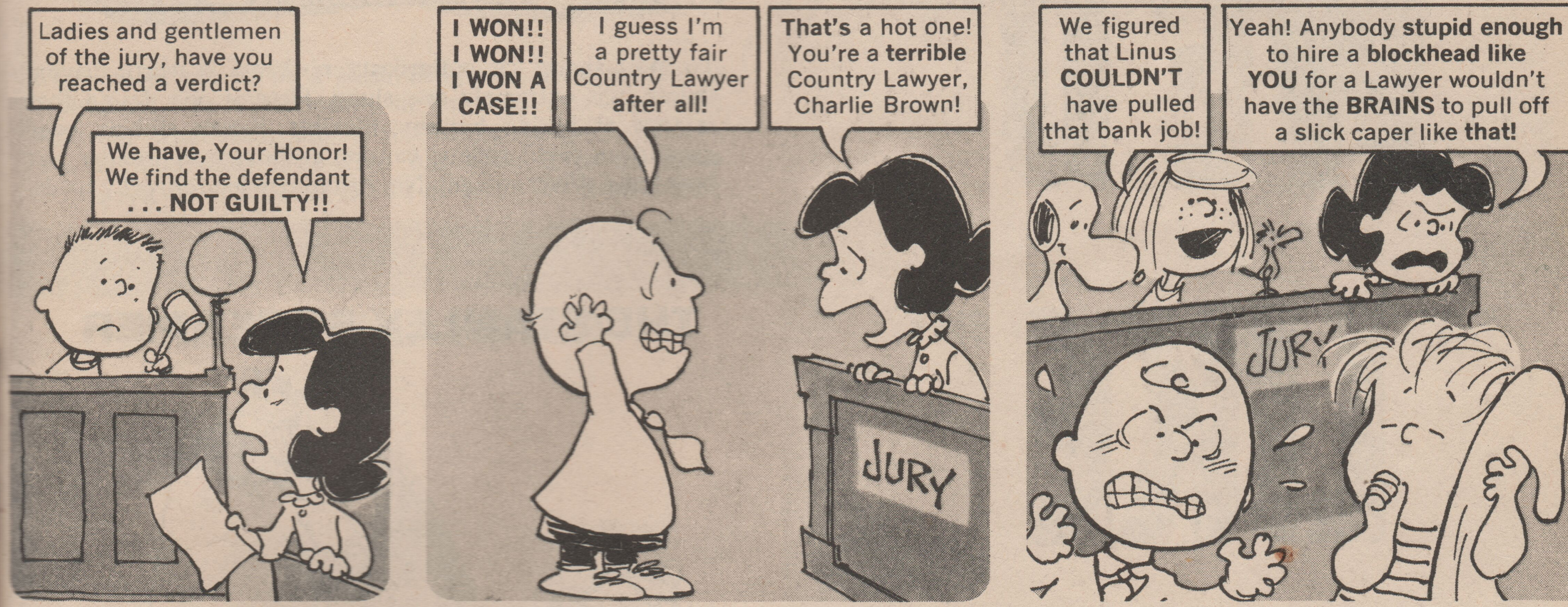
TOWING ZONE NO PARKING

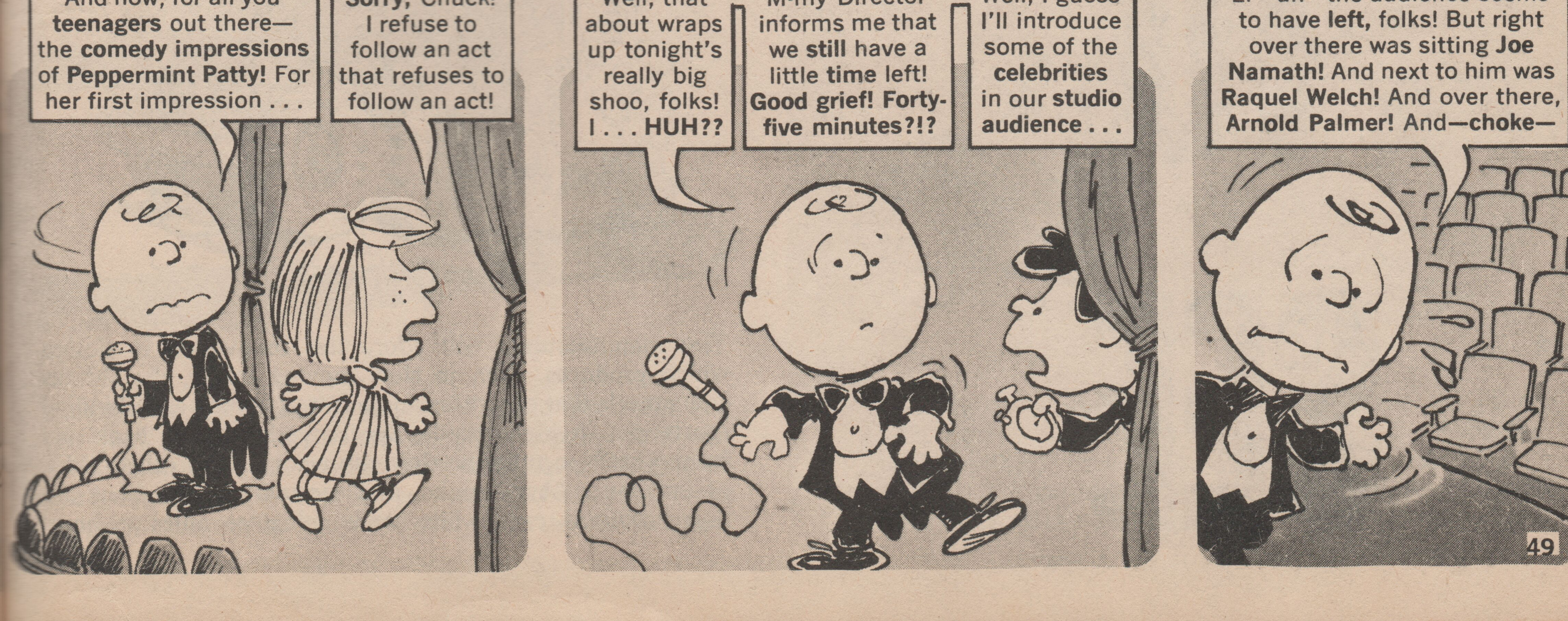
THE CHUCK BROWN SHOW


Good evening, ladies and gentlemen! We've got a really big shoo for you tonight! And now—direct from a record-breaking week at the Las Vegas Kennel Club—doing his famous "Autumn Leaves Dance"—let's hear it for Snoopy Beagle!
Pssst! Snoopy! Wake up! You're ON!!
Doesn't that blockhead realize that this is my interpretation of a dead leaf?? Oh, where have the lovers of true art gone?
And now, the truly magnificent voice of Lucy Van Pelt singing "On The Road To Mandalay". . . accompanied on the piano by the magic fingers of Schroeder . . .
Forget I'm no followin any stup animal a



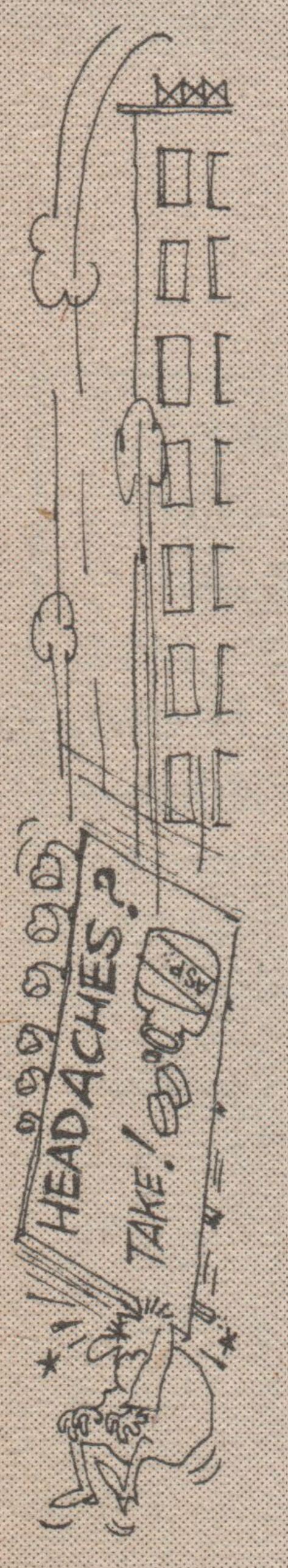

Hey! Who's **that,** the **Village Idiot?**
No, that's **Charlie Brown,** the **biggest Make-Out Artist** in **Peanuts Place!**
Hi, Charlie Brown! **How** are you **making out?**
Like always!
Yeah! **I'll say!**
Listen, Linus, **you're** the "egghead" in this town! **Tell me, confidentially . . .**
What's "Making out"??
Good grief! I think I **WILL** go back to that small mining town in the West!


Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, have you reached a verdict?
We **have,** Your Honor! We find the defendant **. . . NOT GUILTY!!**
I WON!! I WON!! I WON A CASE!!
I guess I'm a pretty fair Country Lawyer **after all!**
That's a hot one! You're a **terrible** Country Lawyer, Charlie Brown!
We figured that Linus **COULDN'T** have pulled that bank job!
Yeah! Anybody **stupid enough** to hire a **blockhead like YOU** for a Lawyer wouldn't have the **BRAINS** to pull off a slick caper like **that!**
JURY
JURY


And now, for all you **teenagers** out there—the **comedy impressions** of **Peppermint Patty!** For her first impression . . .
Sorry, Chuck! I refuse to follow an act that refuses to follow an act!
Well, that about wraps up tonight's really big shoo, folks! I . . . **HUH??**
M-my Director informs me that we **still** have a little **time** left! **Good grief! Forty-five minutes?!?**
Well, I guess I'll introduce some of the **celebrities** in our **studio audience . . .**
Er—uh—the audience seems to have **left,** folks! But right over there was sitting **Joe Namath!** And next to him was **Raquel Welch!** And over there, **Arnold Palmer!** And**—choke—**

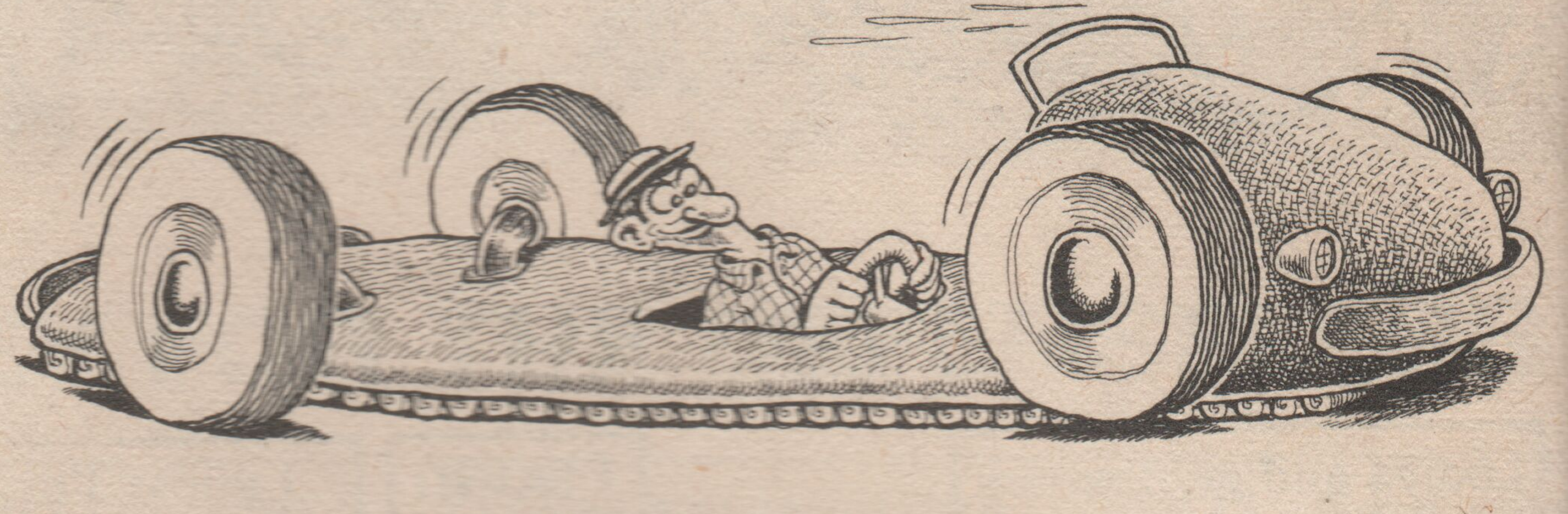
AUTO-SUGGESTION DEPT.

SPORTS CARS WE'D LIKE TO SEE


HEADACHES?
TAKE!
ASP

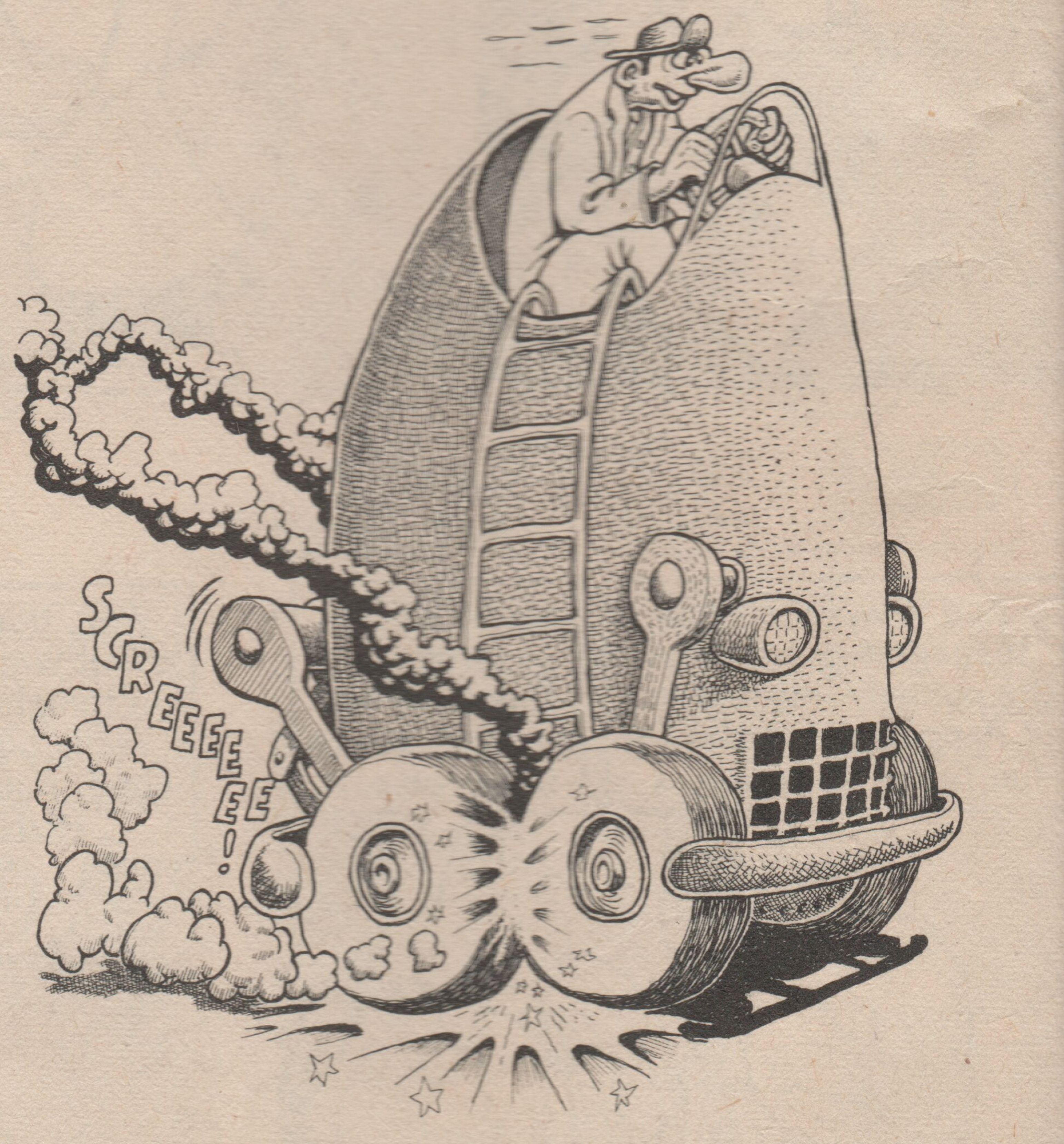
WRITER & ARTIST: BASIL WOLVERTON

THE DRAGGING DRAGSTER



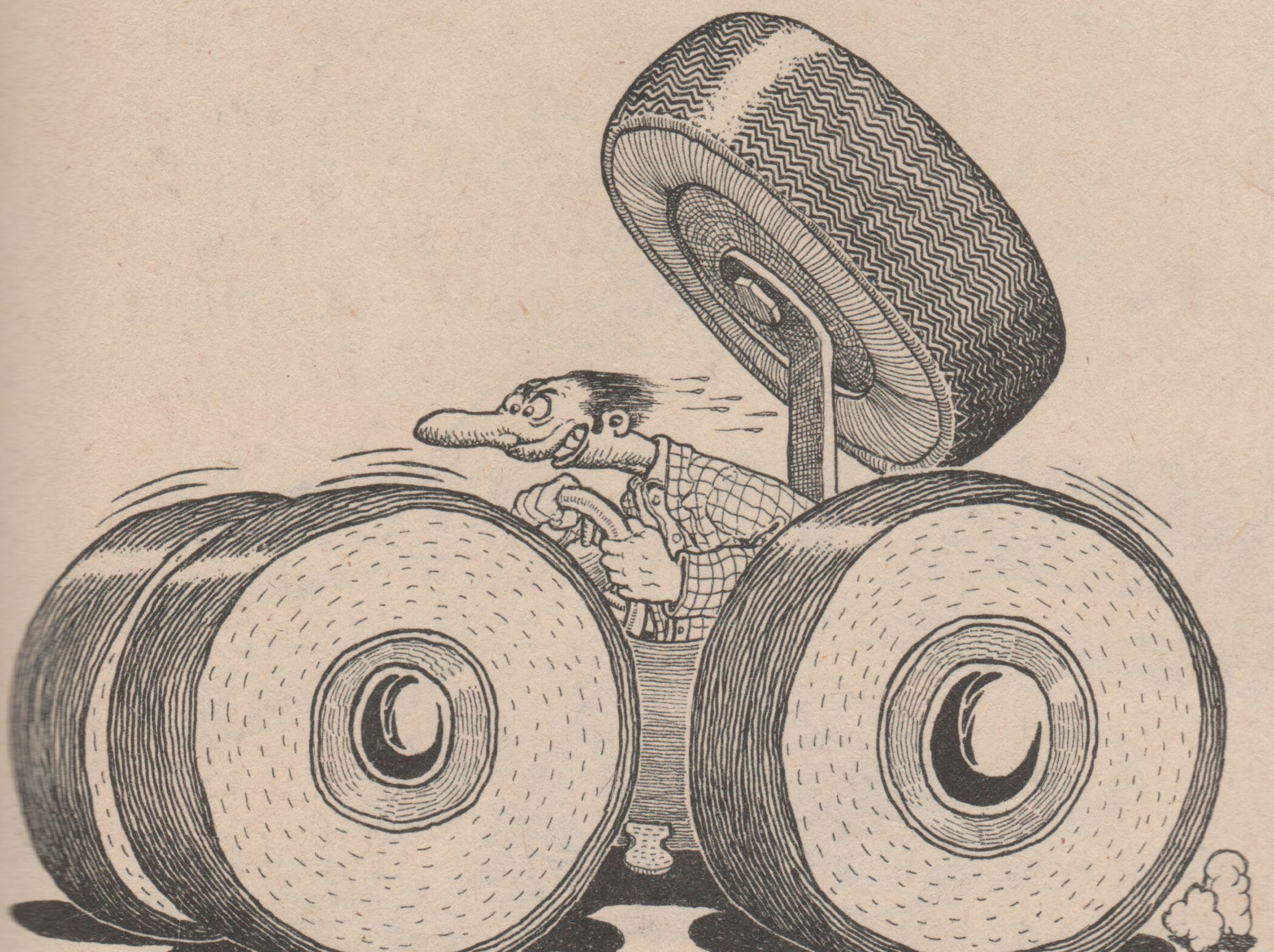
To most sports car enthusiasts, no beast is worth driving unless it is extremely low slung. Here is one design that is tops at hitting bottom. Flexible chassis slithers over ground on small rollers, causing onlookers to wonder just how low a driver can get. Not recommended for rocky roads.

THE STANLEY SCREAMER


SCREEEEEEE!

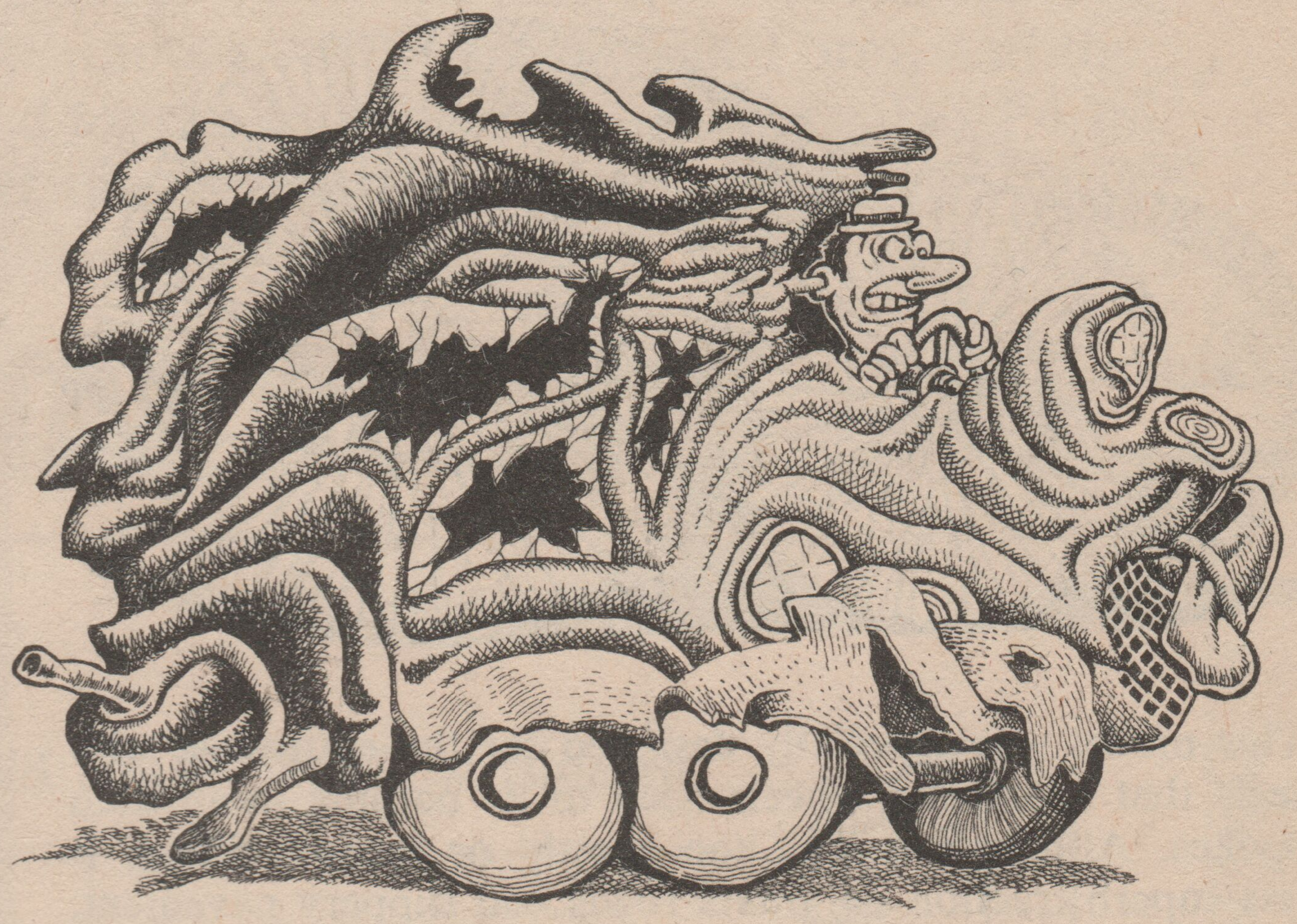
Tire manufacturers will adore this innovation in design which produces, even in slow moving traffic, the shrieks and squeals that otherwise come from gunning and skidding sports cars at high speeds. Special pedal pushes back and front wheels together so they rub against each other. Odor of burning rubber, smoke, and ear-splitting screeches are thus produced, even while car is going ten miles an hour.

THE TERRIFIC TIRE TOTER



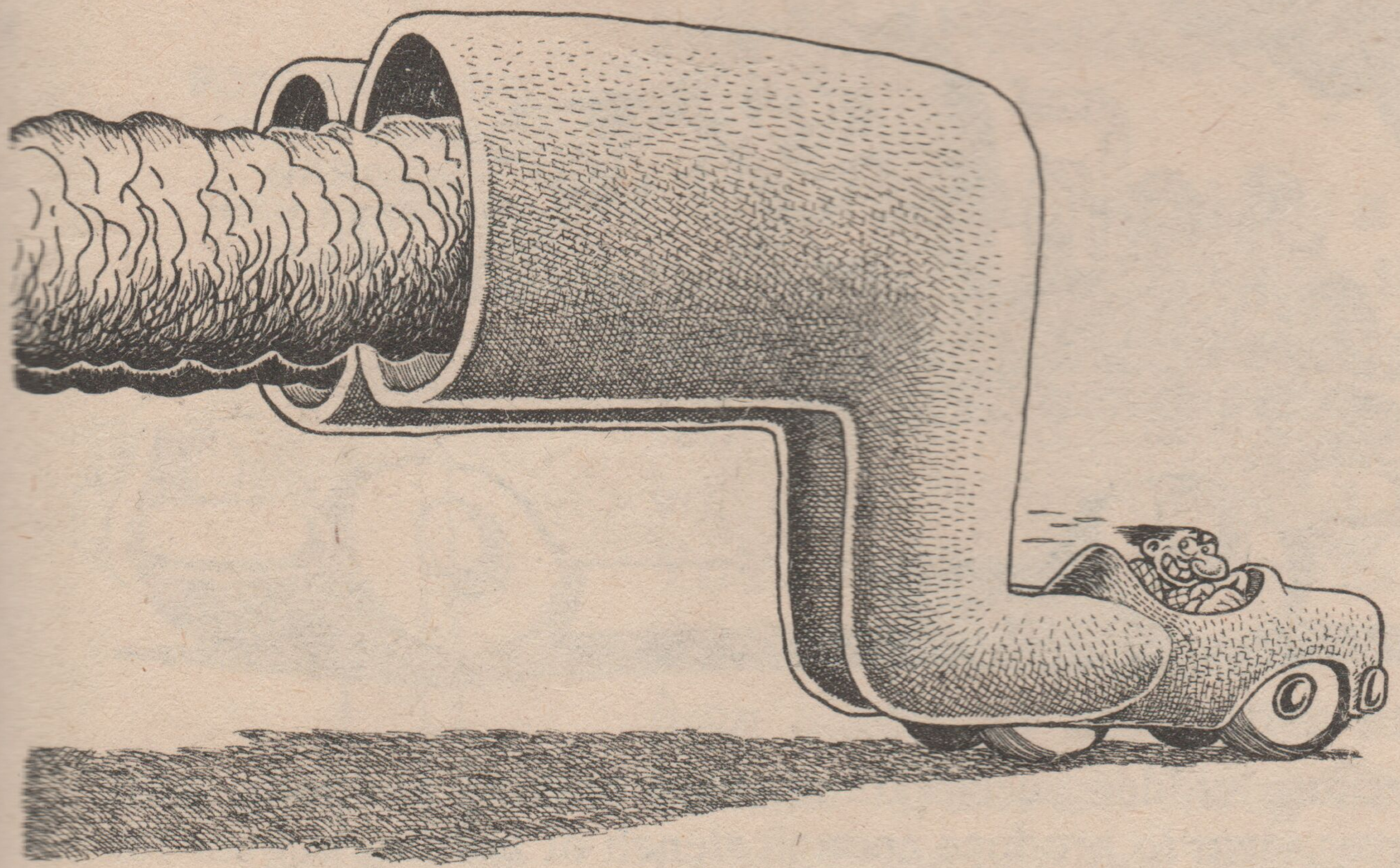
This design should be a sheer delight to those sports car enthusiasts who think mostly in terms of tires—big, wide, whirring tires. There are no distracting bumpers, fenders, etc. to hide these tires from full sight. Even the spare is in good view, because there's no room for it elsewhere.

THE BASHED-IN BOLTER



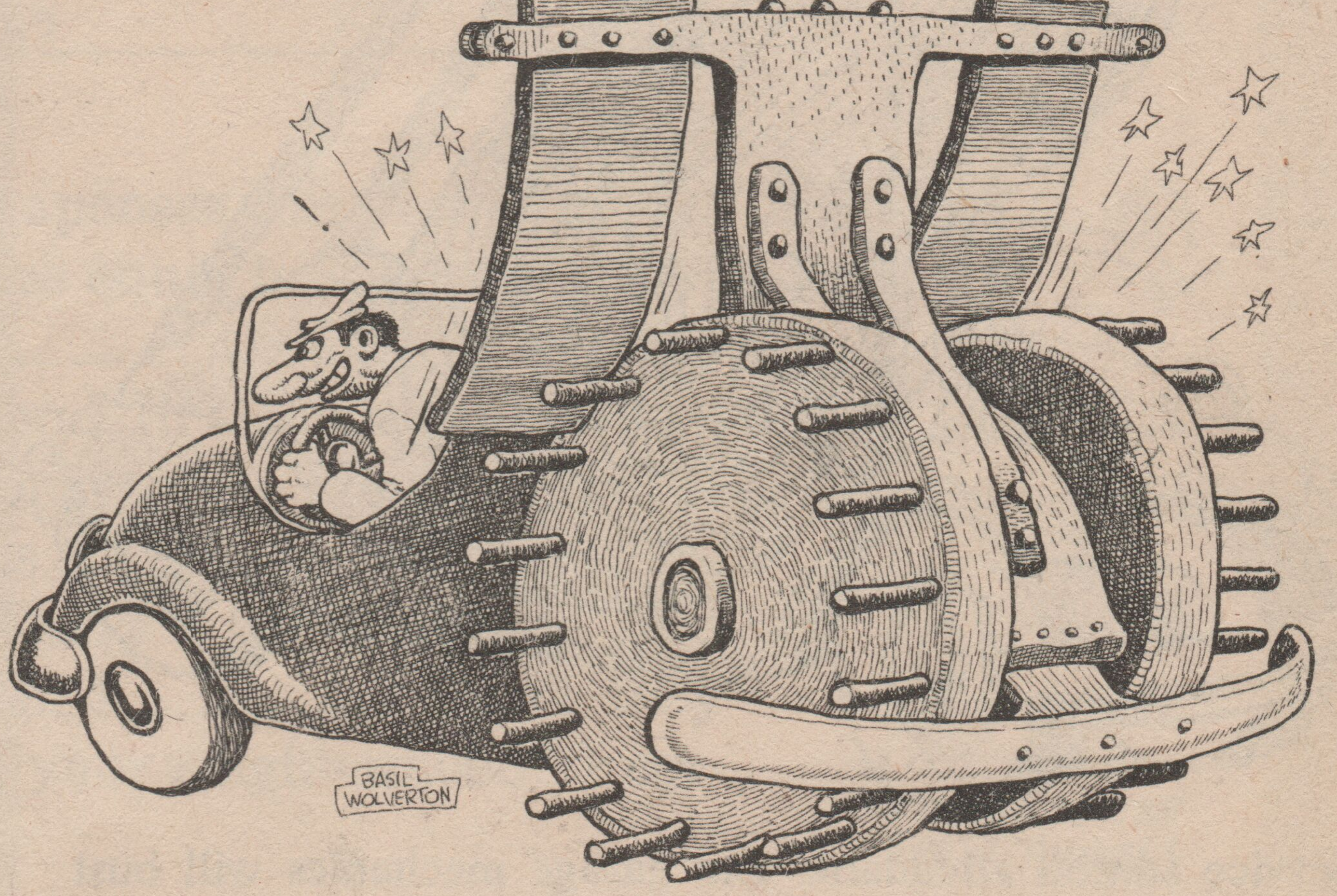
Comes direct from the factory looking like a wreck to give the impression that the driver is a hot-headed daredevil who better not be crossed. Just the thing for the timid sports car lover who wants to feel dangerous and powerful.

THE X-1 EXHAUSTER



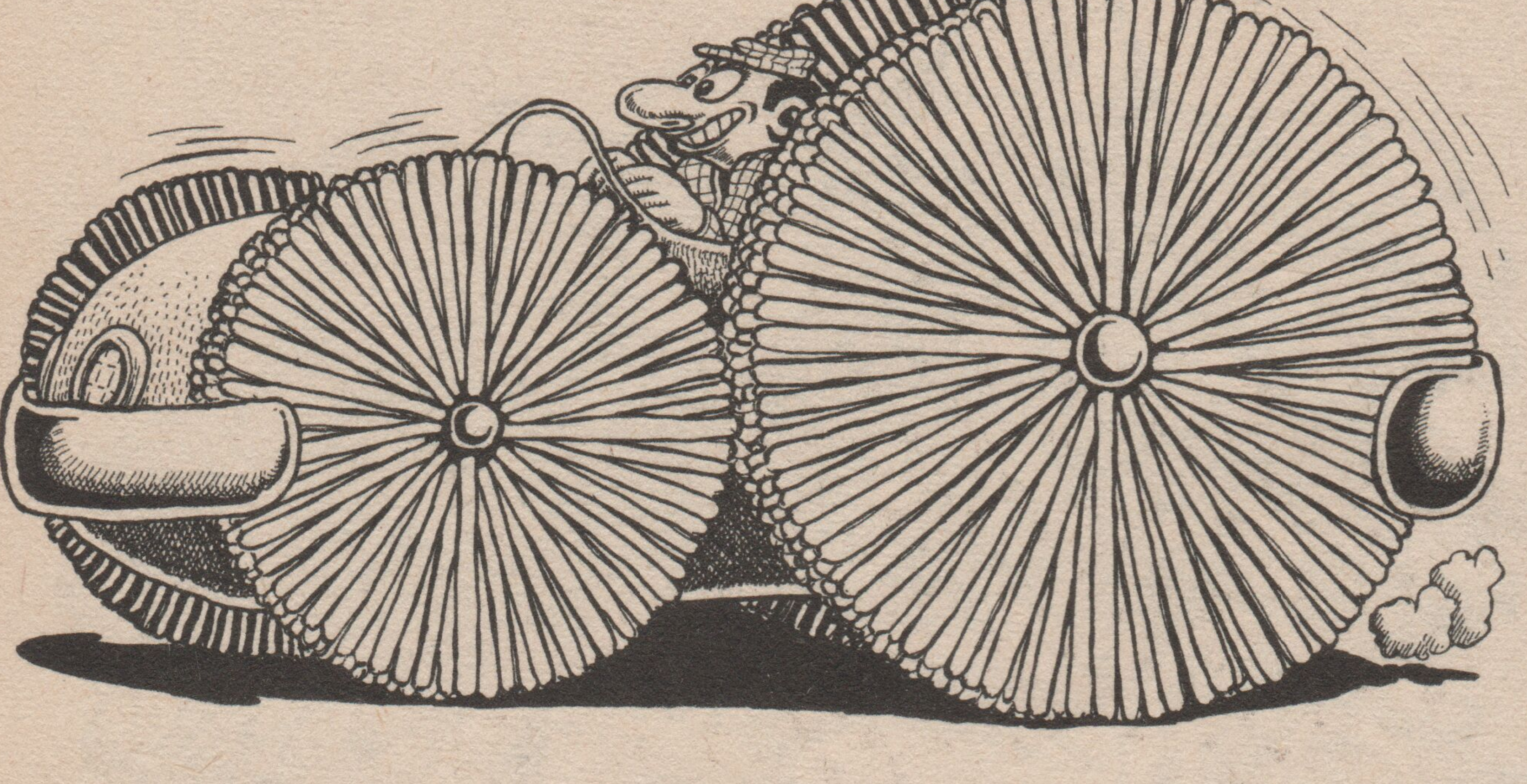
This model is designed to appeal to sports car buffs who feel that the size of the exhaust pipes together with the smoke and sounds that come from them should be emphasized. Smoke bombs and firecrackers from a special year's supply are automatically ignited every time the car is started.

THE CLASSY CLATTERER



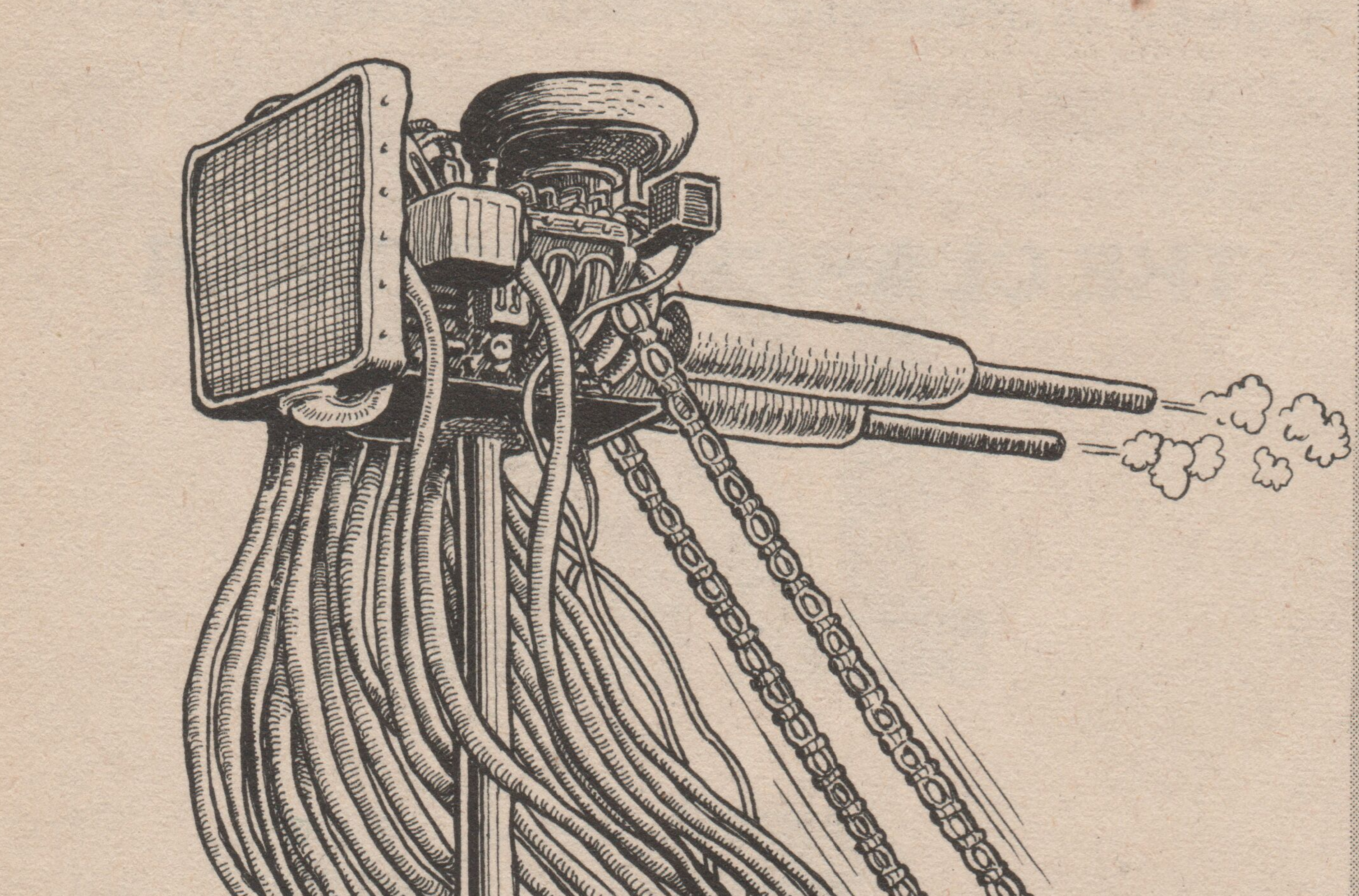
Since big sound and fury is necessary to many sports car buffs, here is the ultimate for them, based on the simple "spoke-clackers" that kids attach to the forks of their bicycles. In this model, two sheets of steel clang against heavy metal bars extending from the oversized rear wheels.

THE WIRE-SPOKE SPINNER



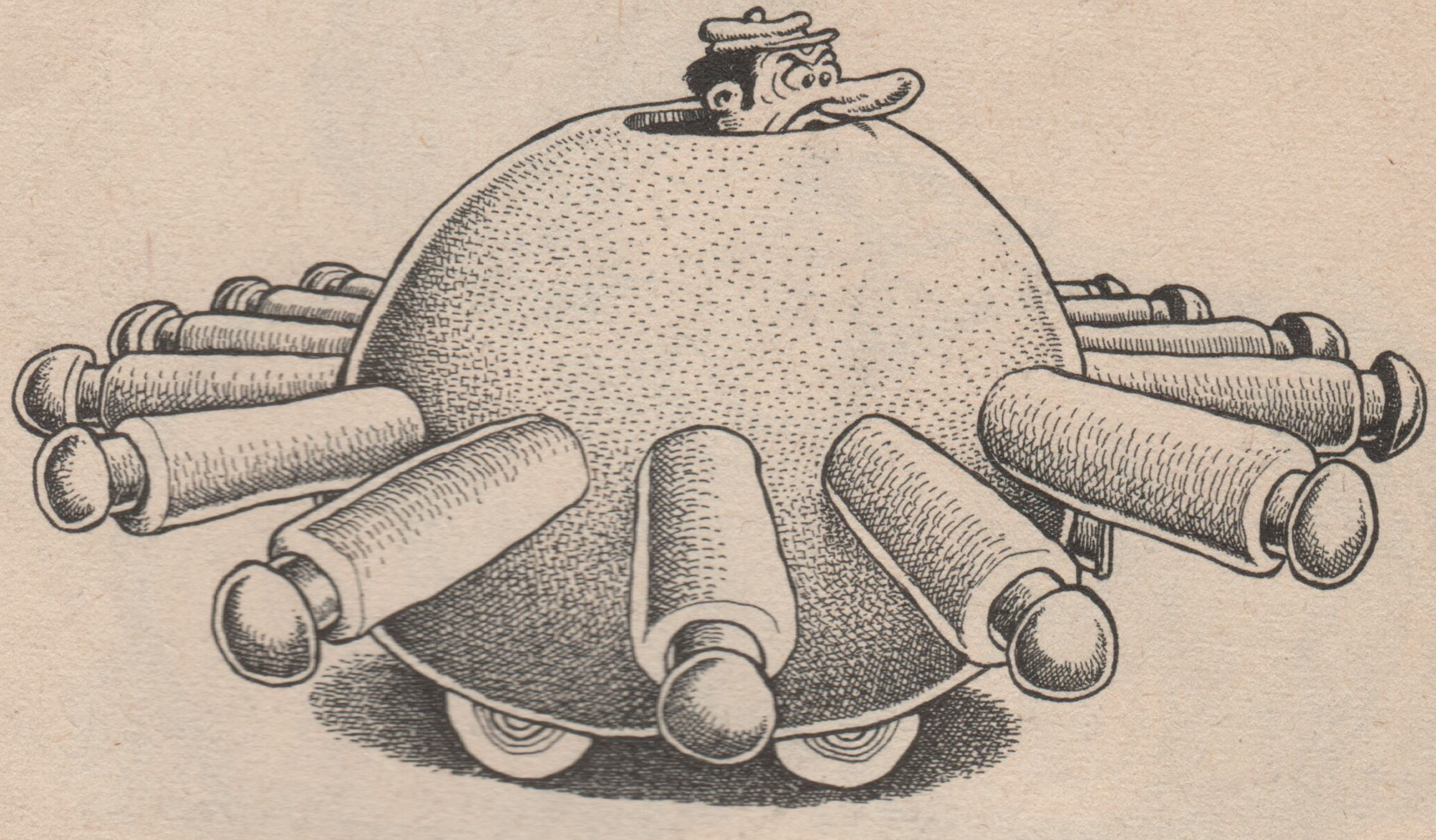
This model was especially designed for the enthusiast who feels that sports car wheels need to be nothing more than spokes. Although it isn't too speedy or smooth-riding, it has superb traction on gravel roads and slippery pavement.

THE LOFTY LURCHER



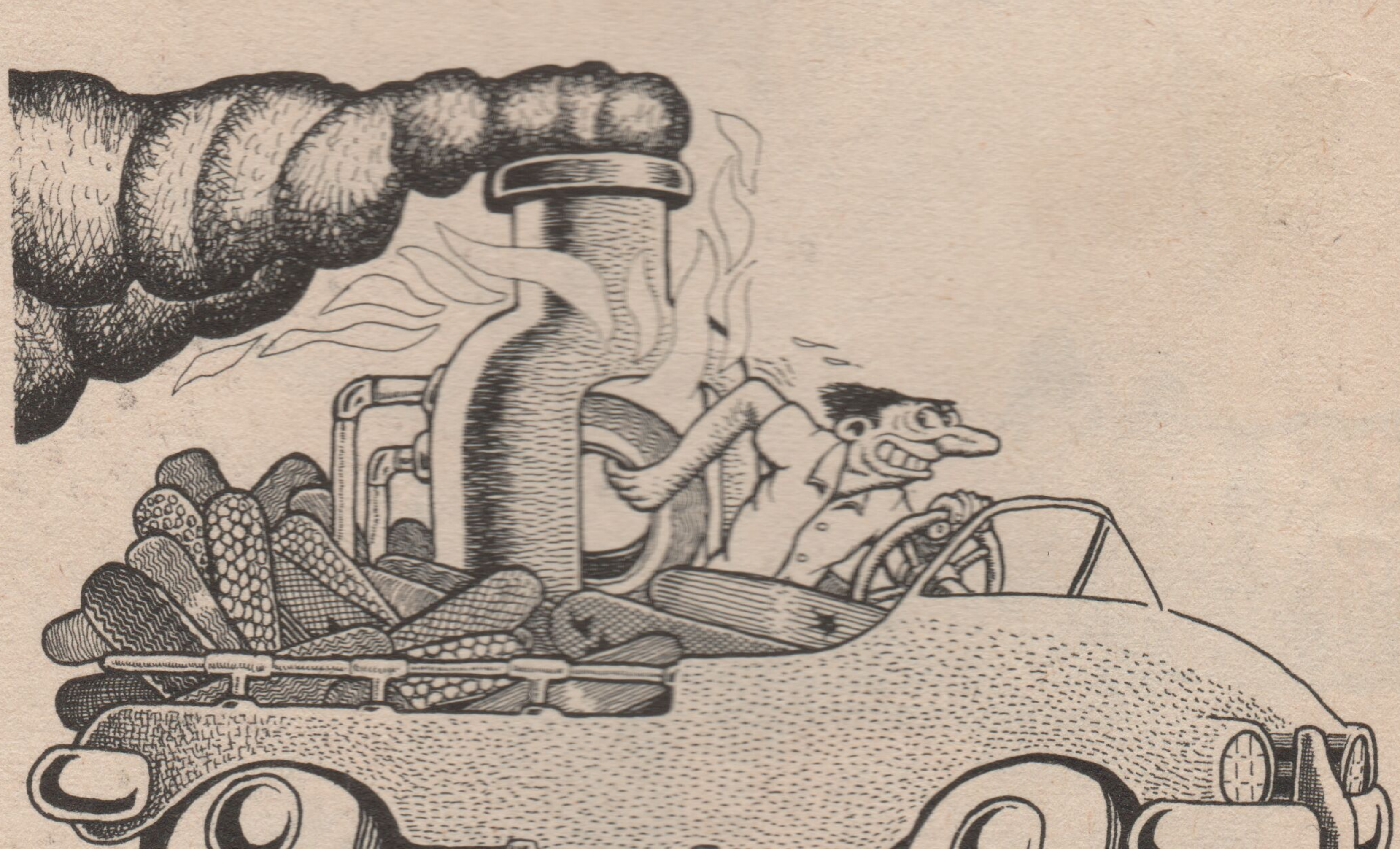
Service station attendants and garage mechanics will bust guts over this model, designed especially for drivers who believe that the power plant should be proudly displayed instead of being hidden under a hood. Drive is transferred via chain. Other functions, such as power brakes, ignition, power steering, lights, etc. present a problem in cables that is easily overcome by drivers with extra-long necks.

THE DENTLESS DASHER

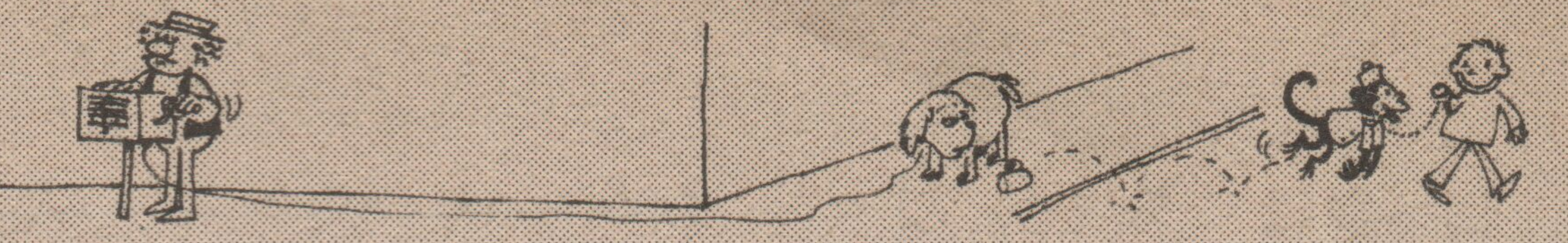


To many sports car drivers, scratches and dents in their beloved machines are marks of shame. This model will not suffer such marks because it is ringed with jack hammers, any of which automatically goes into action when touched. However, design has one drawback. Driver himself must be careful when entering car to avoid getting dented in dome.

THE STOKER STENCHER



Because sudden accelerations, hard braking and long skids never seem to produce enough stench of burning rubber for the average sports car enthusiast, we designed this model. Equipped with a furnace from an antique coal-burning fire engine, it consumes old tires stuffed into it at intervals by the driver, who can now truthfully boast that it burns more rubber than any other sports car on the road. In the event that he runs out of old tires, the driver can always burn the tires that come with the car . . . or even his shoes.

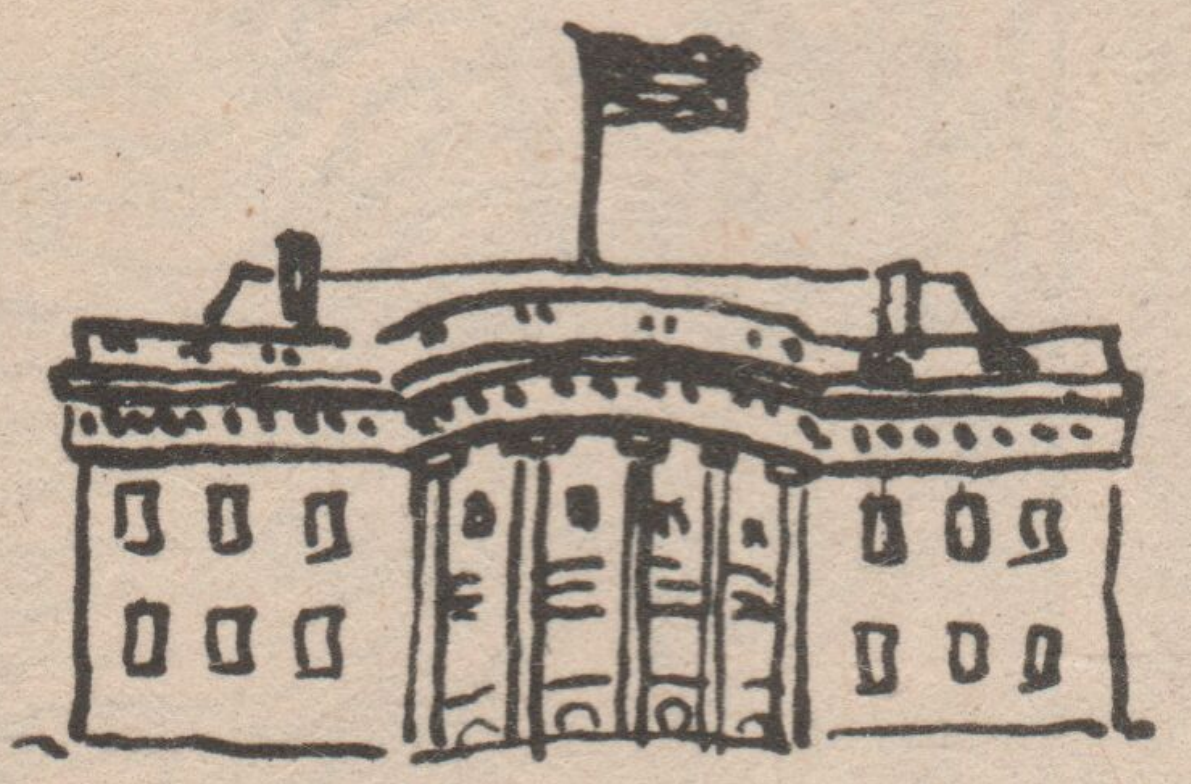


THE "FAMILIAR" FORM DEPT.

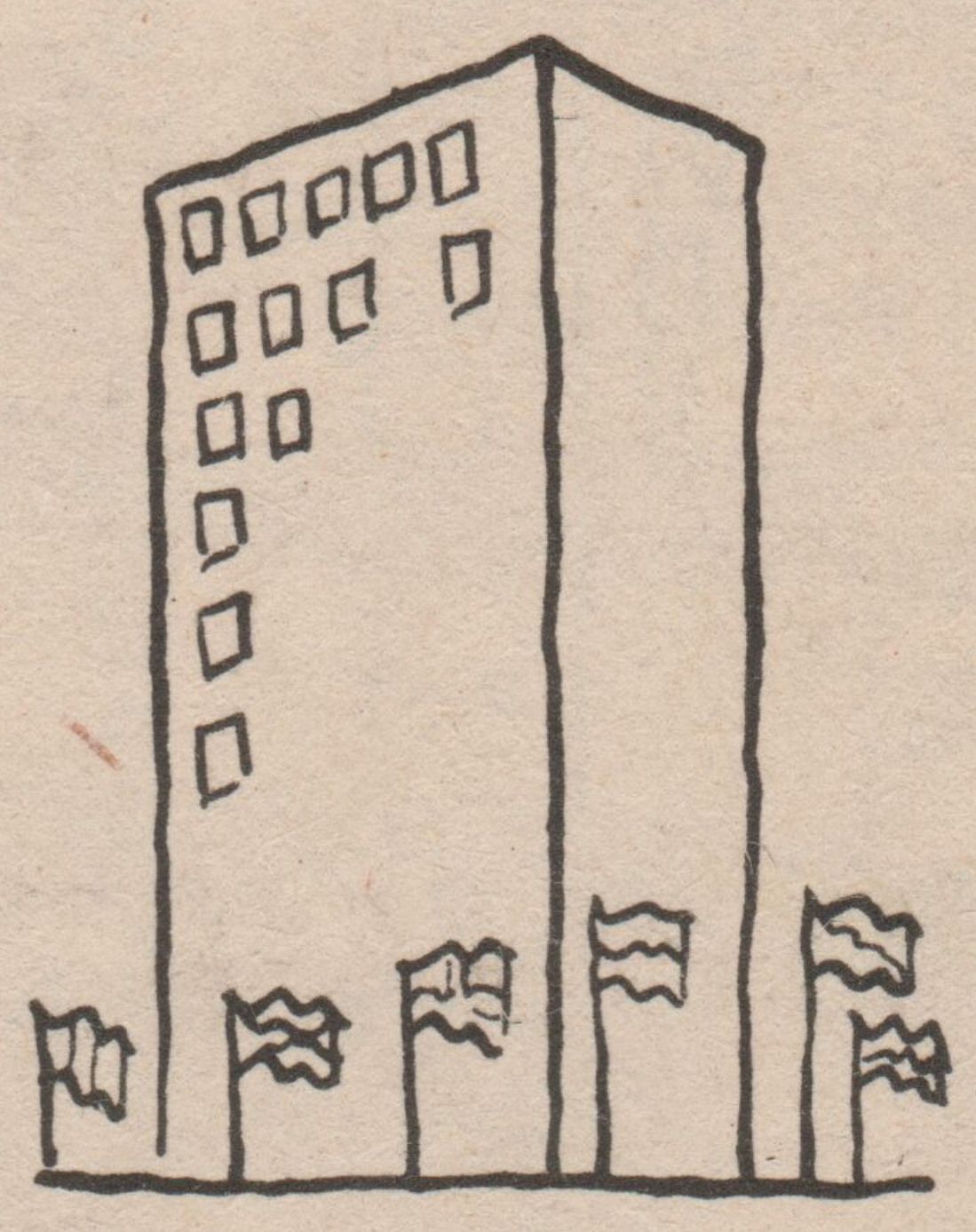
Well, it's Income Tax time again, friends! And this year, the Infernal Revenue Ser— er, the In*ter*nal Revenue Service has come up with a "new, easier-than-ever-to-fill-out Tax Form." By April 15th, almost everyone in America will be using the new Form 1040 Income Tax Return . . . simply adding Schedule A, B, C, D, E, F, G, SE, R, or TV . . . plus, of course, when circumstances require it, Forms 2440, 3903, 2106 and 2950SE for making adjustments . . . and also, where applicable, Forms 1310, 2126, 2210, 2441, 4136 and 4137. So when you get right down to it, the "new, easier-than-ever-to-fill-out Form 1040 Income Tax Return" doesn't sound all that simple to us! If the Infer— In*ter*nal Revenue Service wants a *really simple* Tax Form, and the Government is indeed *of* the people, *by* the people and *for* the people, why not make a Tax Form that's *like* the people? Something along the lines of this MAD suggestion for a simple, little

U.S. FOLKSY INCOME TAX RETURN 1973

January 2, 1974



THE BOSS'S HOUSE— IT COSTS A LOT TO KEEP IT WHITE!



THE U.N. BUILDING— IT COSTS A LOT TO WASH ALL THOSE WINDOWS!

Dear Tax-Payer,

Hi, there! Once again, your old Uncle Sam is writing to one of his favorite people, ______________________________, who lives at ____ ____.

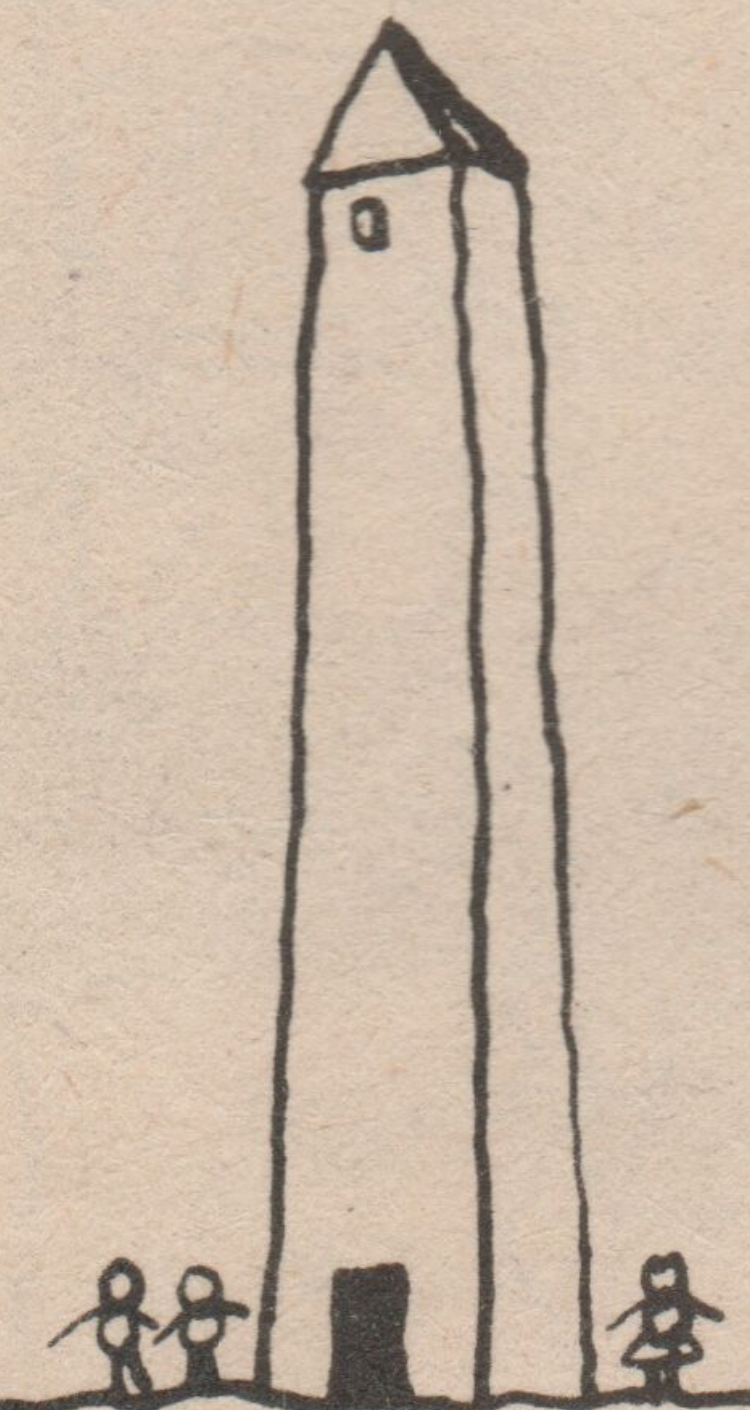
I certainly hope this letter finds you well and happy. Are you still single? ______. You mean, you got married? ______ My belated congratulations! How about children? How many do you have? ________. That's great! And what are their names? ____________, ____________, ____________, ____________.

ROSE FROM THE WHITE HOUSE GARDEN— THEY COST A LOT TO GROW!

Well, how was work this year? No kidding, you made $__________!? That's wonderful! And how much did those nice folks in the Bookkeeping Department withhold each week? __________! Gee, how did you manage with what was left? Oh, you mean you had additional income of $__________ from bank interest, and/or stocks and bonds, and/or other miscellaneous sources? Golly . . . busy, busy, busy!

Hey, *you* know Uncle Sam's terrible memory. What *is* your Social Security Number again? ______________. Oh, yeah, that's it!

A NEW DAM— IT COSTS A LOT TO BUILD ONE OF THESE THINGS!



THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT— IT COSTS A LOT TO KEEP IT CLEAN!

Listen, did you have a lot of expenses this year? Do you prefer that I just assume they were equal to say, oh, 10% of your salary, which comes to $__________? Or do you feel like telling your old Uncle *all about* them? In that case, how have you been feeling this past year? Oh, really? That's a shame! You spent *how much* on doctor bills $__________? Boy, he must have his office on Park Avenue! That's a lot of money! And *how much* on medicines and drugs $__________? Don't they have a "Discount Drug Store" in your neighborhood? I certainly hope you feel better in 1974.

Well, we all know that "Charity begins at home!", but how much money did you contribute to *real* charities this past year? __________. To who? (Or is it to *whom?*) ______________, ______________, ______________, ______________,

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

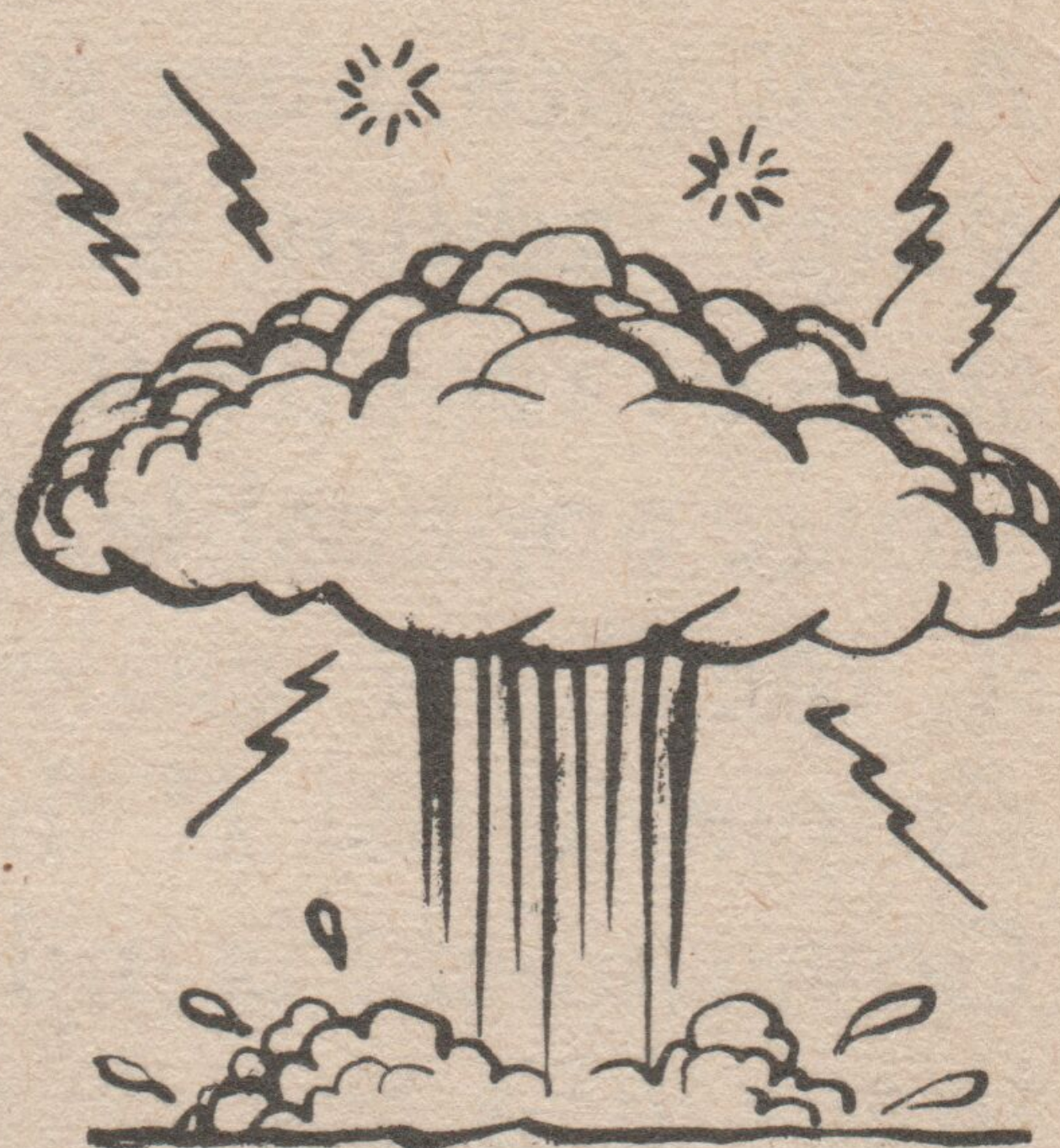
____________, ____________, ____________,
____________, ____________, ____________.

WHOOSH
CVAN 65

A NEW CARRIER— IT COSTS A LOT TO LAUNCH ONE OF THESE BABIES!

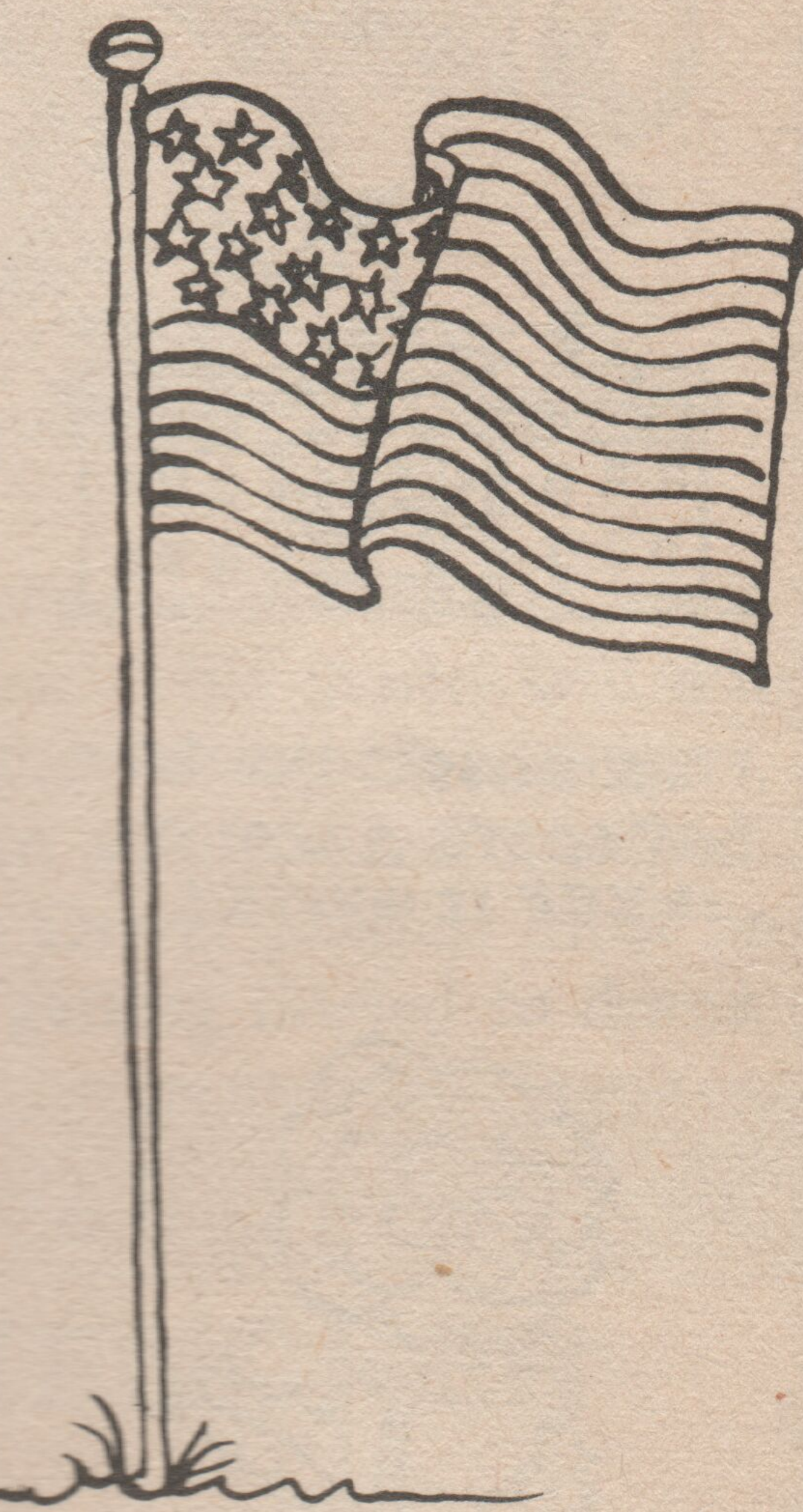
You certainly are a kind soul! That's a lot of charity! You wouldn't *lie* to your old Uncle Sammy, would you?

Let's see . . . what other deductions did you have?________
____
____________________________________.



AN H-BOMB— IT COSTS A LOT TO KEEP A STOCKPILE OF THESE MONSTERS!

Well, now it's time to play our little "Income Tax Game." This is the most exciting part of my letter. Write down your total income here $________, and subtract your total deductions of $________, plus $600 for each of your exemptions. (Uncle Sammy may change his figures slightly, so check your newspapers!) This is the figure you must pay tax on. Look up how much that tax is on the specially prepared "*Secret Agent Tax De-Coder Table*" that I've enclosed. Now check that amount against the amount your friends in the Bookkeeping Department withheld. Did you pay enough tax? I sure hope not! I certainly could use the additional $________you owe me, just as soon as you can spare it, but absolutely no later than April 15th, 1974!



OUR FLAG— IT COSTS A LOT TO KEEP IT FLYING ALL OVER THE WORLD!

Things on this end have been pretty bad, lately. I've been trying to save money, but as you well know, everything costs so much more these days. That's why I'll just have to ask you for an *extra 10%!* I hope this is the last time I have to do this. It's difficult running a country efficiently. You just can't get good help!

What's that you say? You've paid *too much* tax?! Are you sure? Check your figures. You mean you want poor old Uncle Sammy, in his terrible condition, to send you back $________? Well, okay, if you insist. As soon as I get around to it.

ONE OF OUR BOYS— IT COSTS A LOT TO DEFEND OURSELVES!

Naturally, I know that you are very, very busy these days, which is why I wrote this letter in such a way that you can simply fill in the blanks and mail it back. Because if you're like me, getting around to writing a long letter to a relative is a chore.

Just one more thing: All your answers were honest, weren't they? Cross your heart and hope to die?___. Okay, because your Uncle Sam has a lot of pals at the Treasury Department! Also, the F.B.I.! Just sign your name after this statement:

"I did not lie, Uncle Sam!________________________"
sign name here

Goodbye for now, and take care of yourself. Have a good year, and you'll be hearing from me again early in 1975!

ME! I COST A LOT!

Sincerely yours,

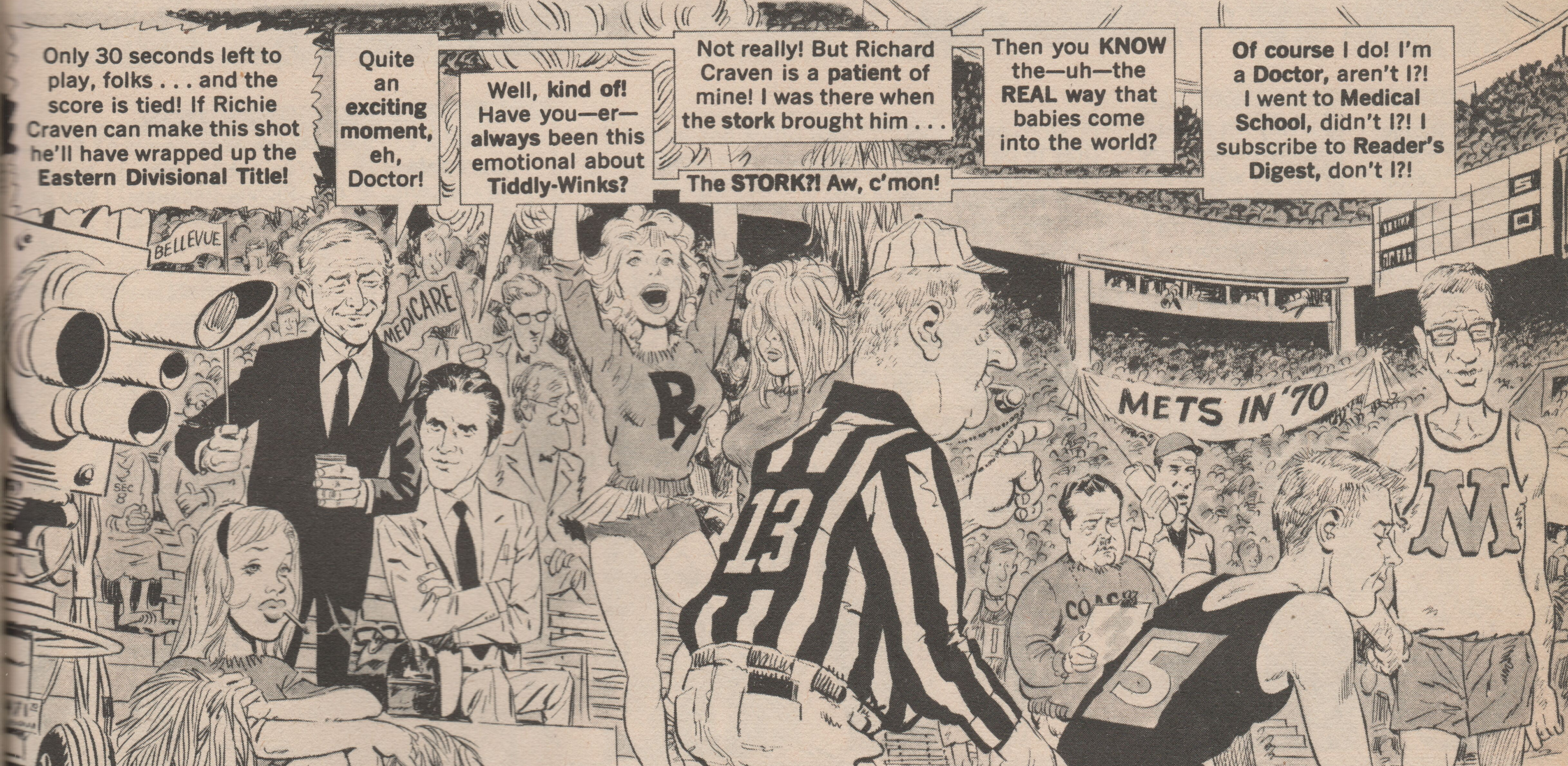
Uncle $am

Uncle Sam

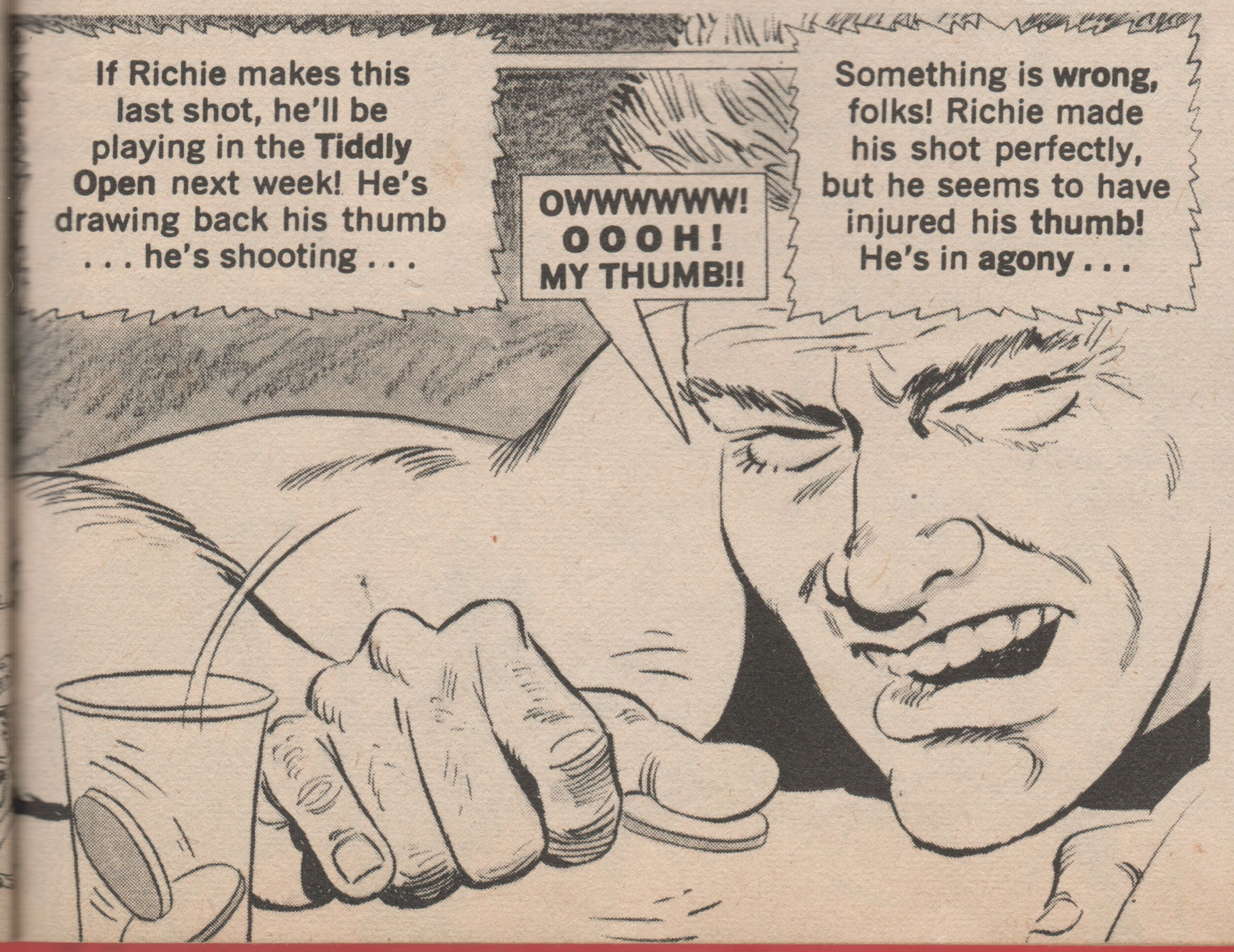
THE STERILE CUCKOOS DEPT.

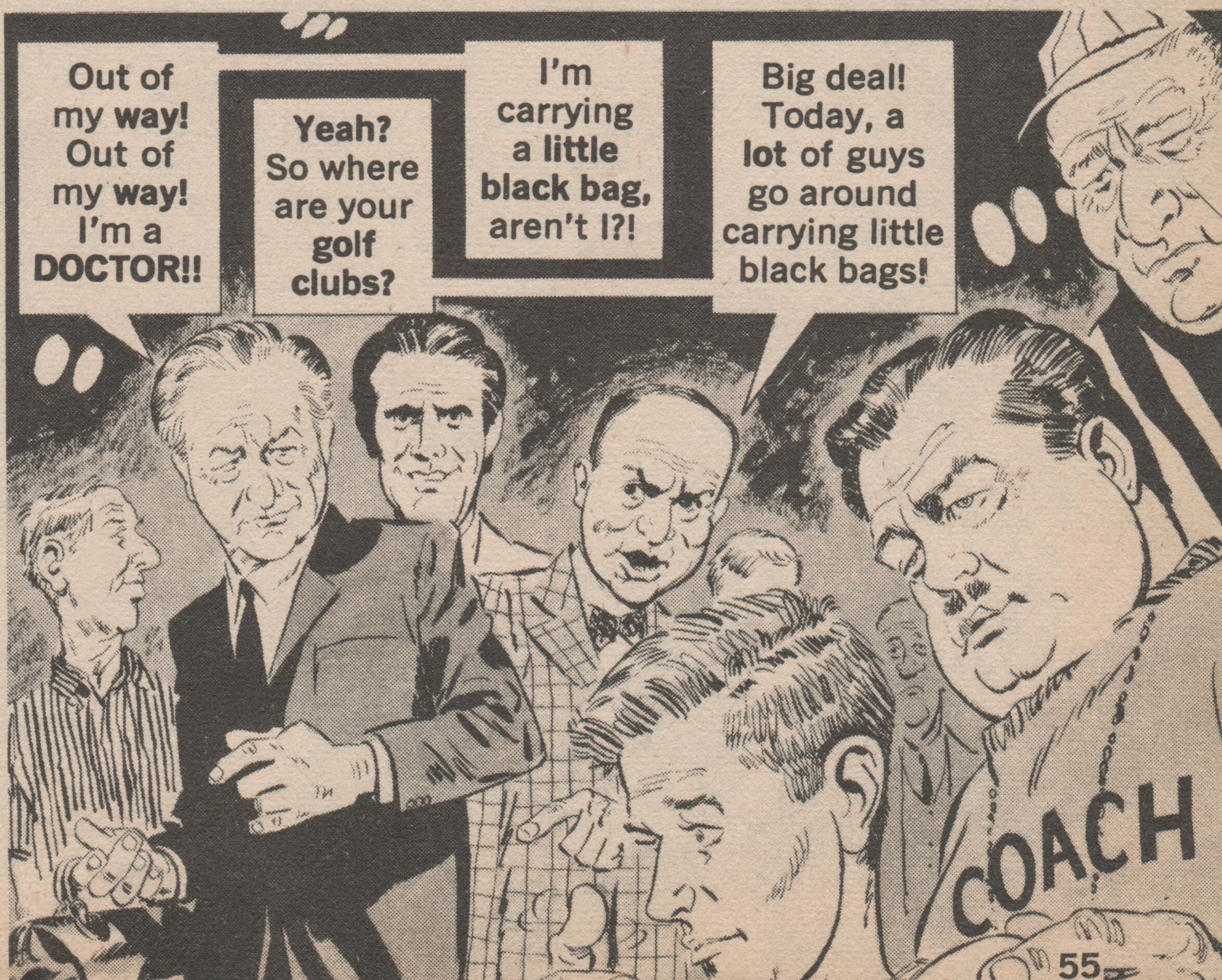
There have been a lot of "Medical Shows" on television that depict efficient hospitals using the latest sophisticated equipment, and specialists who have deep concern for their patients, and nurses who would never dream of waking anyone to give them a sleeping pill. In other words, there have been a lot of *unbelievable* "Medical Shows" on television. However, now there is a new show on television which portrays an old fashioned doctor . . . a doctor who makes house calls . . . a doctor who treats each patient with kindness and consideration . . . a doctor who carefully explains what he is doing . . . a doctor who has an eager young associate. In other words, ***ANOTHER** unbelievable* "Medical Show". And here is MAD's unbelievable satire, called . . .

MAKEUS SICKBY M.D.

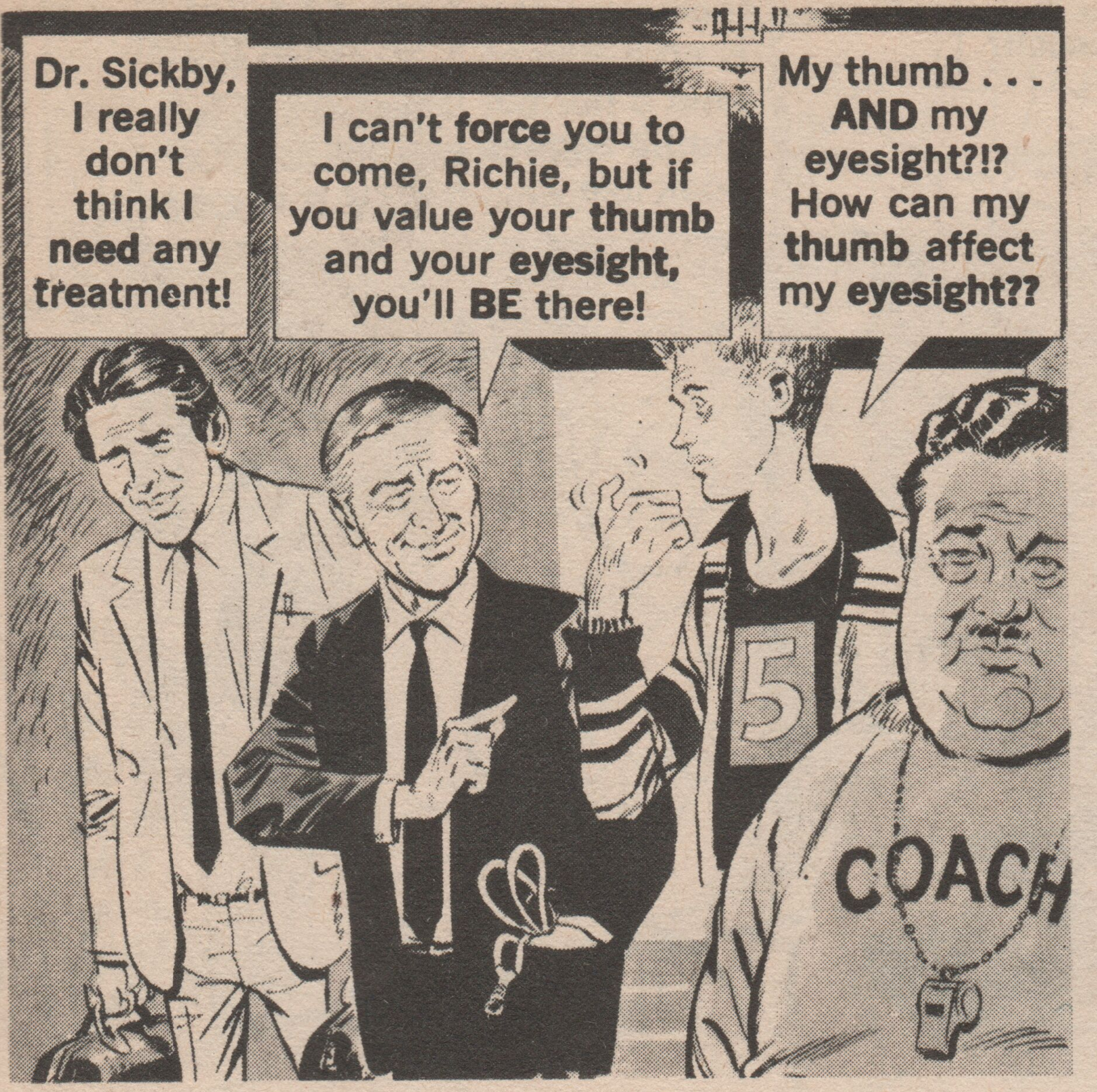

Only 30 seconds left to play, folks . . . and the score is tied! If Richie Craven can make this shot he'll have wrapped up the Eastern Divisional Title!
Quite an exciting moment, eh, Doctor!
Well, kind of! Have you—er—always been this emotional about Tiddly-Winks?
Not really! But Richard Craven is a patient of mine! I was there when the stork brought him . . .
The STORK?! Aw, c'mon!
Then you KNOW the—uh—the REAL way that babies come into the world?
Of course I do! I'm a Doctor, aren't I?! I went to Medical School, didn't I?! I subscribe to Reader's Digest, don't I?!
BELLEVUE
MEDICARE
Rx
13
METS IN '70
COACH
5
M
Torres

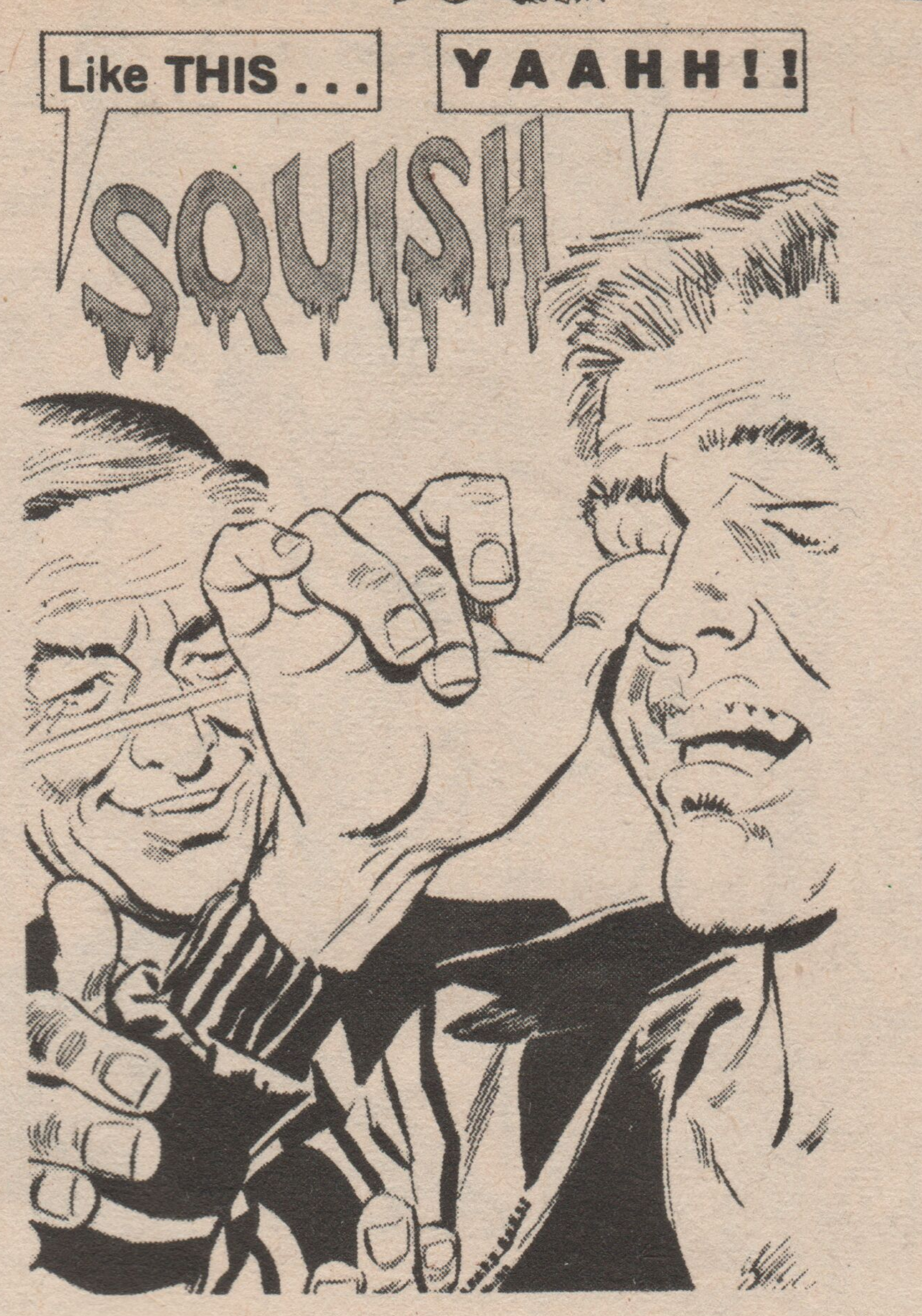
ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

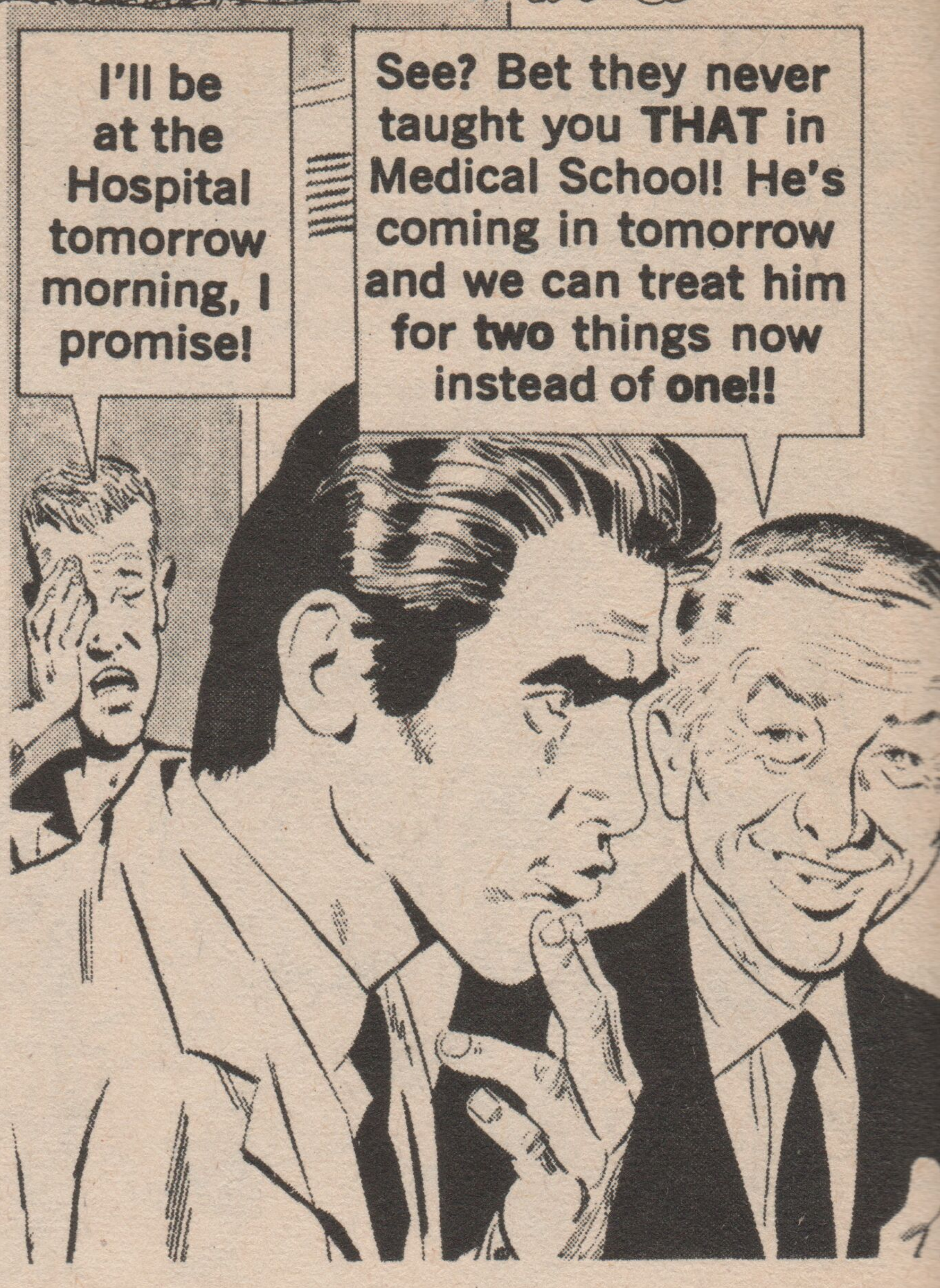

If Richie makes this last shot, he'll be playing in the Tiddly Open next week! He's drawing back his thumb . . . he's shooting . . .
OWWWWWW! OOOH! MY THUMB!!
Something is wrong, folks! Richie made his shot perfectly, but he seems to have injured his thumb! He's in agony . . .


Out of my way! Out of my way! I'm a DOCTOR!!
Yeah? So where are your golf clubs?
I'm carrying a little black bag, aren't I?!
Big deal! Today, a lot of guys go around carrying little black bags!
COACH

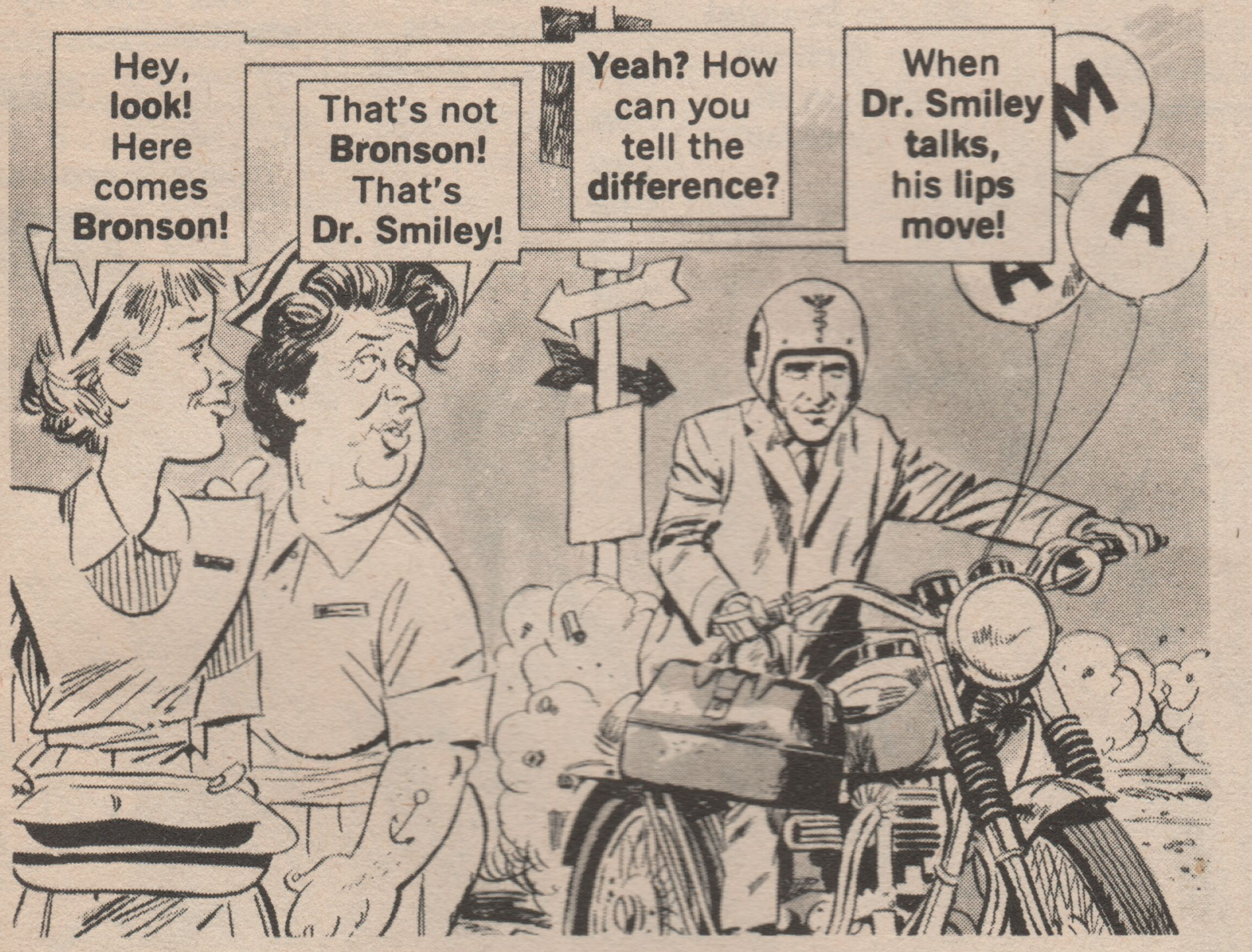
Somebody get a stretcher!
But, Dr. Sickby! It's only my THUMB!
Then get an ITTY-BITTY stretcher!
Does it hurt that much when I touch your thumb?
AHHH!
No, it hurts that much when you stand on my foot!!
MS
COACH
5
I've got bad news! This thumb looks severely strained! You may never play Tiddly again!
What are you TALKING about! He's gotta play in the Tiddly Open next week! Don't listen to him! You'll be fine!
Are you a Doctor?
No . . .
No! Are you a COACH??
Then it seen like I have a equal say i the matter!
VISITO
COACH
Richie, you'd better come down to the Hospital tomorrow and we'll X-Ray that thumb!
X-Ray it?! Right away the young Doctor wants to use fancy tools! You come to my office tomorrow and we'll hold it up to the light and see if we see anything!
AMA
Dr. Sickby, this has to be done with an X-Ray machine in a Hospital! Our office just isn't set up with the right equipment!
Our office has all the equipment a Doctor's Office needs! A scale! A box of sterile tongue depressors! And a copy of National Geographic in the waiting room!
Doctors, I appreciate your concern, but why don't I just soak my thumb in some hot water??
You've got to trust me, Richie, because I have a special interest in you! Didn't I bring you in this world??
Yeah— and the you gav me to the WRONG PARENT
M. SICKBY M.D.
That's because I didn't recognize you! It was the first time I ever saw you! That could never happen NOW!
Will I be able to play in the Tiddly Open next week?
I can't make any guarantees! There's a lot that medicine doesn't know! And even more that I don't know! And as for Dr. Smiley here . . . FORGET IT!
5
I don't get it, Dr. Sickby! Why are you always putting me down?
Because you're a young know-it-all! Sure, you have text book knowledge! But you don't have any practical experience!
Tell me, Doctor, how many patients have you seen DIE—right before your very eyes?
None!
Well, I've seen plenty! All of them mine! Now—fortunatel we work in the same office so you can share my mistakes!

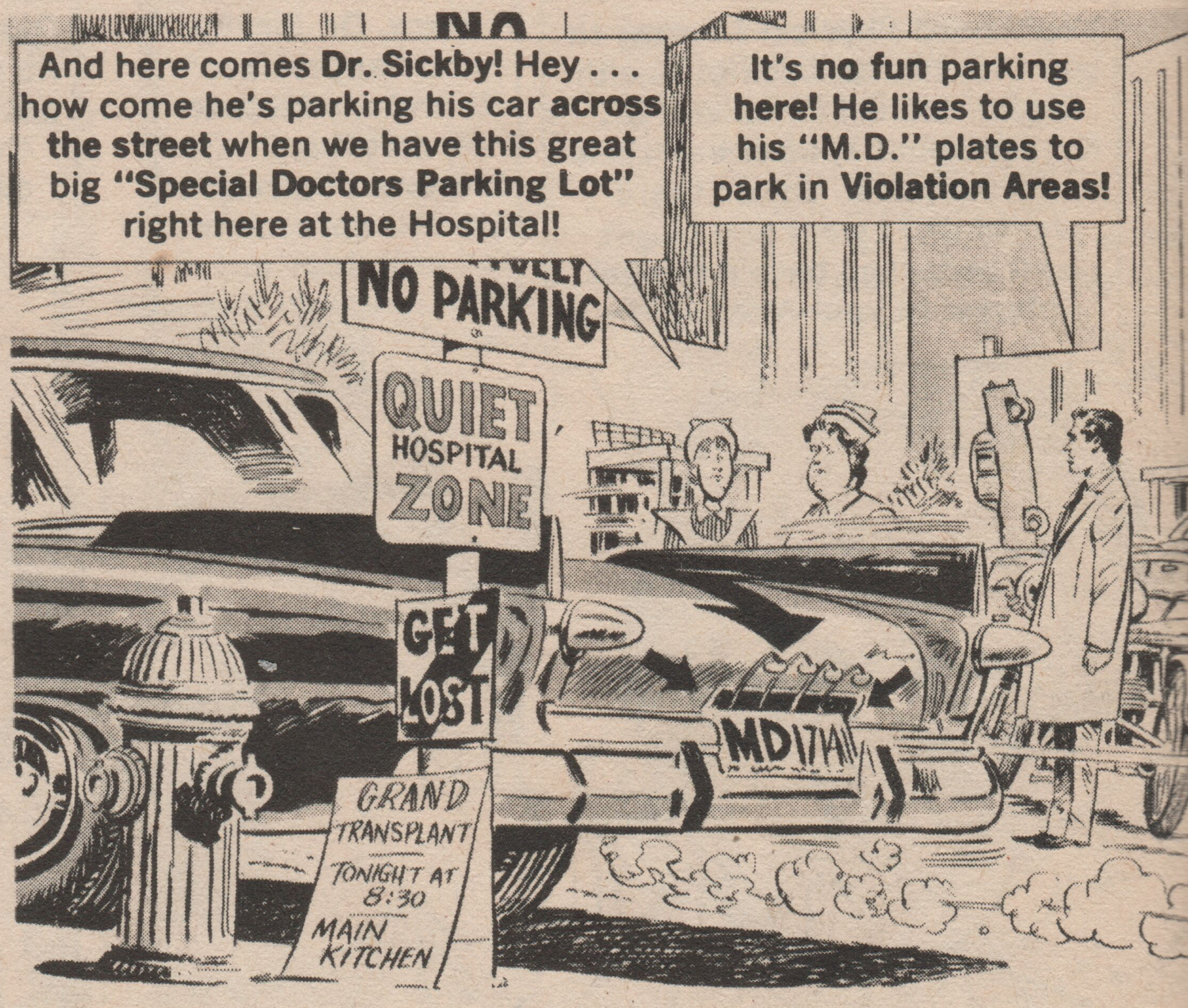

Dr. Sickby, I really don't think I **need** any treatment!
I can't **force** you to come, Richie, but if you value your **thumb** and your **eyesight,** you'll **BE** there!
My thumb . . . **AND** my eyesight?!? How can my **thumb** affect my **eyesight??**
5
COACH

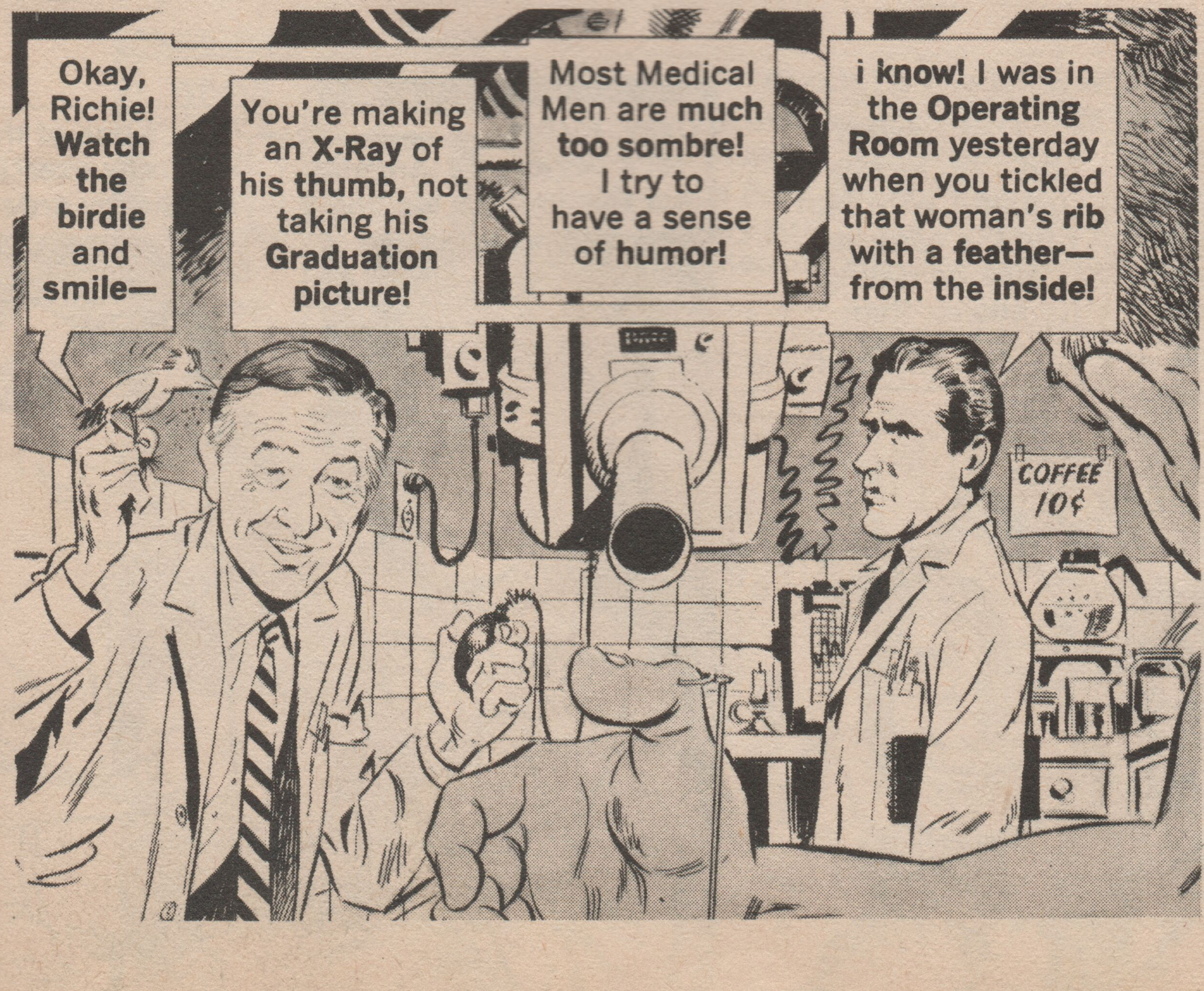

Like **THIS . . .**
YAAHH!!
SQUISH

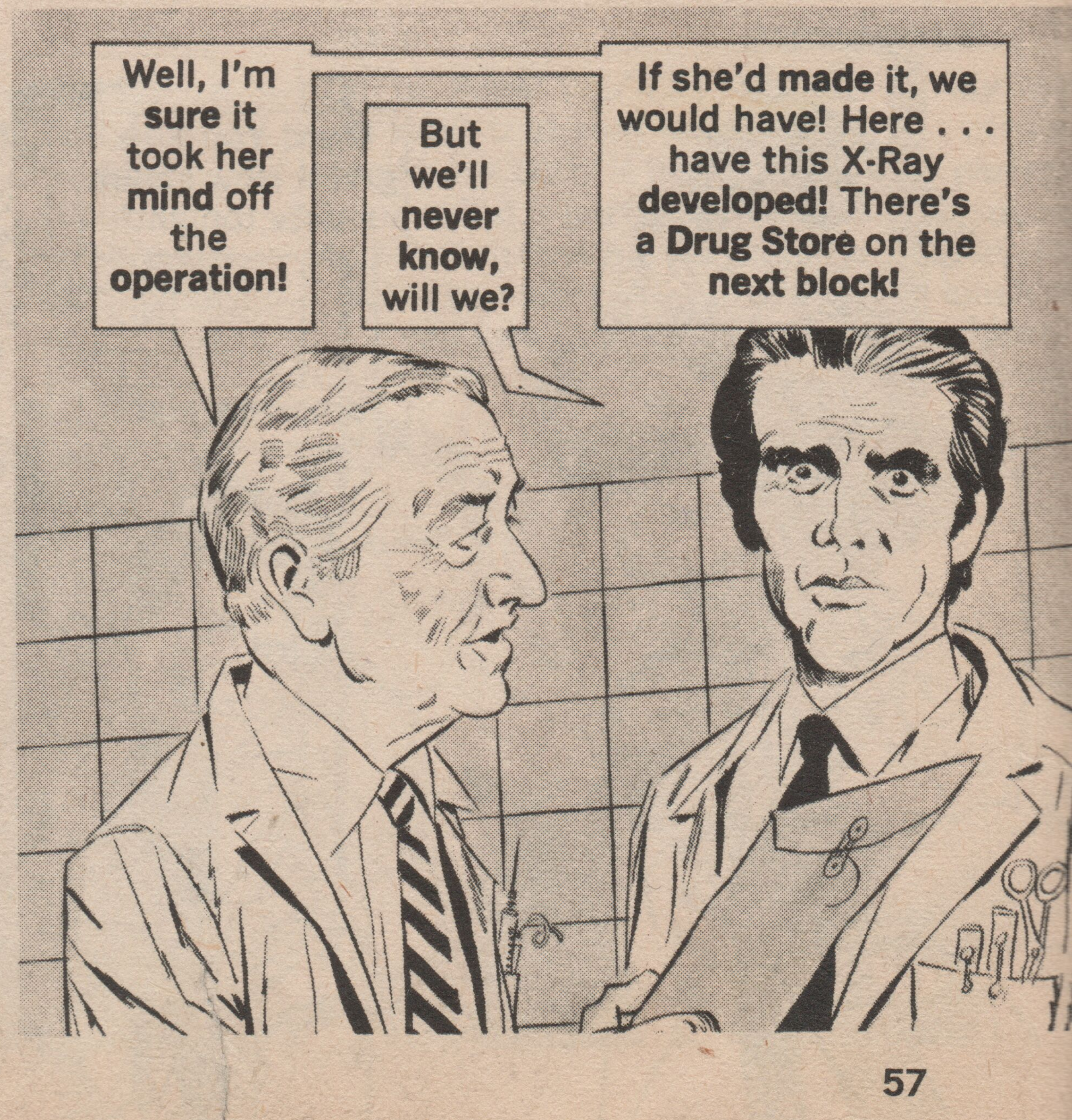

I'll be at the Hospital tomorrow morning, I promise!
See? Bet they never taught you **THAT** in Medical School! He's coming in tomorrow and we can treat him for **two** things now instead of **one!!**

THE NEXT MORNING . . .

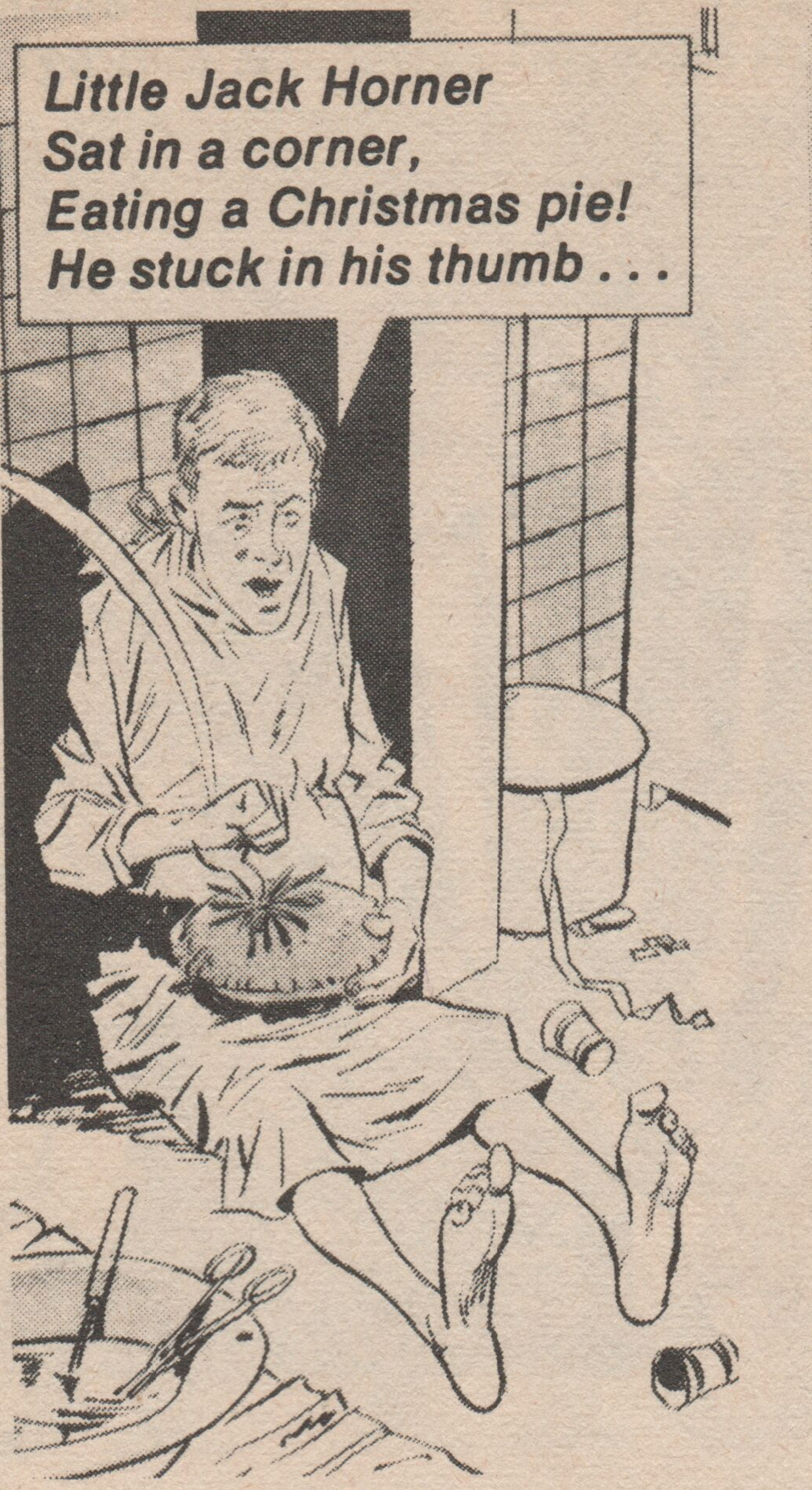

Hey, **look!** Here comes **Bronson!**
That's not **Bronson!** That's **Dr. Smiley!**
Yeah? How can you tell the **difference?**
When **Dr. Smiley talks,** his lips **move!**
A
M
A

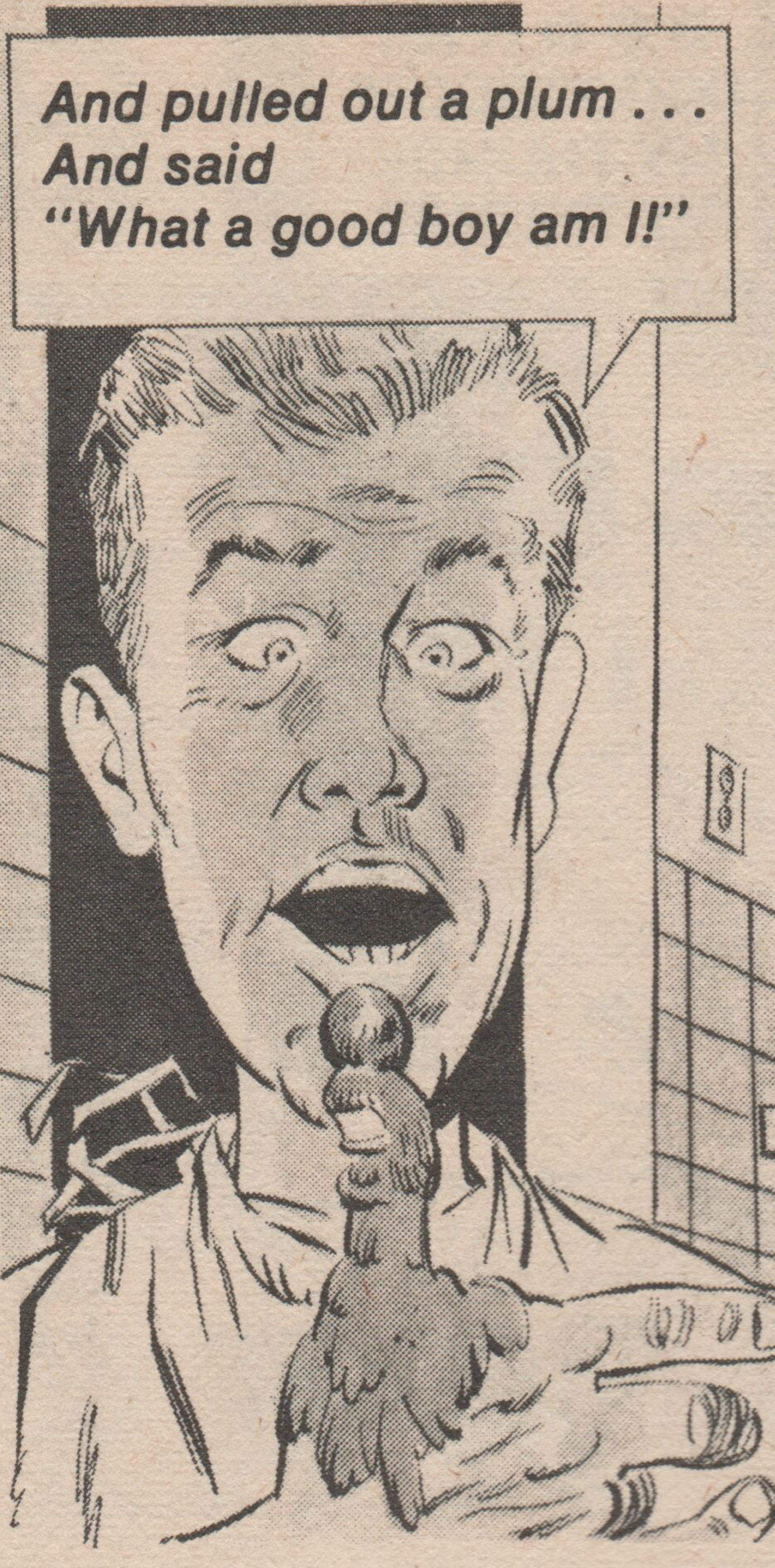

And here comes **Dr. Sickby!** Hey . . . how come he's parking his car **across the street** when we have this great big **"Special Doctors Parking Lot"** right here at the Hospital!
It's no fun parking **here!** He likes to use his **"M.D."** plates to park in **Violation Areas!**
NO
NO PARKING
QUIET HOSPITAL ZONE
GET LOST
MD1714
GRAND TRANSPLANT TONIGHT AT 8:30 MAIN KITCHEN

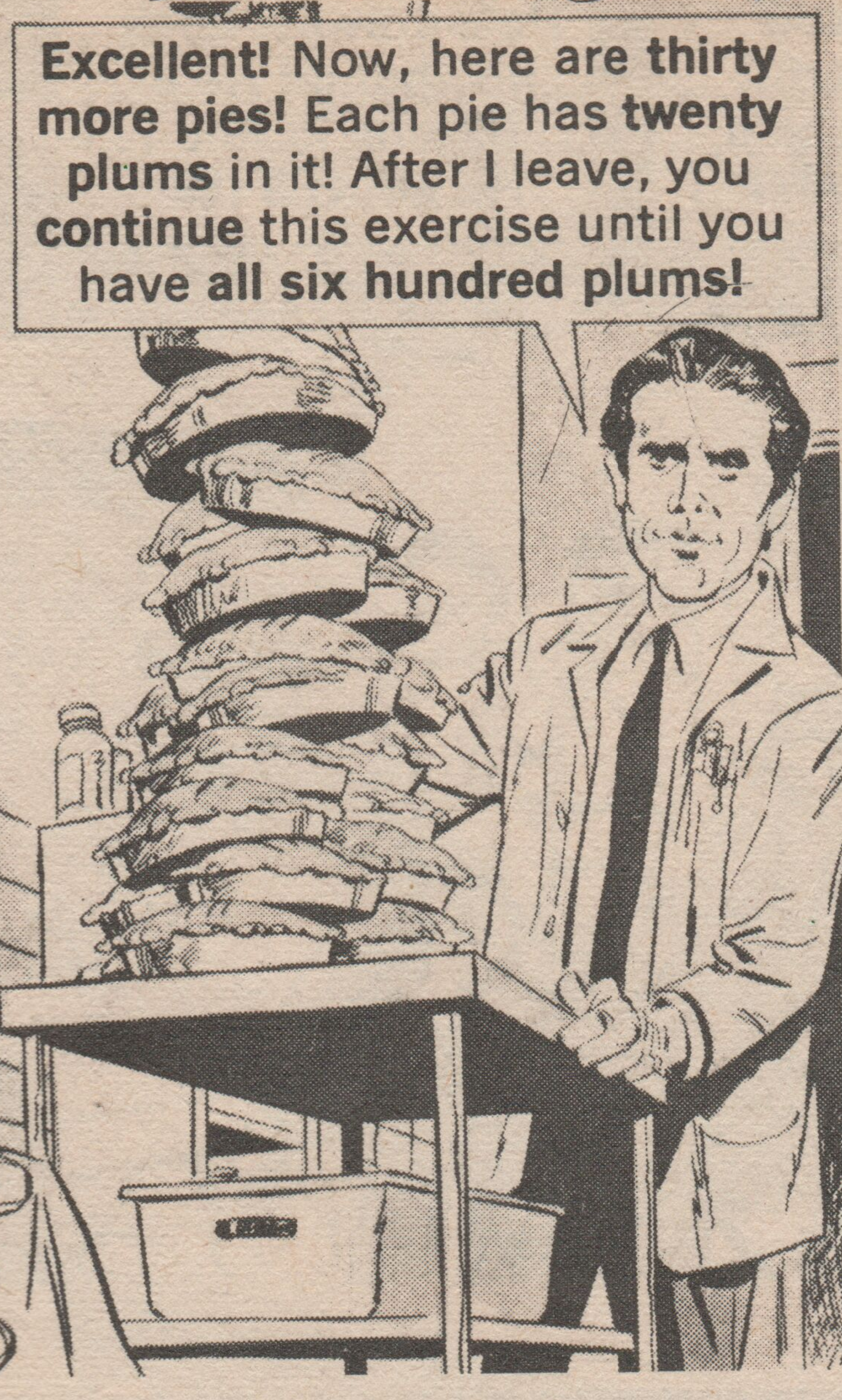

Okay, Richie! **Watch** the **birdie** and **smile—**
You're making an **X-Ray** of his **thumb,** not taking his **Graduation picture!**
Most Medical Men are much **too sombre!** I try to have a sense of **humor!**
i know! I was in the **Operating Room** yesterday when you tickled that woman's **rib** with a **feather—from the inside!**
COFFEE 10¢

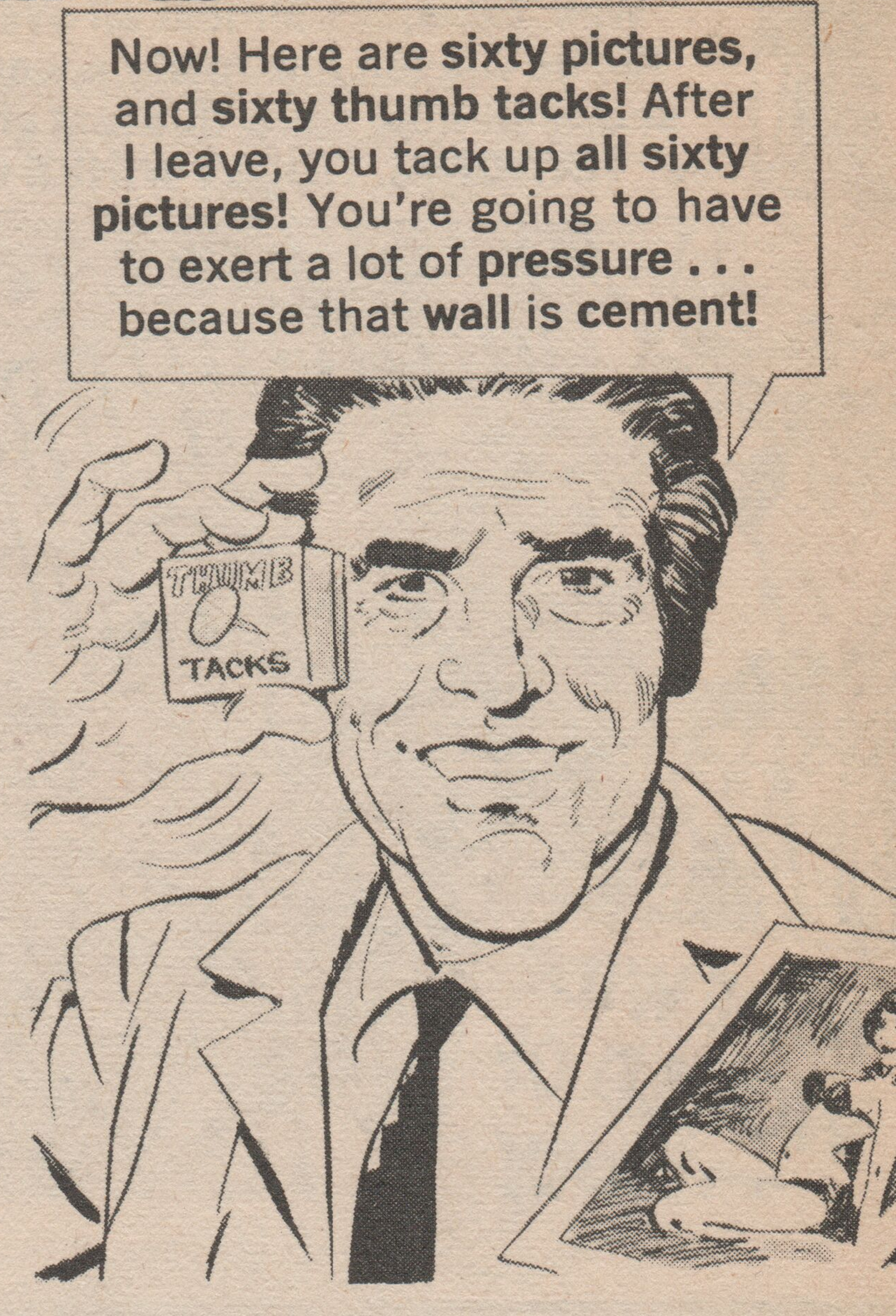

Well, I'm **sure** it took her **mind** off the **operation!**
But we'll **never** know, will we?
If she'd made it, we would have! Here . . . have this X-Ray **developed!** There's a **Drug Store** on the **next block!**

Dr. Sickby, I've just got to be in the Tiddly Open next week! If I win, I'll have enough money to go to College!
Richie, all I can say is . . . I'll do my best!
Well, Goodbye, College!!
Hmmmmm! Just as I thought! You have an inflamed yecch!
What's a yecch?
Here . . . I'll show you! This is an X-Ray of what a normal thumb should look like . . .
And this is an X-Ray of YOUR thumb!
YECCH!!
Now you know what Yecc is!
You'll need Physical Therapy to get that thumb back to health again, Richie! I've given Dr. Smiley some special exercises I want you to do! Do them faithfully! I want you to get well because I have a special interest in you! After all, I—
I know, Dr. Sickby, and I appreciate it! And my Mother and Father . . . whoever they might be . . . appreciate it, too!
Okay, Richie . . . we might as well get started with those thumb exercises . . .
Hi! I'm Brenda! I'm Richie's girlfriend! May I kiss him?
It would be better if you didn't! Germs, y'know!
However, you can kis me! I had my lips sterilized this mornin
Oh, well . . . if it's Doctor's orders!
Wow! You kiss great! How about a date tonight?
No!
Tomorrow night?
No . . . I can't! I'm afraid I'm Richie's till the end!
That's swell! He's Dr. Sickby's patient! With him on the case, we may be dating sooner than you think!
Okay, Richie, let's begin! Act this out!
Are you kidding??
It's one of the therapy exercises Dr. Sickby ordered!

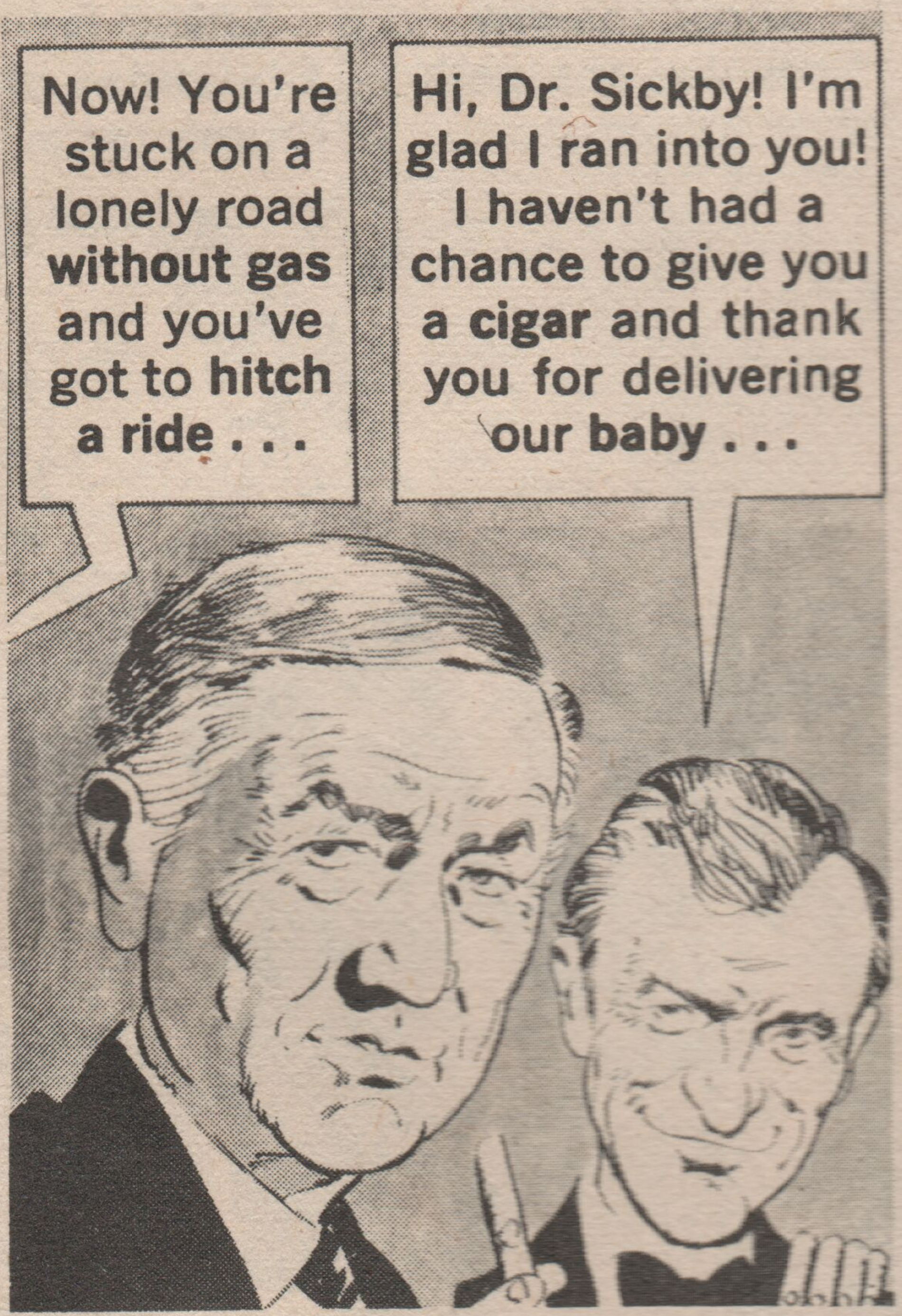

Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner,
Eating a Christmas pie!
He stuck in his thumb . . .

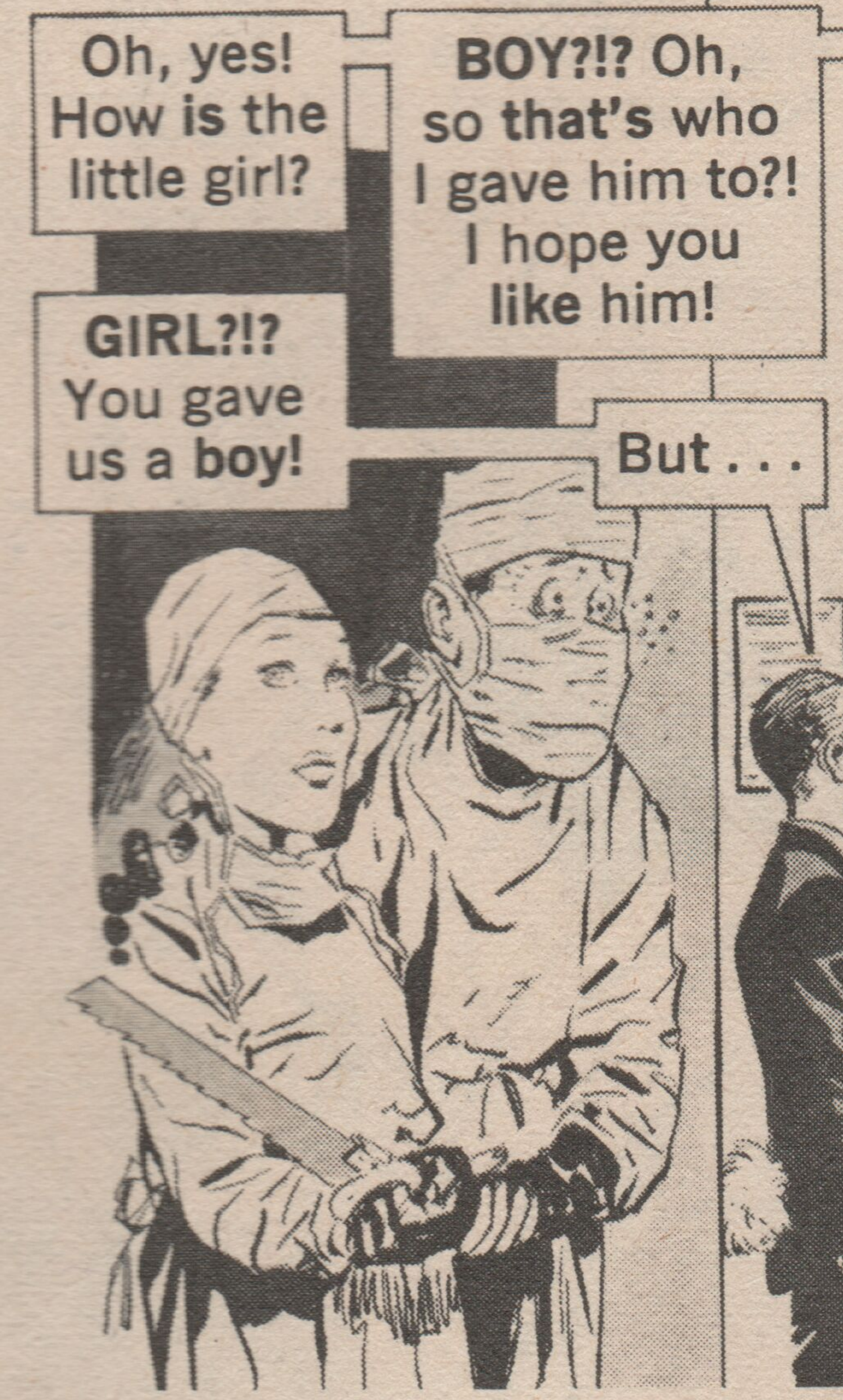

And pulled out a plum . . .
And said
"What a good boy am I!"

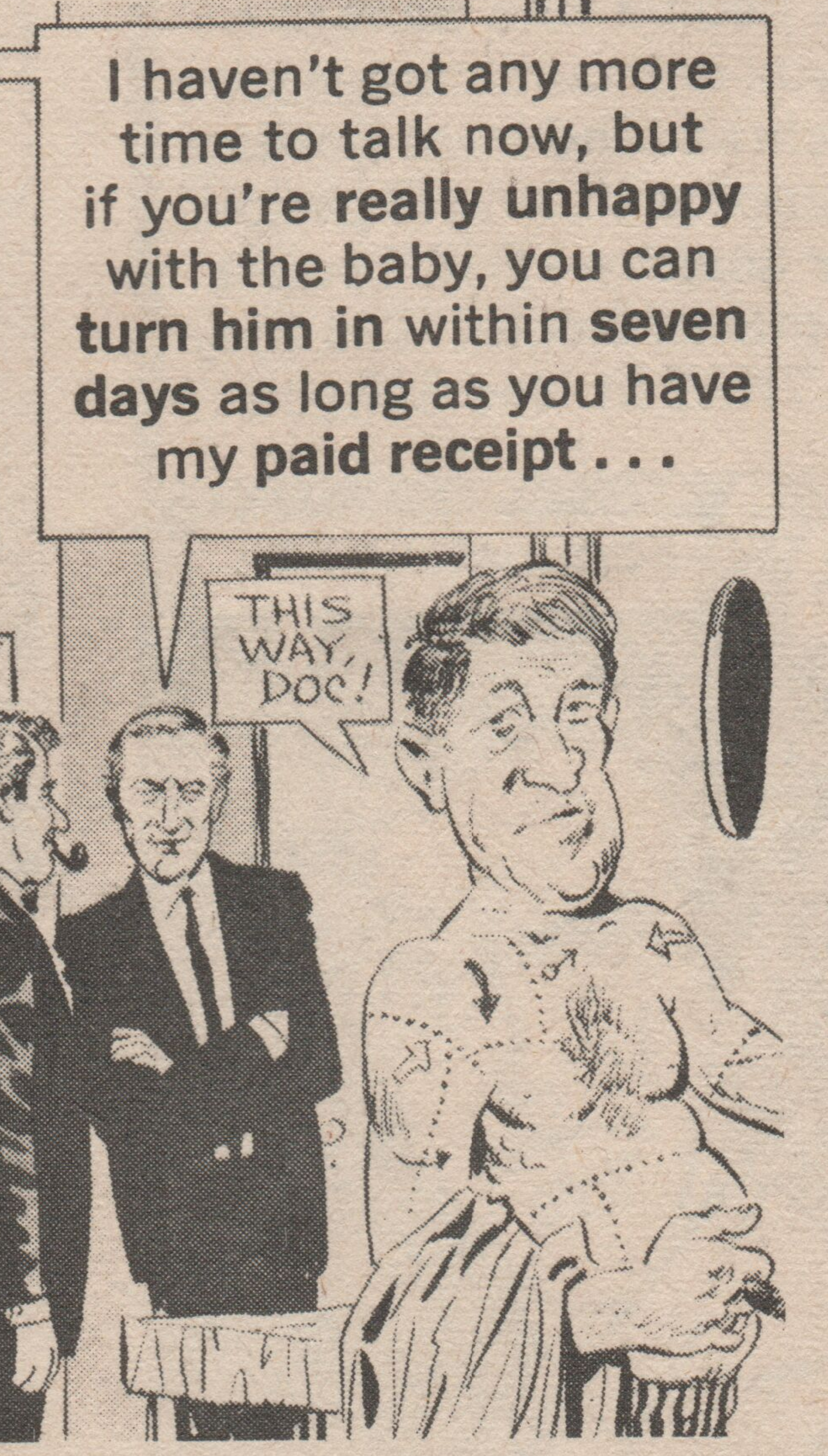

Excellent! Now, here are thirty more pies! Each pie has twenty plums in it! After I leave, you continue this exercise until you have all six hundred plums!

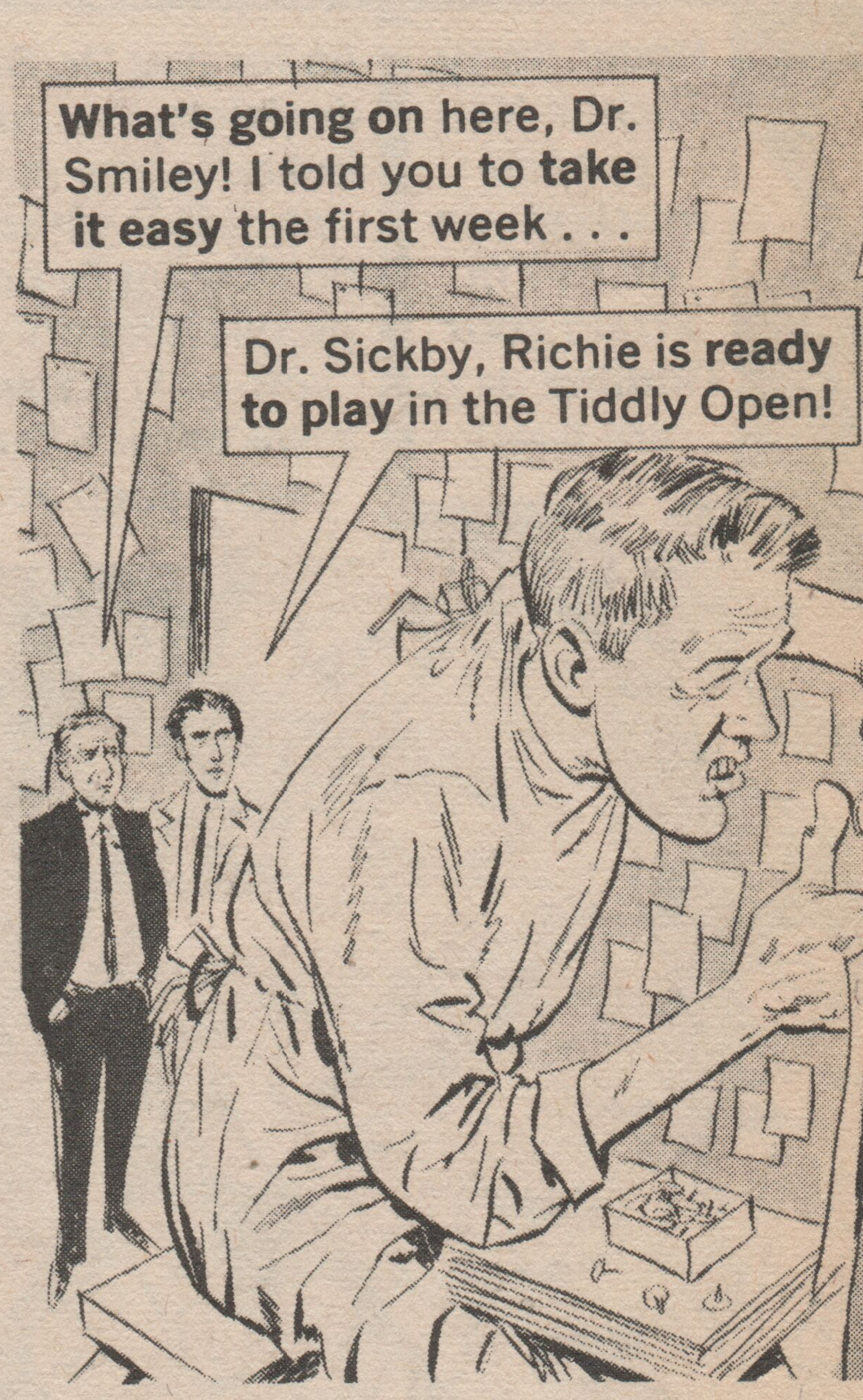

Now! Here are sixty pictures, and sixty thumb tacks! After I leave, you tack up all sixty pictures! You're going to have to exert a lot of pressure . . . because that wall is cement!
THUMB TACKS

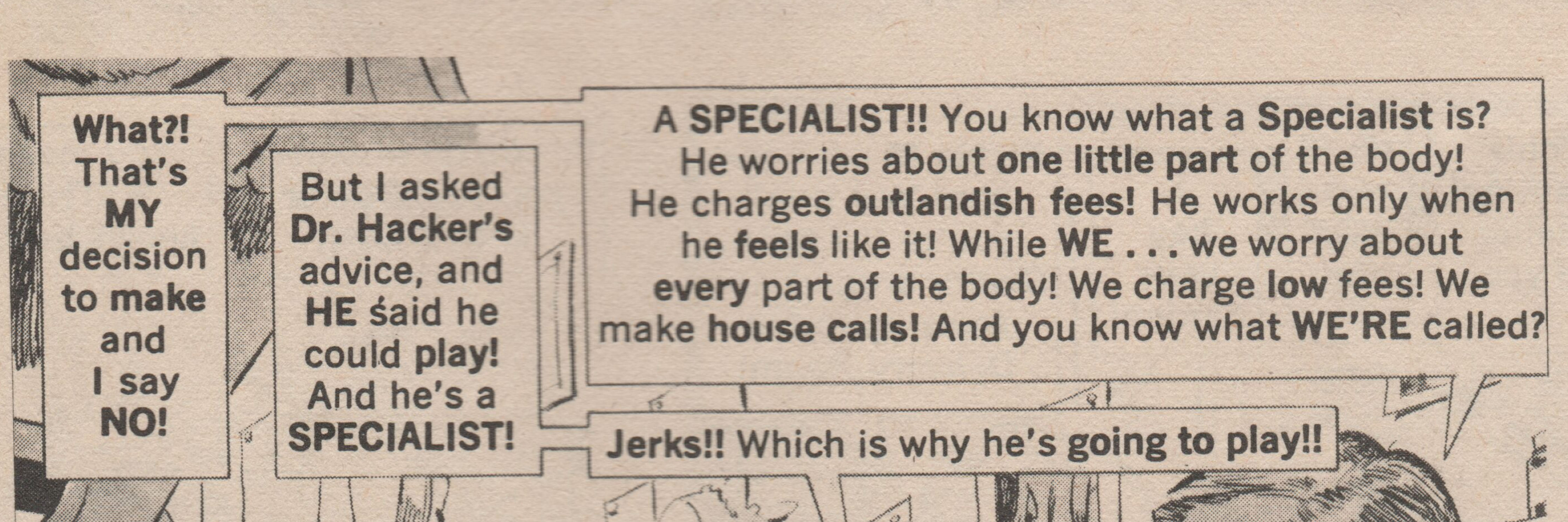
SEVERAL STRENUOUS DAYS LATER . . .

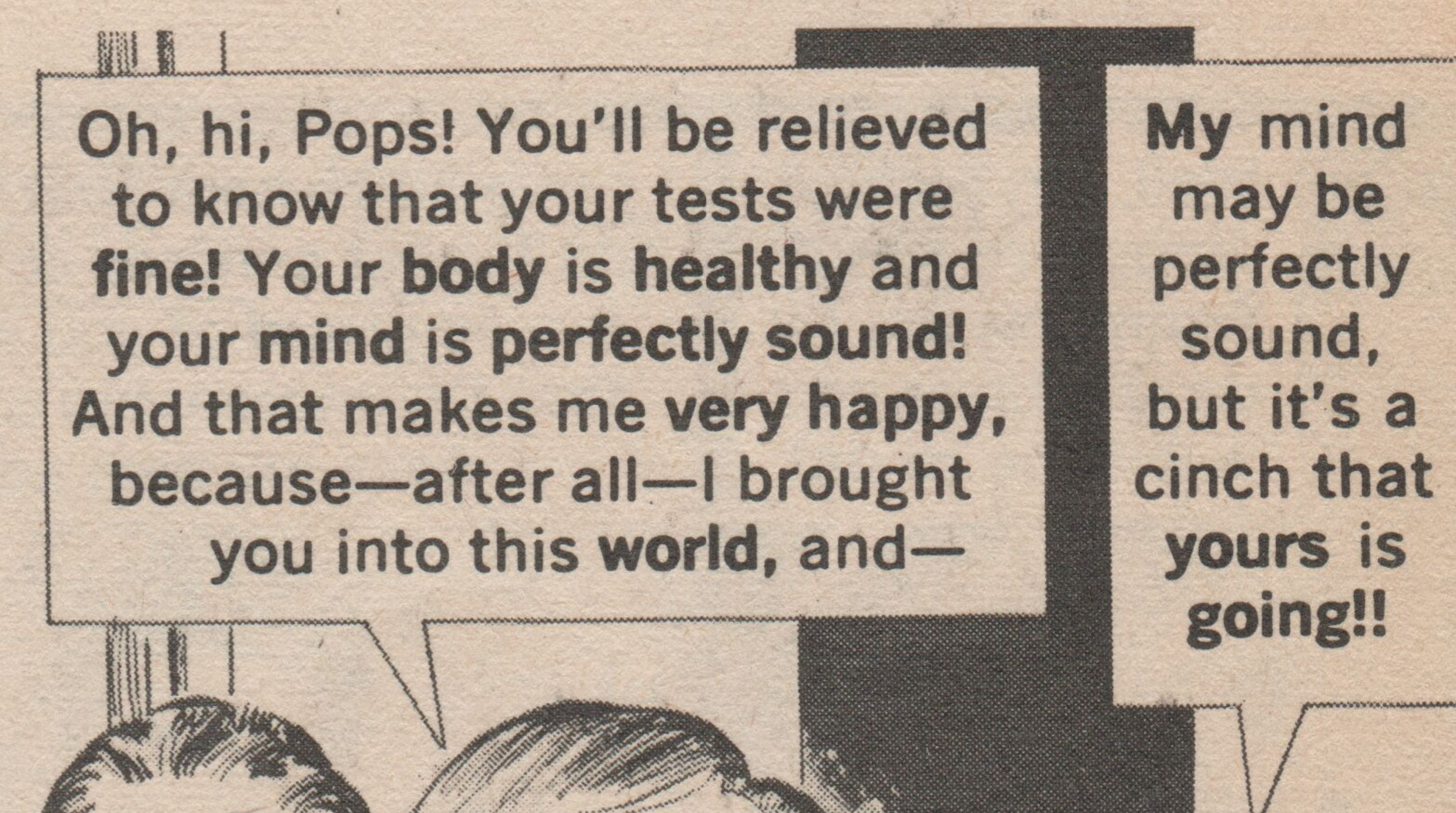

Now! You're stuck on a lonely road without gas and you've got to hitch a ride . . .
Hi, Dr. Sickby! I'm glad I ran into you! I haven't had a chance to give you a cigar and thank you for delivering our baby . . .


Oh, yes! How is the little girl?
BOY?!? Oh, so that's who I gave him to?! I hope you like him!
GIRL?!? You gave us a boy!
But . . .

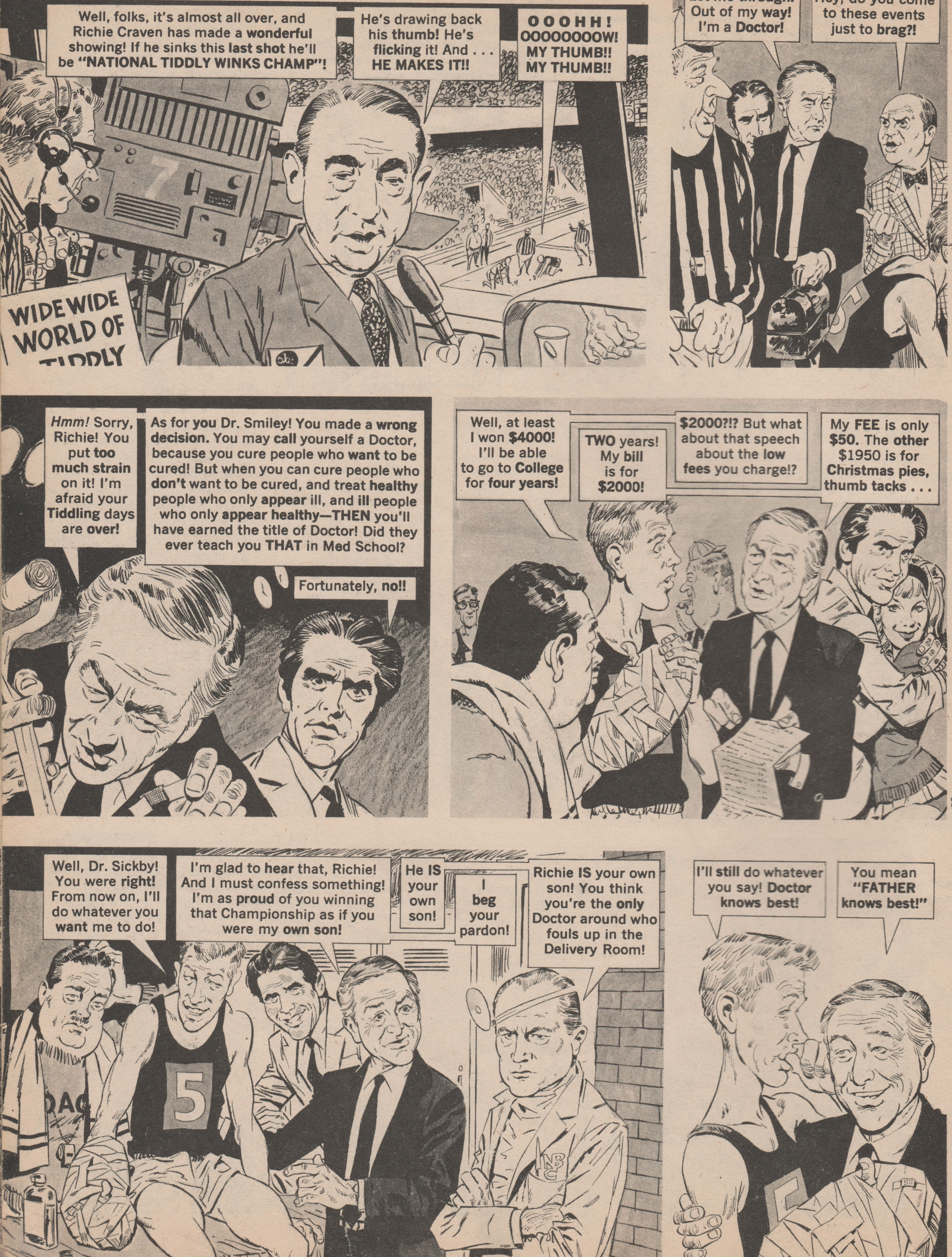

I haven't got any more time to talk now, but if you're really unhappy with the baby, you can turn him in within seven days as long as you have my paid receipt . . .
THIS WAY, DOC!

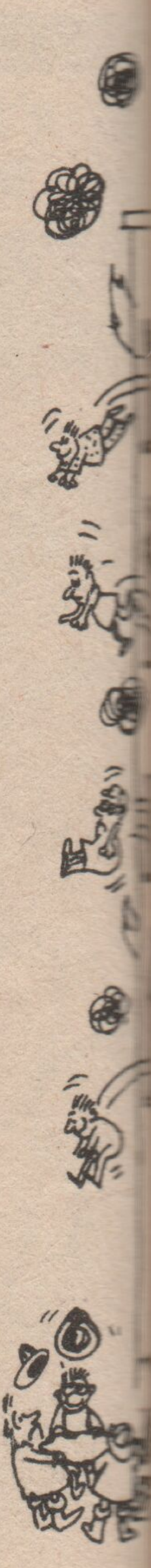

What's going on here, Dr. Smiley! I told you to take it easy the first week . . .
Dr. Sickby, Richie is ready to play in the Tiddly Open!


What?! That's MY decision to make and I say NO!
But I asked Dr. Hacker's advice, and HE said he could play! And he's a SPECIALIST!
A SPECIALIST!! You know what a Specialist is? He worries about one little part of the body! He charges outlandish fees! He works only when he feels like it! While WE . . . we worry about every part of the body! We charge low fees! We make house calls! And you know what WE'RE called?
Jerks!! Which is why he's going to play!!


Oh, hi, Pops! You'll be relieved to know that your tests were fine! Your body is healthy and your mind is perfectly sound! And that makes me very happy, because—after all—I brought you into this world, and—
My mind may be perfectly sound, but it's a cinch that yours is going!!

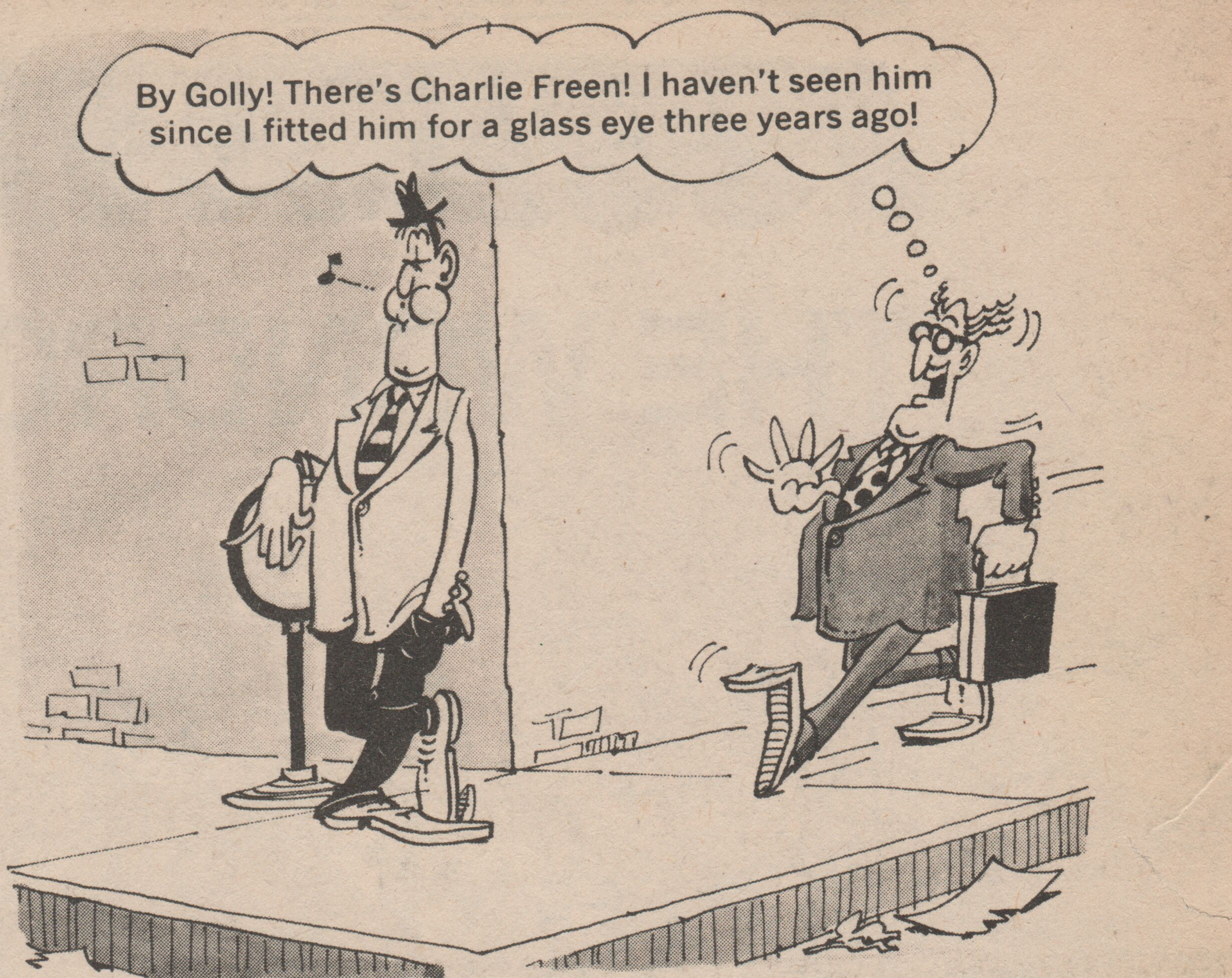
THE NEXT WEEK AT THE TIDDLY OPEN . . .

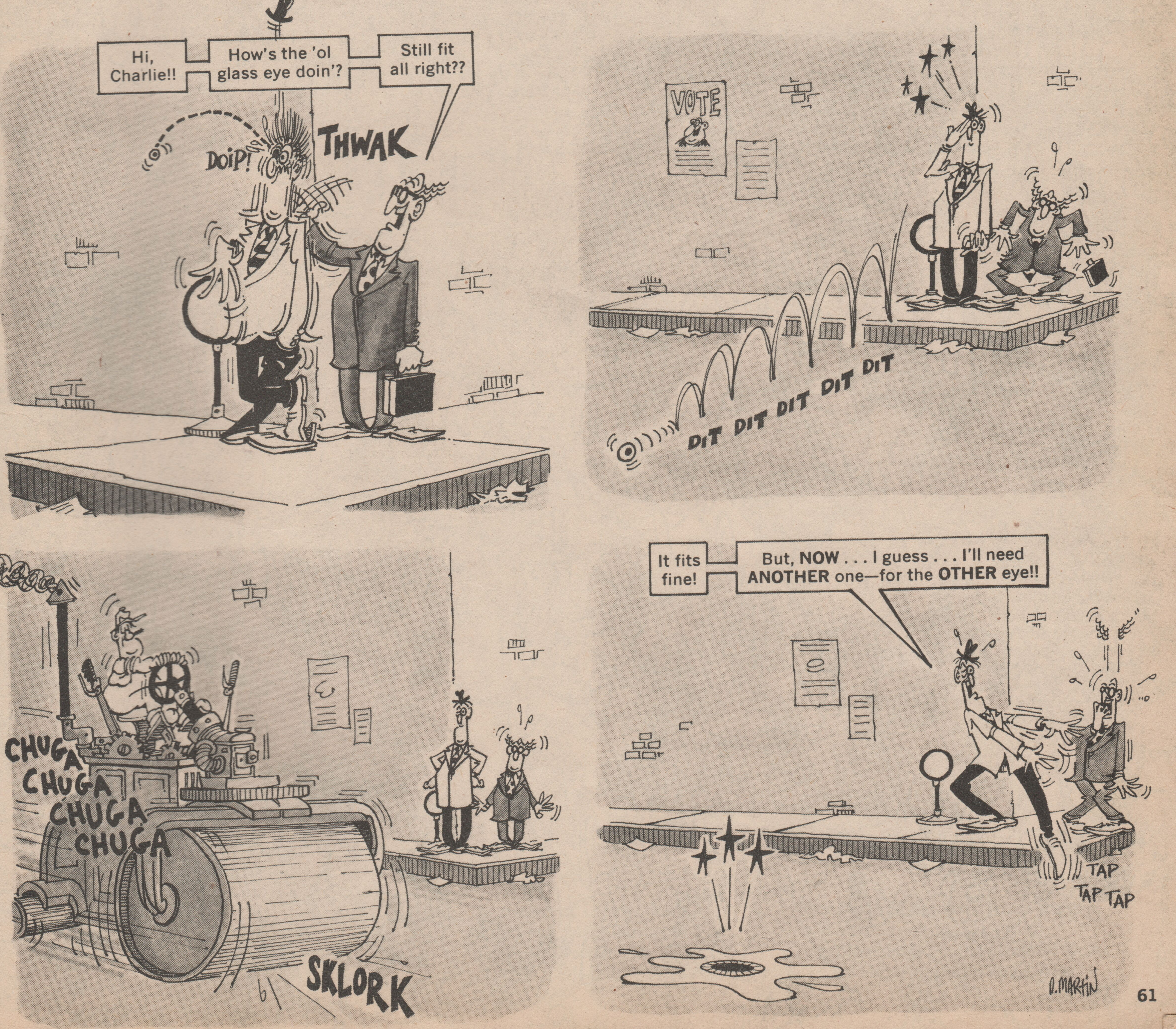

Well, folks, it's almost all over, and Richie Craven has made a wonderful showing! If he sinks this last shot he'll be "NATIONAL TIDDLY WINKS CHAMP"!
He's drawing back his thumb! He's flicking it! And . . . HE MAKES IT!!
OOOHH! OOOOOOOOW! MY THUMB!! MY THUMB!!
WIDE WIDE WORLD OF TIDDLY
Let me through! Out of my way! I'm a Doctor!
Hey, do you come to these events just to brag?!
Hmm! Sorry, Richie! You put too much strain on it! I'm afraid your Tiddling days are over!
As for you Dr. Smiley! You made a wrong decision. You may call yourself a Doctor, because you cure people who want to be cured! But when you can cure people who don't want to be cured, and treat healthy people who only appear ill, and ill people who only appear healthy—THEN you'll have earned the title of Doctor! Did they ever teach you THAT in Med School?
Fortunately, no!!
Well, at least I won $4000! I'll be able to go to College for four years!
TWO years! My bill is for $2000!
$2000?!? But what about that speech about the low fees you charge!?
My FEE is only $50. The other $1950 is for Christmas pies, thumb tacks . . .
Well, Dr. Sickby! You were right! From now on, I'll do whatever you want me to do!
I'm glad to hear that, Richie! And I must confess something! I'm as proud of you winning that Championship as if you were my own son!
He IS your own son!
I beg your pardon!
Richie IS your own son! You think you're the only Doctor around who fouls up in the Delivery Room!
5
NBC
I'll still do whatever you say! Doctor knows best!
You mean "FATHER knows best!"



DON MARTIN DEPT. PART III

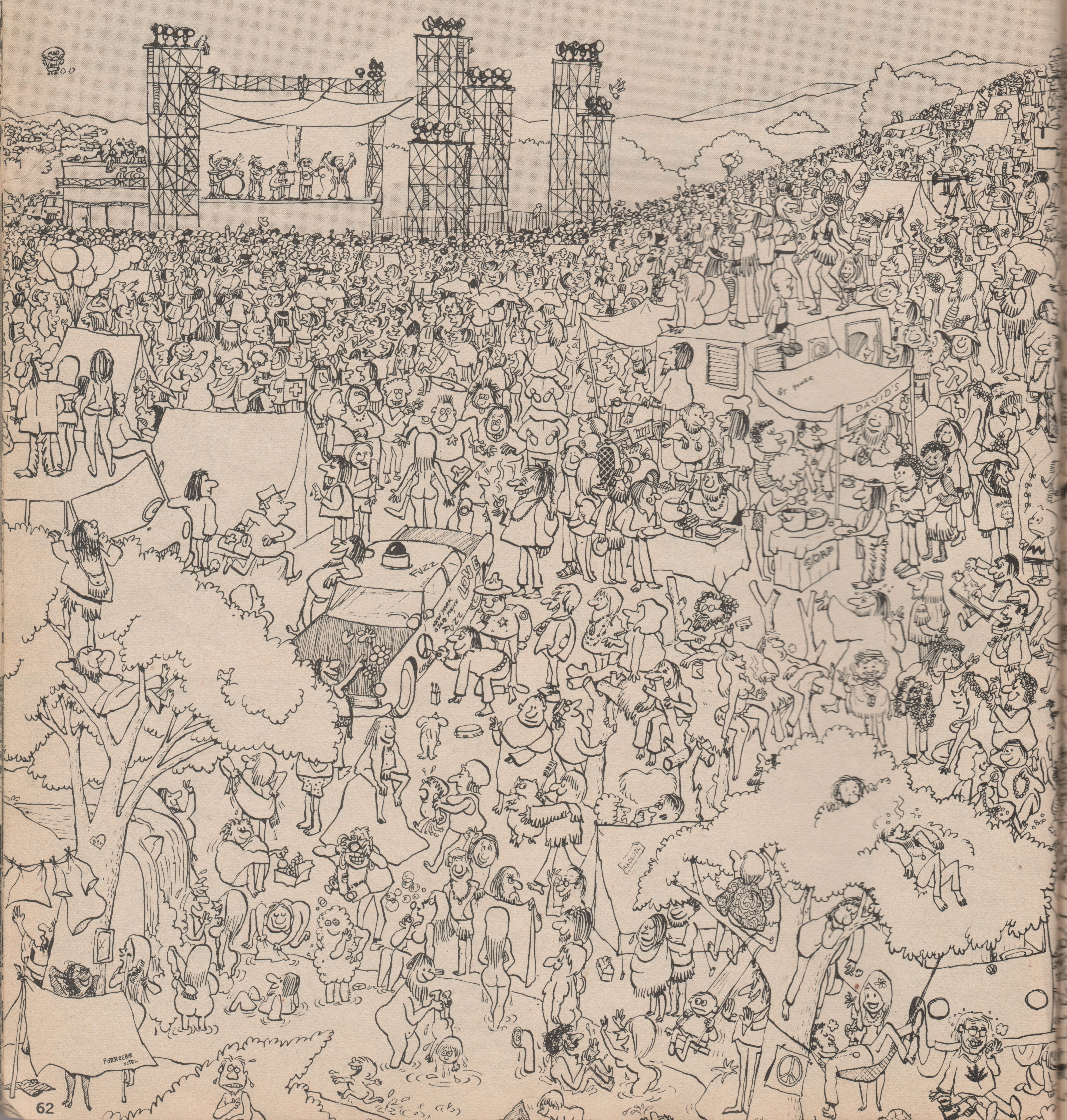
ONE MORNING IN THE LIFE OF AN OPTICIAN


By Golly! There's Charlie Freen! I haven't seen him since I fitted him for a glass eye three years ago!


Hi, Charlie!!
How's the 'ol glass eye doin'?
Still fit all right??
DOIP!
THWAK
VOTE
DIT DIT DIT DIT DIT
CHUGA CHUGA CHUGA CHUGA
SKLORK
It fits fine!
But, NOW . . . I guess . . . I'll need ANOTHER one—for the OTHER eye!!
TAP TAP TAP
D. MARTIN

SPLENDOR ON THE GRASS DEPT.

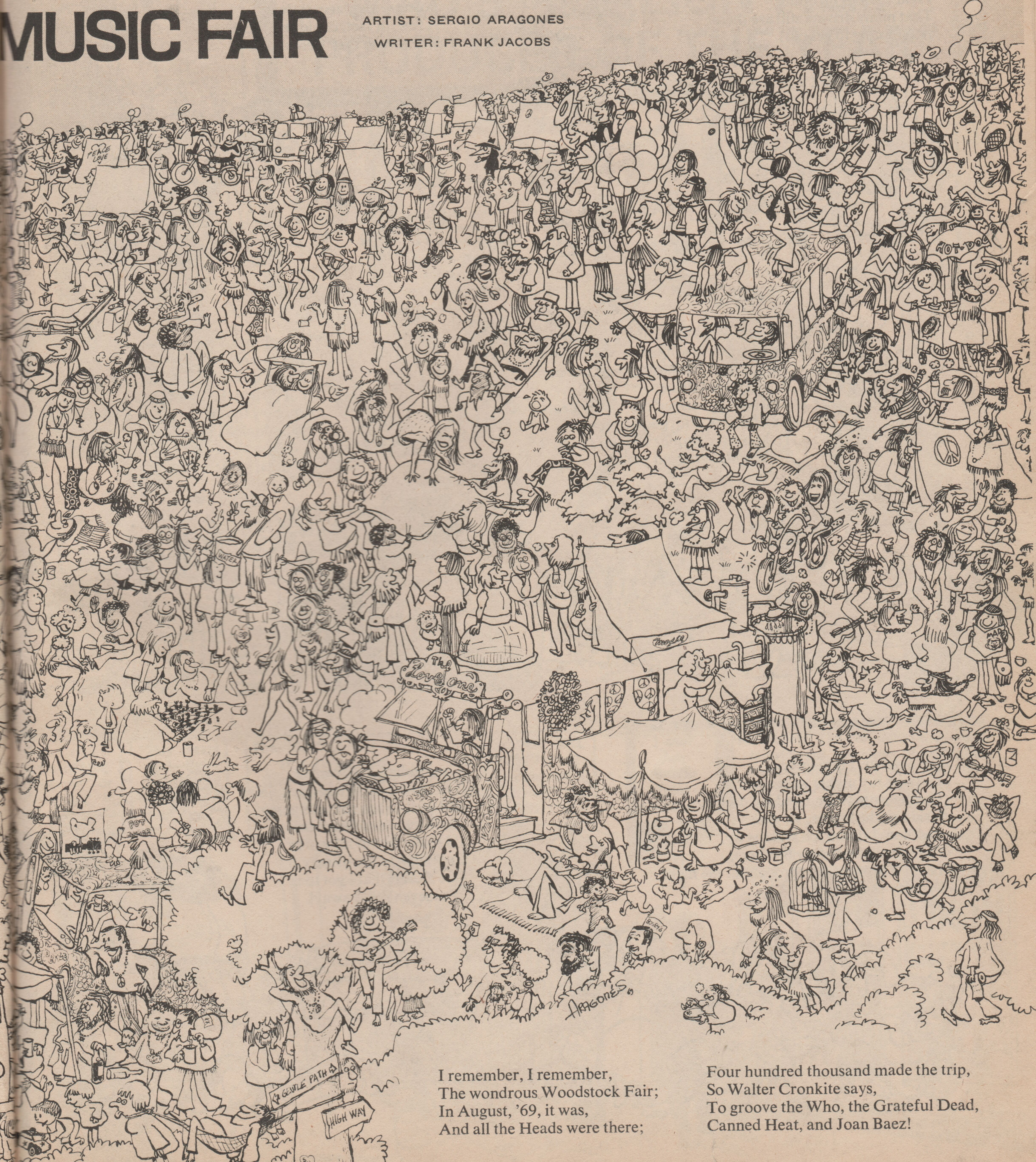
I REMEMBER,
THE WONDROUS WOODSTOCK


MAD
PT POWER
DAVID'S
SOAP
FUZZ
LOVE
NEW YORK STATE POLICE FUZZ
LOVE
AXOLOTL
PORRZEBIE HOTEL

I REMEMBER

MUSIC FAIR

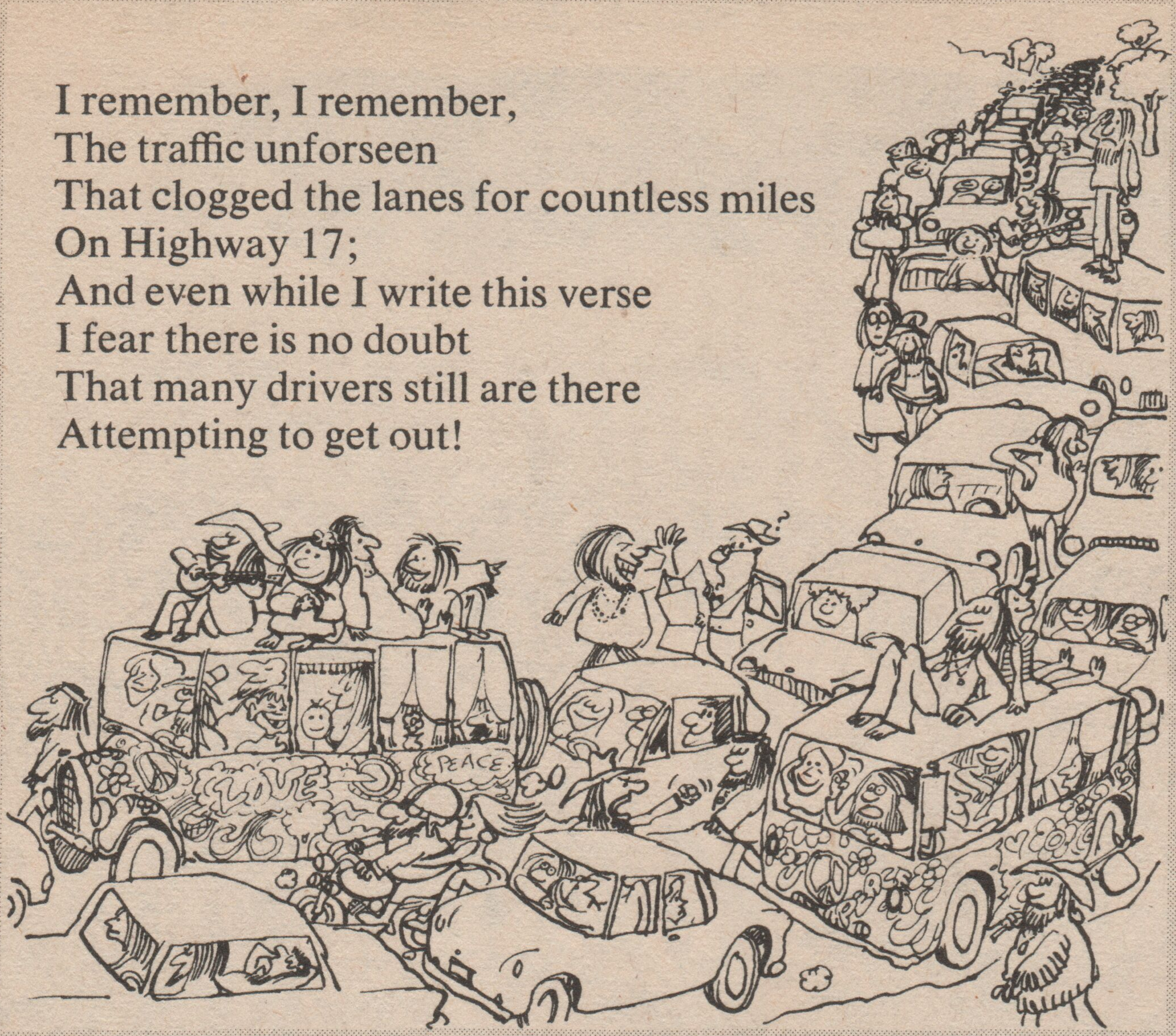
ARTIST: SERGIO ARAGONES
WRITER: FRANK JACOBS


PEACE LOVE
LOVE
HOT-DOG
LOVE
PEACE
WATER
The Love ones
POT
ARAGONES
GENTLE PATH
HIGH WAY

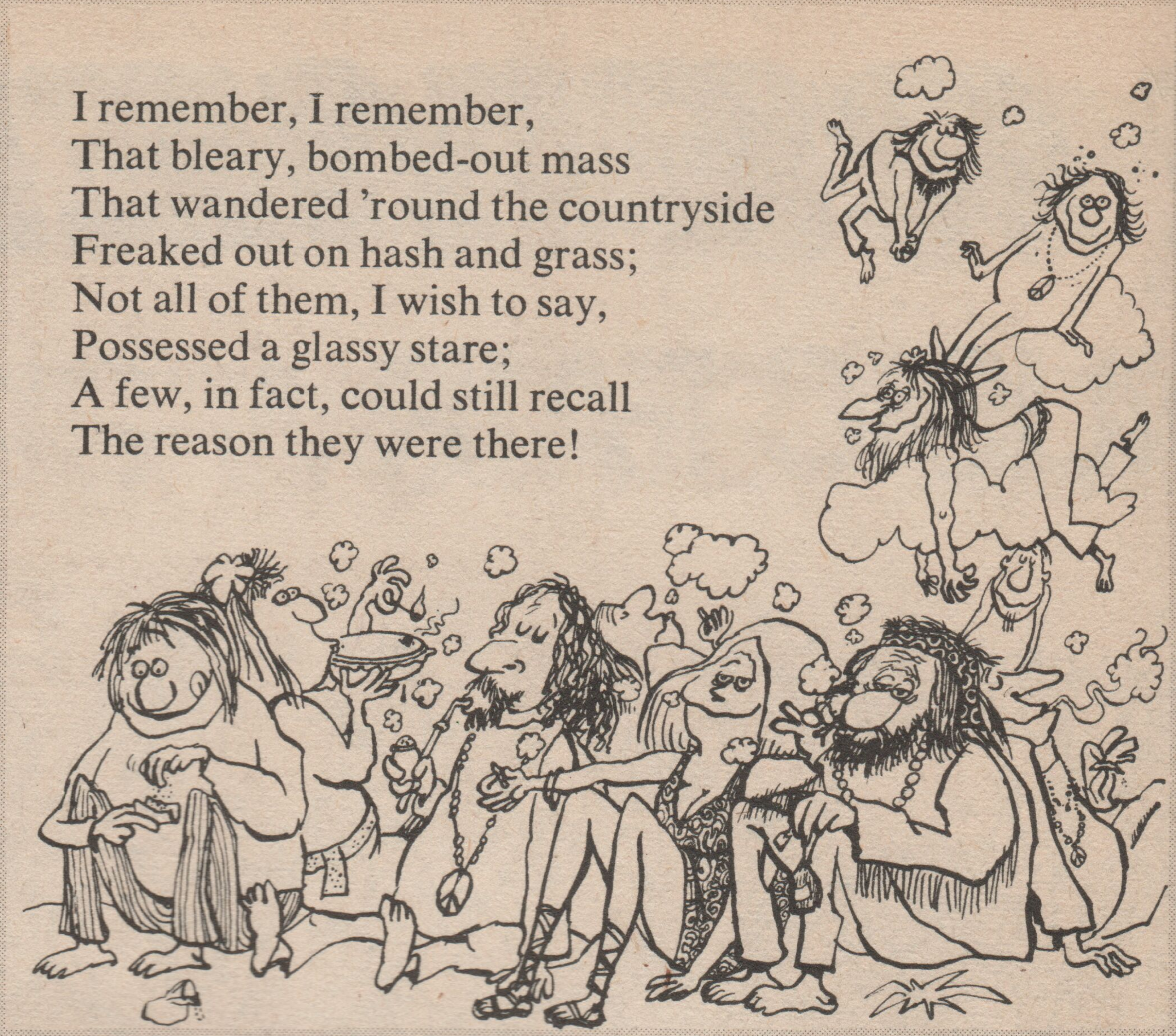
I remember, I remember,
The wondrous Woodstock Fair;
In August, '69, it was,
And all the Heads were there;

Four hundred thousand made the trip,
So Walter Cronkite says,
To groove the Who, the Grateful Dead,
Canned Heat, and Joan Baez!

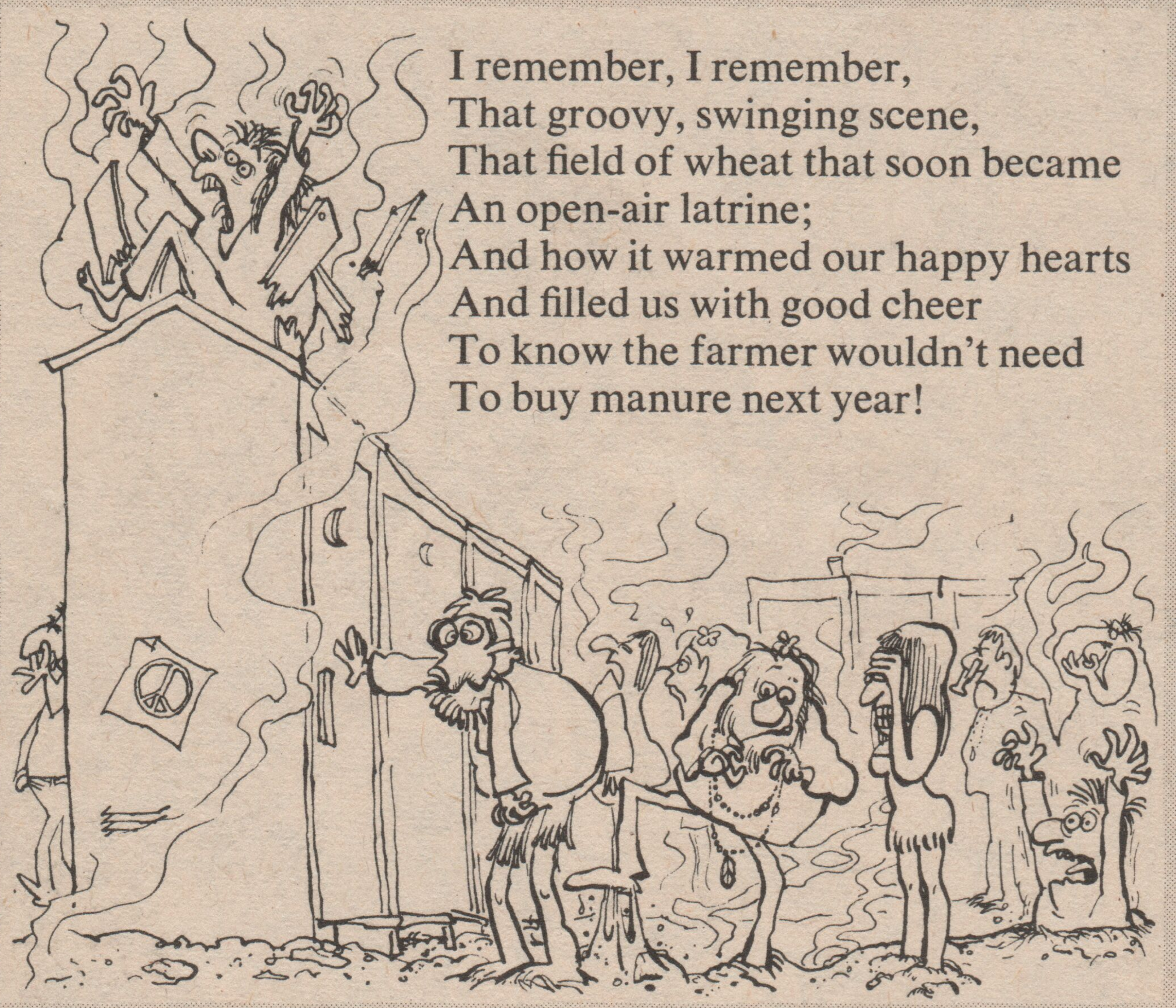
I remember, I remember,
The traffic unforseen
That clogged the lanes for countless miles
On Highway 17;
And even while I write this verse
I fear there is no doubt
That many drivers still are there
Attempting to get out!



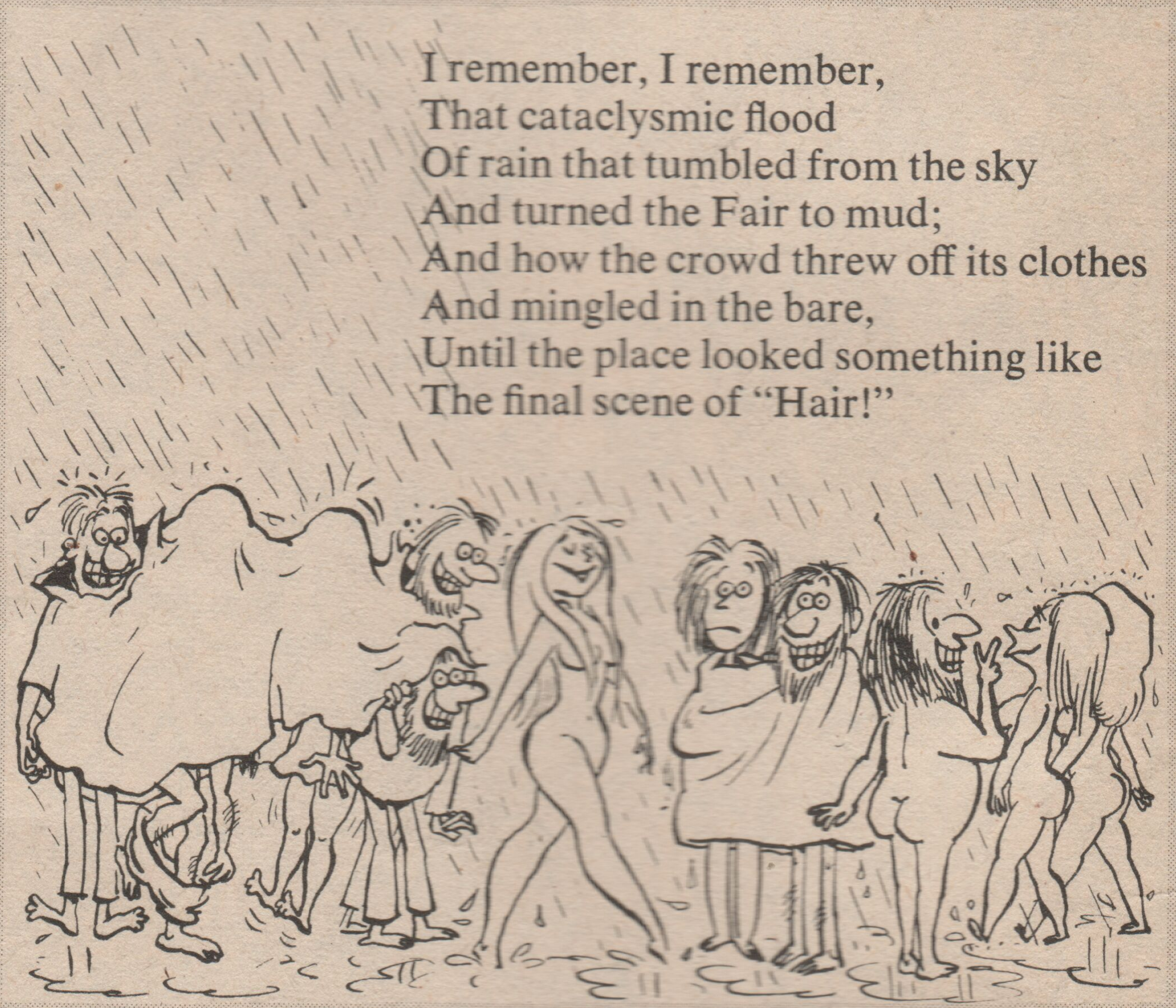
I remember, I remember,
That bleary, bombed-out mass
That wandered 'round the countryside
Freaked out on hash and grass;
Not all of them, I wish to say,
Possessed a glassy stare;
A few, in fact, could still recall
The reason they were there!



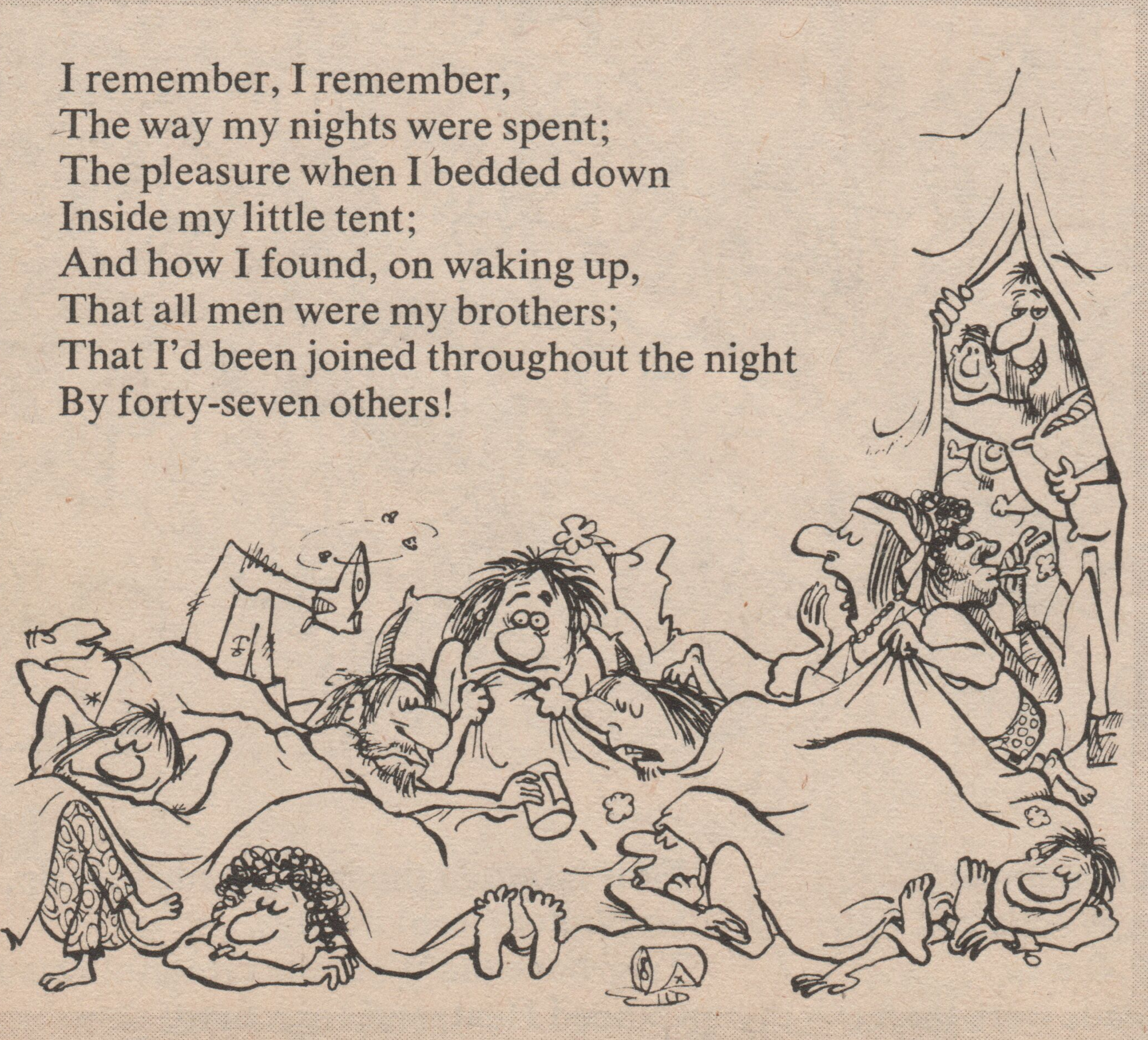
I remember, I remember,
That groovy, swinging scene,
That field of wheat that soon became
An open-air latrine;
And how it warmed our happy hearts
And filled us with good cheer
To know the farmer wouldn't need
To buy manure next year!



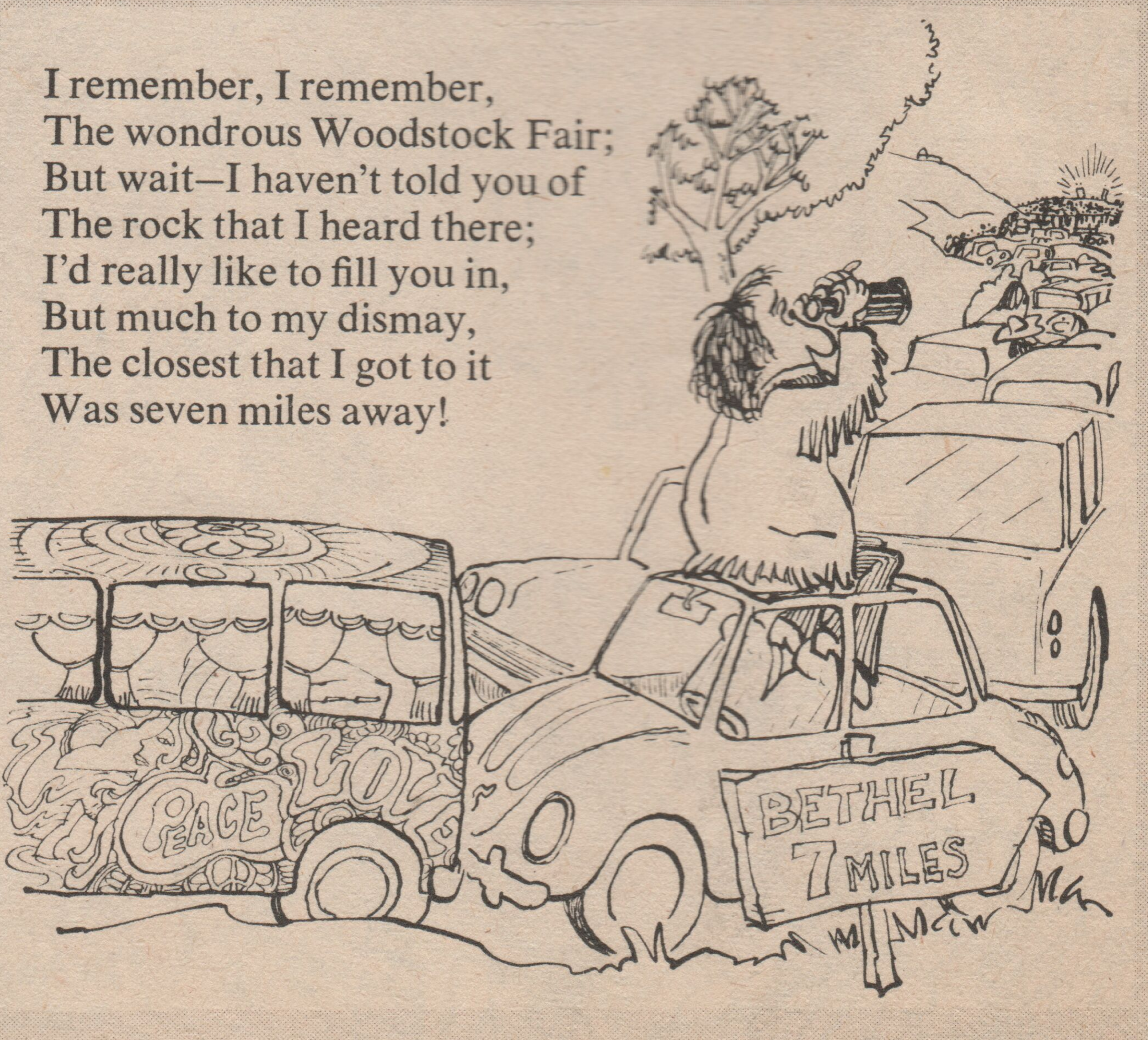
I remember, I remember,
That cataclysmic flood
Of rain that tumbled from the sky
And turned the Fair to mud;
And how the crowd threw off its clothes
And mingled in the bare,
Until the place looked something like
The final scene of "Hair!"



I remember, I remember,
The way my nights were spent;
The pleasure when I bedded down
Inside my little tent;
And how I found, on waking up,
That all men were my brothers;
That I'd been joined throughout the night
By forty-seven others!

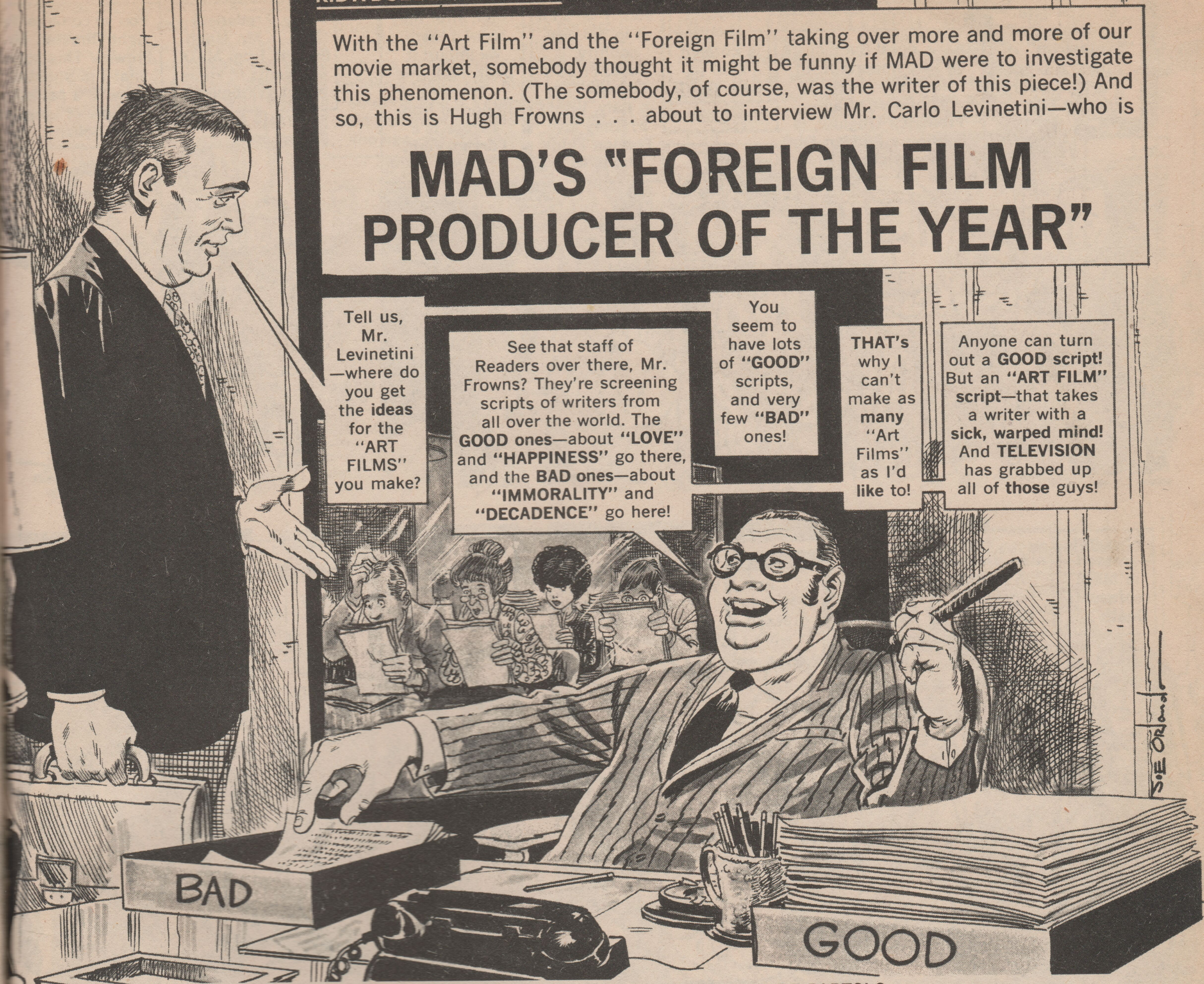


I remember, I remember,
The wondrous Woodstock Fair;
But wait—I haven't told you of
The rock that I heard there;
I'd really like to fill you in,
But much to my dismay,
The closest that I got to it
Was seven miles away!

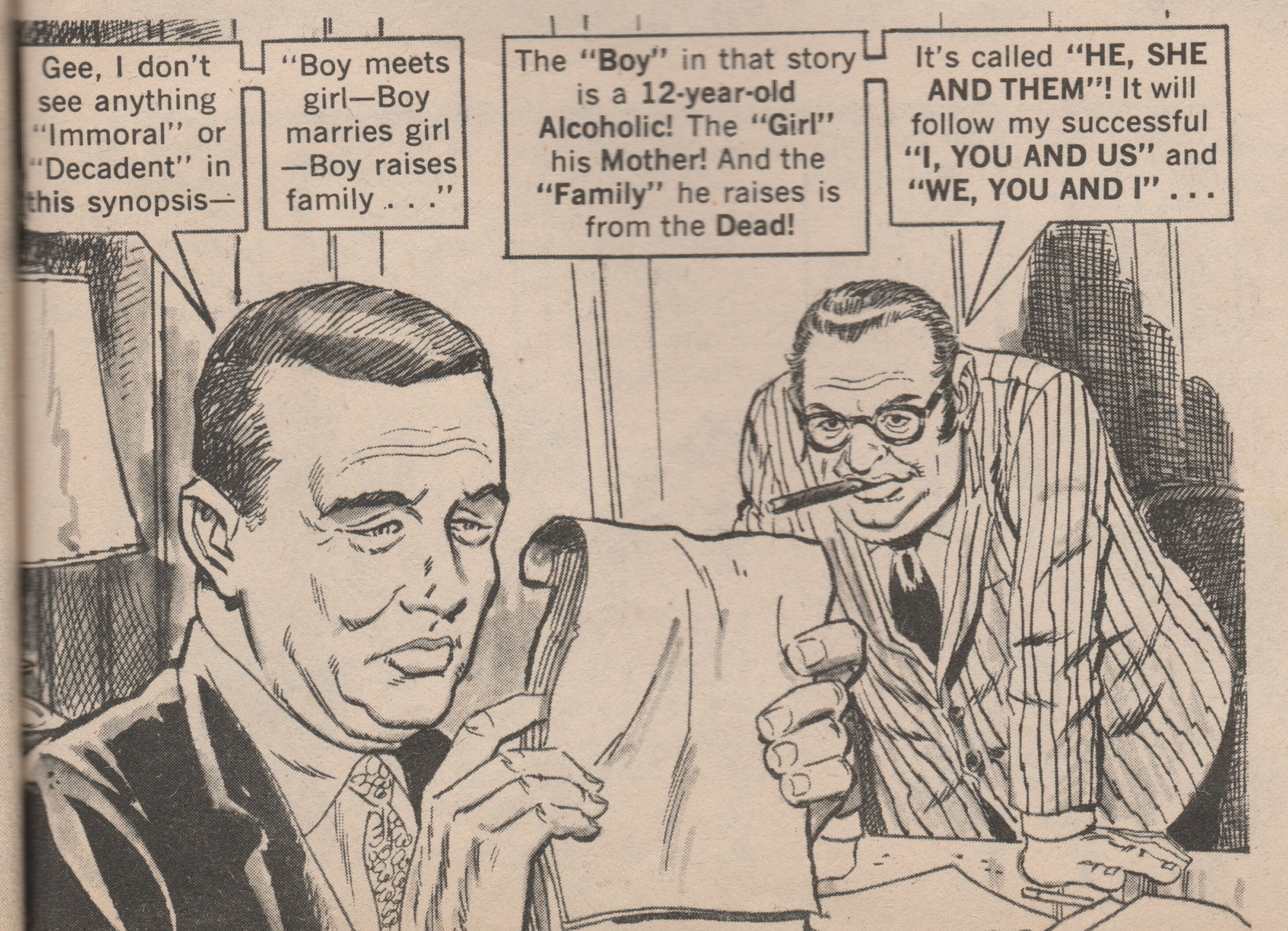


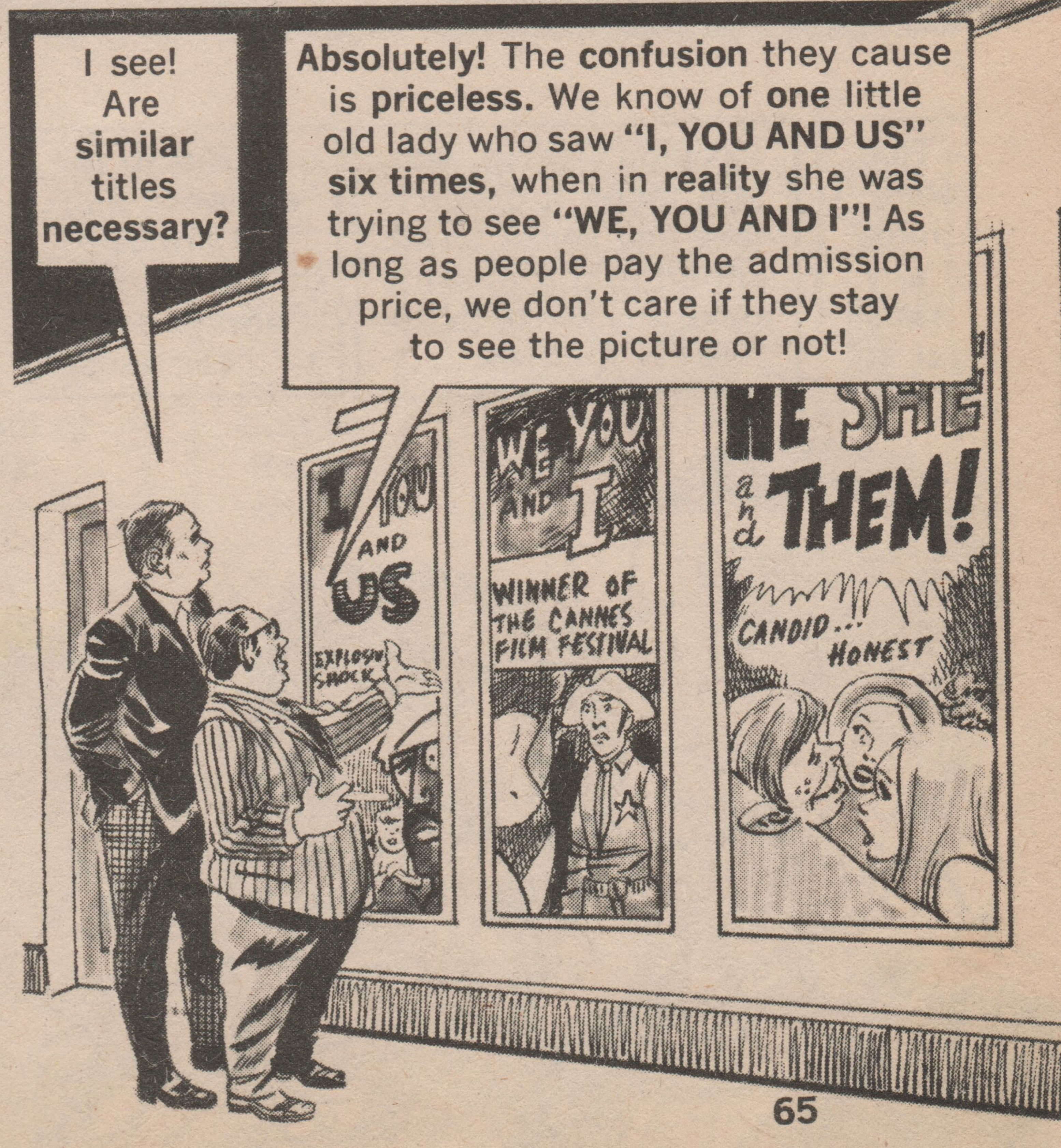
With the "Art Film" and the "Foreign Film" taking over more and more of our movie market, somebody thought it might be funny if MAD were to investigate this phenomenon. (The somebody, of course, was the writer of this piece!) And so, this is Hugh Frowns . . . about to interview Mr. Carlo Levinetini—who is

MAD'S "FOREIGN FILM PRODUCER OF THE YEAR"

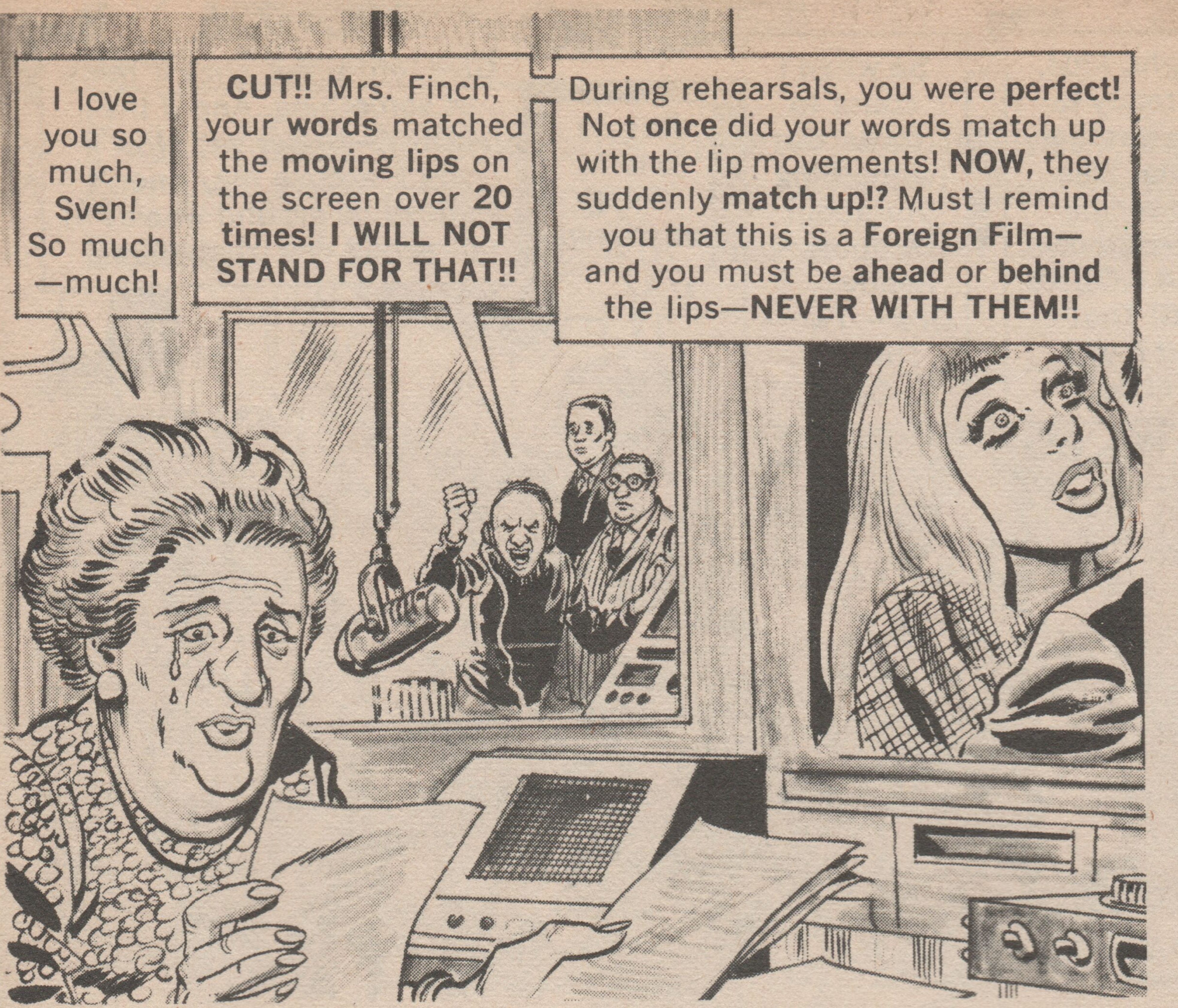

Tell us, Mr. Levinetini—where do you get the **ideas** for the "ART FILMS" you make?
See that staff of Readers over there, Mr. Frowns? They're screening scripts of writers from all over the world. The **GOOD ones**—about **"LOVE"** and **"HAPPINESS"** go there, and the **BAD ones**—about **"IMMORALITY"** and **"DECADENCE"** go here!
You seem to have lots of **"GOOD"** scripts, and very few **"BAD"** ones!
THAT's why I can't make as **many** "Art Films" as I'd **like** to!
Anyone can turn out a **GOOD script!** But an **"ART FILM" script**—that takes a writer with a **sick, warped mind!** And **TELEVISION** has grabbed up all of **those** guys!
BAD
GOOD
JOE Orlando

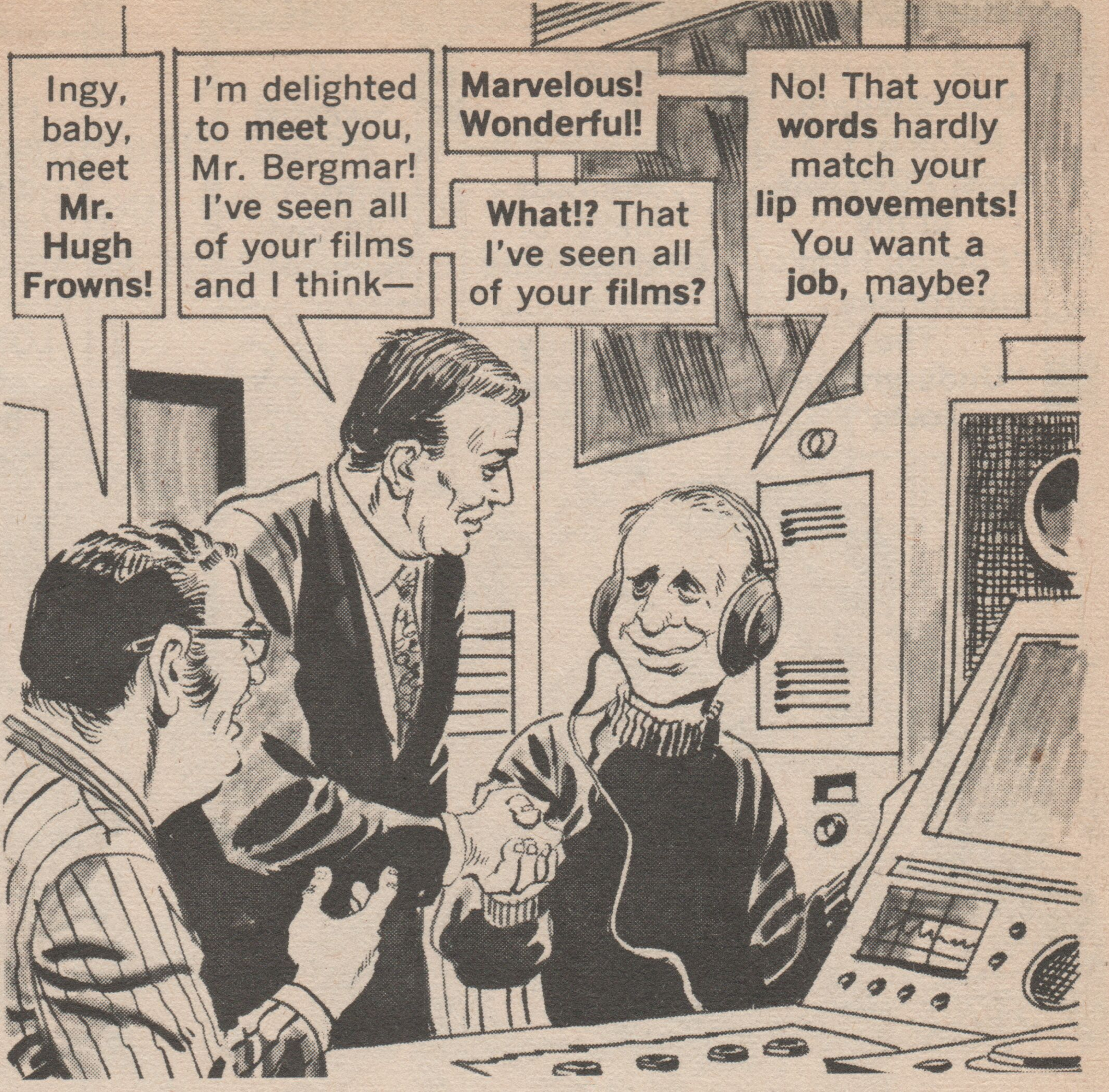
ARTIST: JOE ORLANDO WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

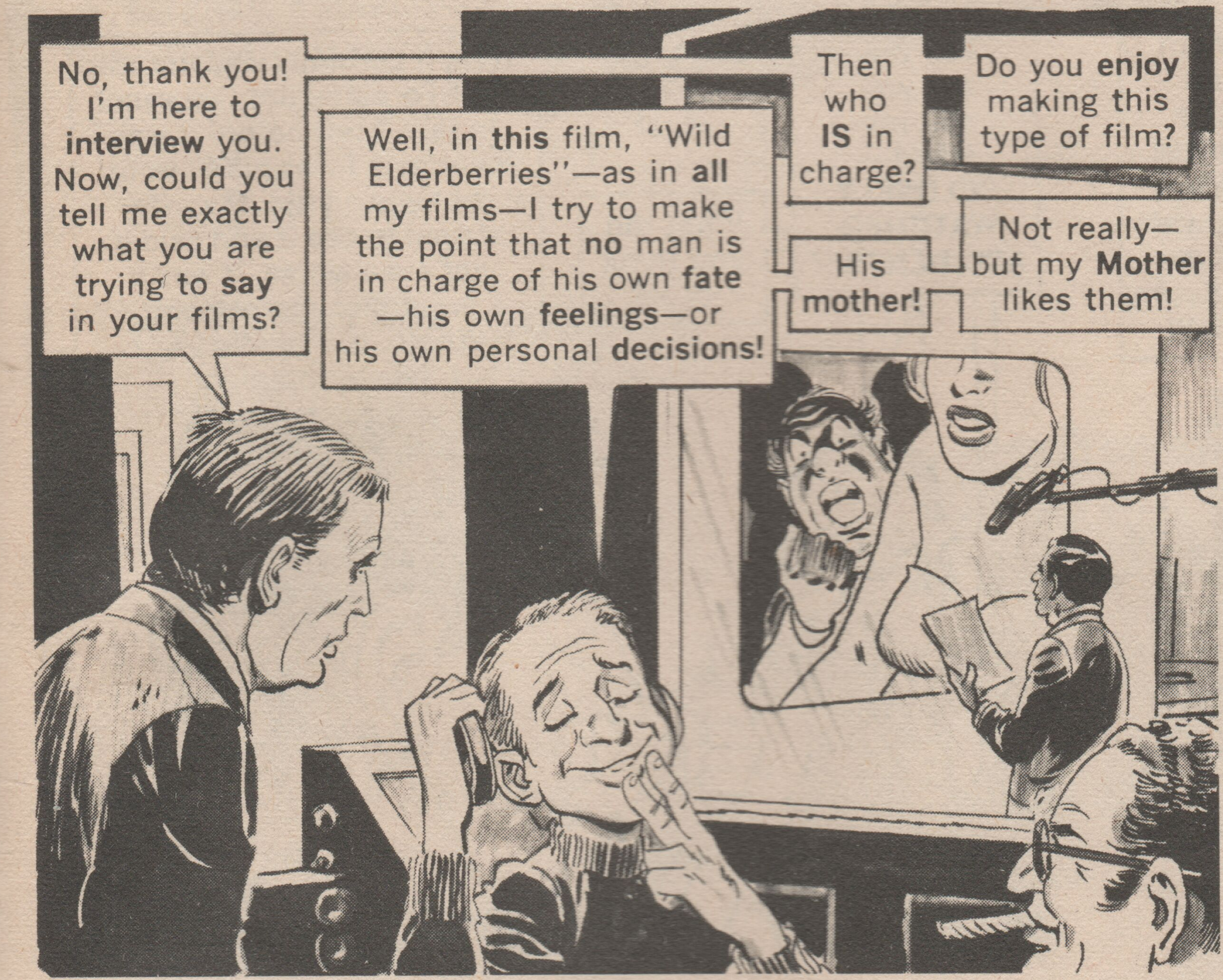

Gee, I don't see anything "Immoral" or "Decadent" in **this synopsis**—
"Boy meets girl—Boy marries girl—Boy raises family . . ."
The **"Boy"** in that story is a **12-year-old Alcoholic!** The **"Girl"** his **Mother!** And the **"Family"** he raises is from the **Dead!**
It's called **"HE, SHE AND THEM"!** It will follow my successful **"I, YOU AND US"** and **"WE, YOU AND I" . . .**

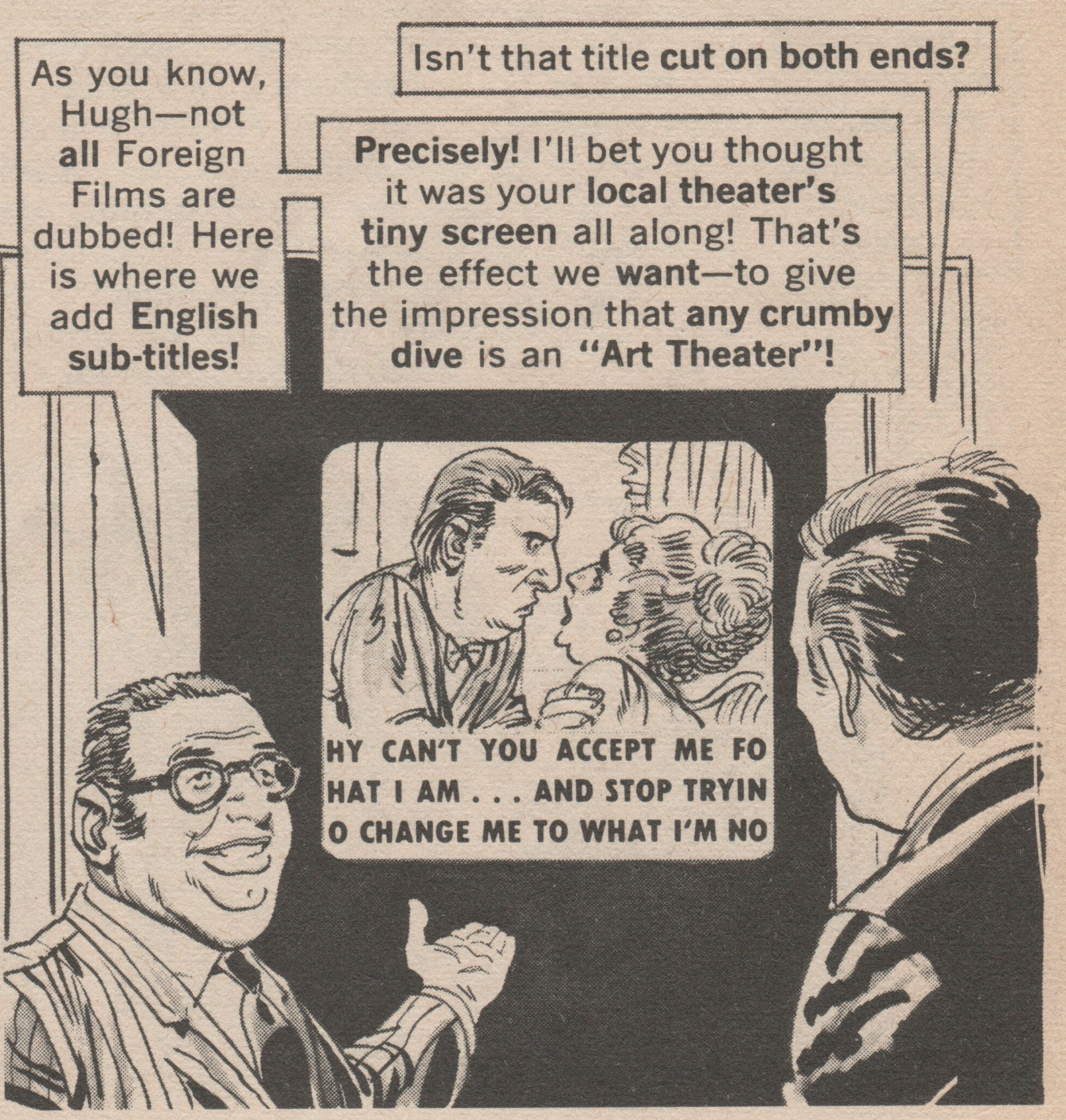

I see! Are **similar titles necessary?**
Absolutely! The **confusion** they cause is **priceless.** We know of **one** little old lady who saw **"I, YOU AND US" six times,** when in **reality** she was trying to see **"WE, YOU AND I"!** As long as people pay the admission price, we don't care if they stay to see the picture or not!
I YOU AND US
EXPLOSIVE SHOCK
WE YOU AND I
WINNER OF THE CANNES FILM FESTIVAL
HE SHE and THEM!
CANDID... HONEST

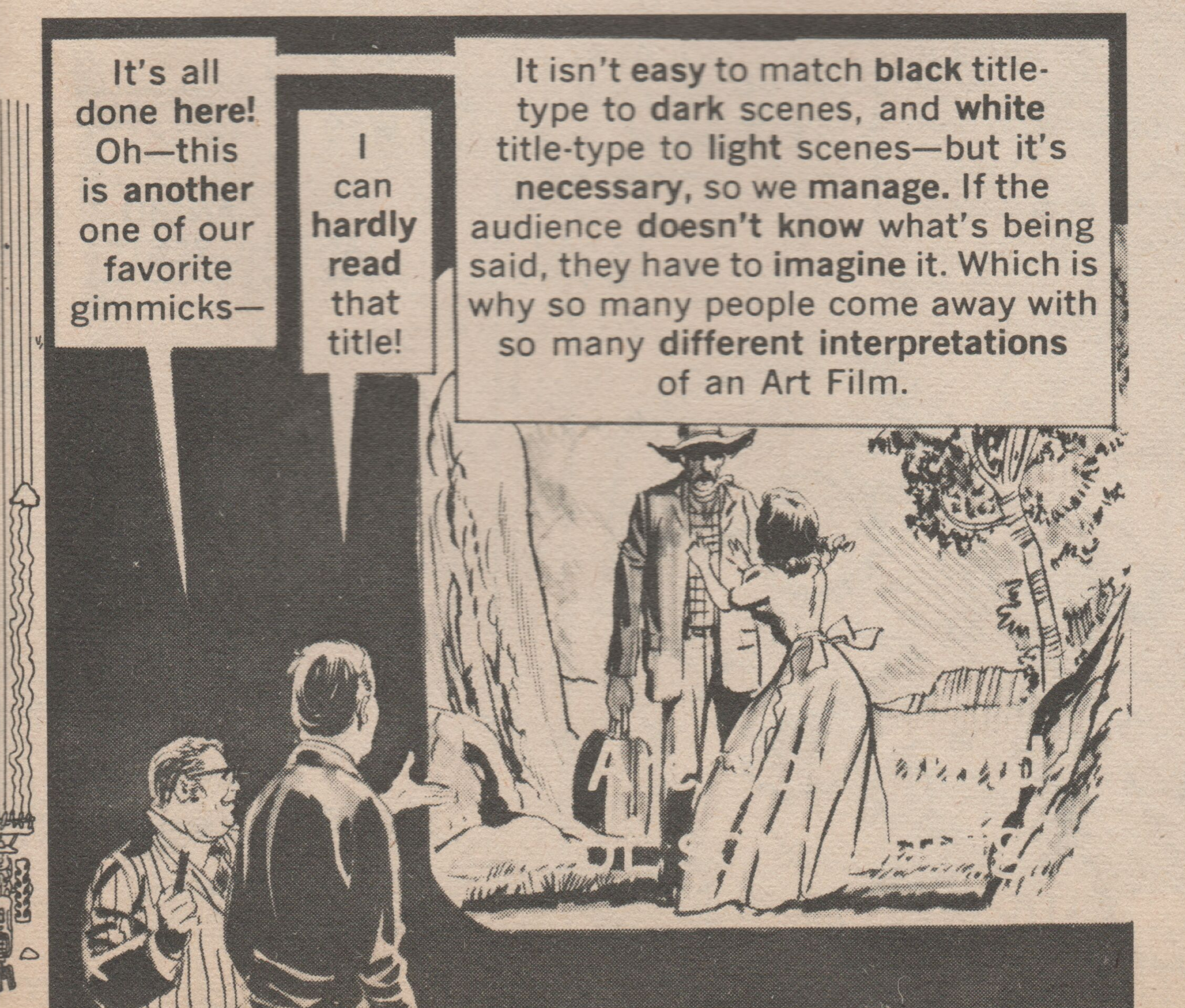
Mr. Levinetini, I notice that "Symbolism" is used a great deal in your Foreign Films—
That's right! Symbolism is very important. In fact, the greatest symbolist of all—Frederico Linguini, is shooting a Foreign Film here right now!
Linguini is shooting a Foreign Film in New York?!
So!? If he shot it in his own country, it wouldn't be a Foreign Film in Italy, would it? They love Foreign Films there, too!
Then, after they show it there, we import it back here! And any film imported from Europe is a Foreign Film, right?
Hey, Frederico! This is Mr. Hugh Frowns from MAD. He wants to know about symbolism!
You've come to th right Director, Mr. Frowns! This scene that I'm shooting now is a perfect example of Linguin symbolism . . .
That girl dressed in black represents Death . . .
. . . that man dressed in purple represents Desire . . .
. . . that woman in green represents Rage . . .
. . . and that man dressed in white?
Oh, he's the Good Humor Man! Would you like something? A chocolate pop—or a vanilla cup?
N-no! Nothing, thanks! For a minute there, I thought he was in the movie!
He IS—NOW! So are you two!
You mean anyone who walks in here becomes part of the movie?!
That's nothing! We leave food o the floor! You should see what kind of wildlife we've filmed!
SUBWAY
WALL ST
UPTOW
GOOD
That doesn't make any sense at all!
I couldn't agree with you more! It doesn't make any sense to ME, either! And it doesn't make any sense to the cast or the crew . . .
. . . But to the audience and the critics—God bless 'em—it always seems to make sense!
Excuse me, Mr. Linguini, but I don't know how to handle this scene! I—I understand it!
No wonder! These pages are in the correct order! Fire the script girl at once!
Attention everyone! There is something terribly RIGHT with the script!
So we will shoot it in this order: Page 1—then page 4—2—9—3—46—10—5—31 . . .
C'mon, Hugh! Let's see what Ingmar Bergmar is doing! He's in our English Dubbing Room!

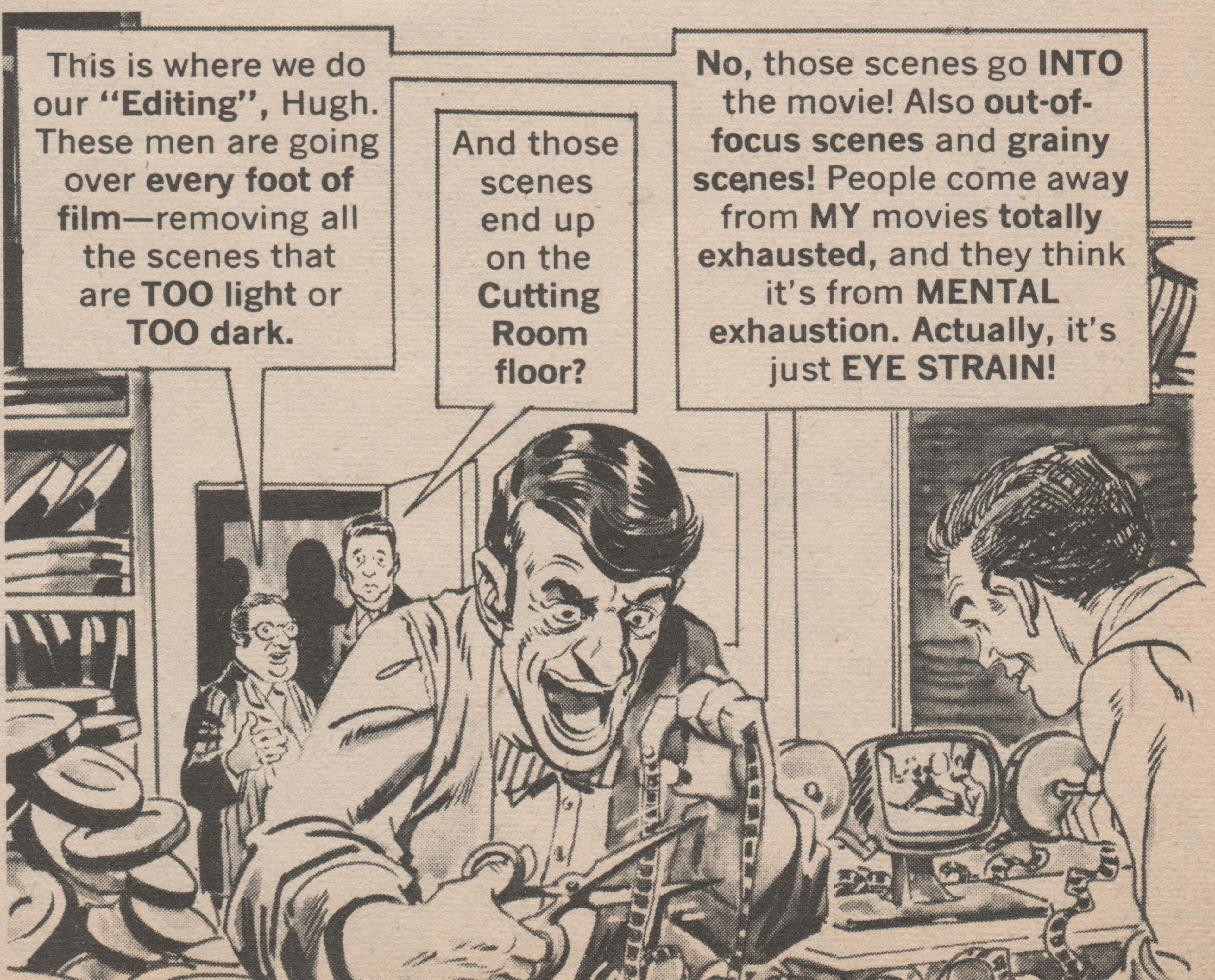

I love you so much, Sven! So much—much!
CUT!! Mrs. Finch, your words matched the moving lips on the screen over 20 times! I WILL NOT STAND FOR THAT!!
During rehearsals, you were perfect! Not once did your words match up with the lip movements! NOW, they suddenly match up!? Must I remind you that this is a Foreign Film—and you must be ahead or behind the lips—NEVER WITH THEM!!


Ingy, baby, meet Mr. Hugh Frowns!
I'm delighted to meet you, Mr. Bergmar! I've seen all of your films and I think—
Marvelous! Wonderful!
What!? That I've seen all of your films?
No! That your words hardly match your lip movements! You want a job, maybe?


No, thank you! I'm here to interview you. Now, could you tell me exactly what you are trying to say in your films?
Well, in this film, "Wild Elderberries"—as in all my films—I try to make the point that no man is in charge of his own fate—his own feelings—or his own personal decisions!
Then who IS in charge?
His mother!
Do you enjoy making this type of film?
Not really—but my Mother likes them!


As you know, Hugh—not all Foreign Films are dubbed! Here is where we add English sub-titles!
Isn't that title cut on both ends?
Precisely! I'll bet you thought it was your local theater's tiny screen all along! That's the effect we want—to give the impression that any crumby dive is an "Art Theater"!
HY CAN'T YOU ACCEPT ME FO
HAT I AM . . . AND STOP TRYIN
O CHANGE ME TO WHAT I'M NO

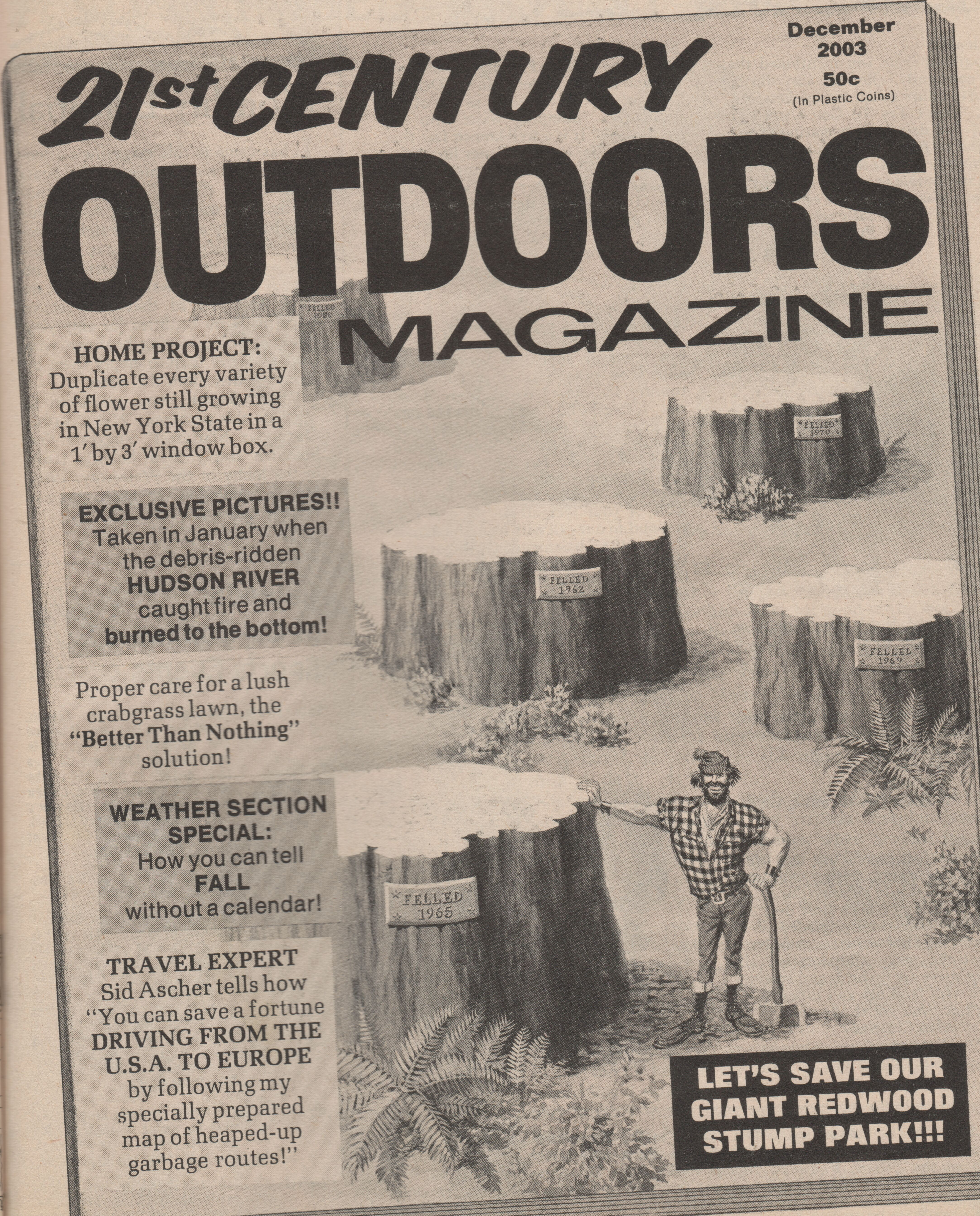

It's all done here! Oh—this is another one of our favorite gimmicks—
I can hardly read that title!
It isn't easy to match black title-type to dark scenes, and white title-type to light scenes—but it's necessary, so we manage. If the audience doesn't know what's being said, they have to imagine it. Which is why so many people come away with so many different interpretations of an Art Film.


This is where we do our "Editing", Hugh. These men are going over every foot of film—removing all the scenes that are TOO light or TOO dark.
And those scenes end up on the Cutting Room floor?
No, those scenes go INTO the movie! Also out-of-focus scenes and grainy scenes! People come away from MY movies totally exhausted, and they think it's from MENTAL exhaustion. Actually, it's just EYE STRAIN!

And now, into the **cellar** and home of the most **FOREIGN** of my "Foreign Film" enterprises . . . **The "Underground Movie"**!
Hugh—this is the world's foremost maker of Underground Movies . . . **Mr. Andy Wormhole—**
Hi, Sweetie! I'll be with you in one moment—
All right, kids. I'm ready to make **another movie.** This one will be about—**about**—er— **14 HOURS LONG! That's what it will be about!**
So when I count to three, **do something** for about **14 hours—** Ready . . . ? One— Two— Three . . . **GO!!**
But no one is **doing** anything!
Give 'em **time!** They'll **think** of something. And if they **DON'T—better yet!** Now if you'll **excuse** me, I don't want to be around when I'm directing one of my films!
I see you've won plenty of **awards.** You must make **excellent movies!**
The movies I make are all **BOMBS!**
But there are **1,467 Foreign Film Festivals a year,** Hugh . . . and only **750 Foreign Films!** So it's **impossible** not to win **SOMETHING!** Last week, the **"Coming Attractions"** of one of my films won the **"Gerard Fokker Bronze Medal"**, the **"Juan Valdez Blue Ribbon"** and the **"South Flatbush Film Festival Festoon"**!
Tell me, did you see my **latest— "CLOSELY WATCHED ACCIDENTS"?**
Oh! Was that one **yours?**
What did you **think** of it?
Well, it certainly was not the **best** Foreign Film I've seen! In fact, I **left** before it was **over,** and I was glad I went out when I **did.** My wife stayed to **see it** and said **it** got even **worse.** It was a **great disappointment!** That's my **candid** and **honest opinion!**
Thank you, Hugh! May I **quote you** in one of my full-page ads?
You want to quote a **negative reaction** like that?
Well, we won't have room for **ALL** of it, but I'm sure we can use **parts** of it!
Be my guest, Mr. Levinetini—and thank you for a most enlightening interview! Bye!
Hello, Sid? I want a full-page ad for **"Closely Watched Accidents"** tomorrow. Take down these review quotes . . .
". . . THE BEST FOREIGN FILM I'VE SEEN!"
". . . SEE IT"
"IT WAS . . . GREAT"
". . . CANDID AND HONEST"
". . . I WAS GLAD I WENT"
EXIT

WE WILL BURY US! DEPT.

Today MAN is ploughing under—paving over—digging out—filling in—chopping up—and shooting down most of his natural resources without any regard to the future! Because of this, what will Man's future be like? Let's read MAD's version of . . .



December
2003

50c
(In Plastic Coins)

21st CENTURY OUTDOORS MAGAZINE

HOME PROJECT:
Duplicate every variety of flower still growing in New York State in a 1′ by 3′ window box.

EXCLUSIVE PICTURES!!
Taken in January when the debris-ridden **HUDSON RIVER** caught fire and **burned to the bottom!**

Proper care for a lush crabgrass lawn, the **"Better Than Nothing"** solution!

WEATHER SECTION SPECIAL:
How you can tell **FALL** without a calendar!

TRAVEL EXPERT
Sid Ascher tells how "You can save a fortune **DRIVING FROM THE U.S.A. TO EUROPE** by following my specially prepared map of heaped-up garbage routes!"

LET'S SAVE OUR GIANT REDWOOD STUMP PARK!!!

FELLED 1960
FELLED 1970
FELLED 1962
FELLED 1969
FELLED 1965

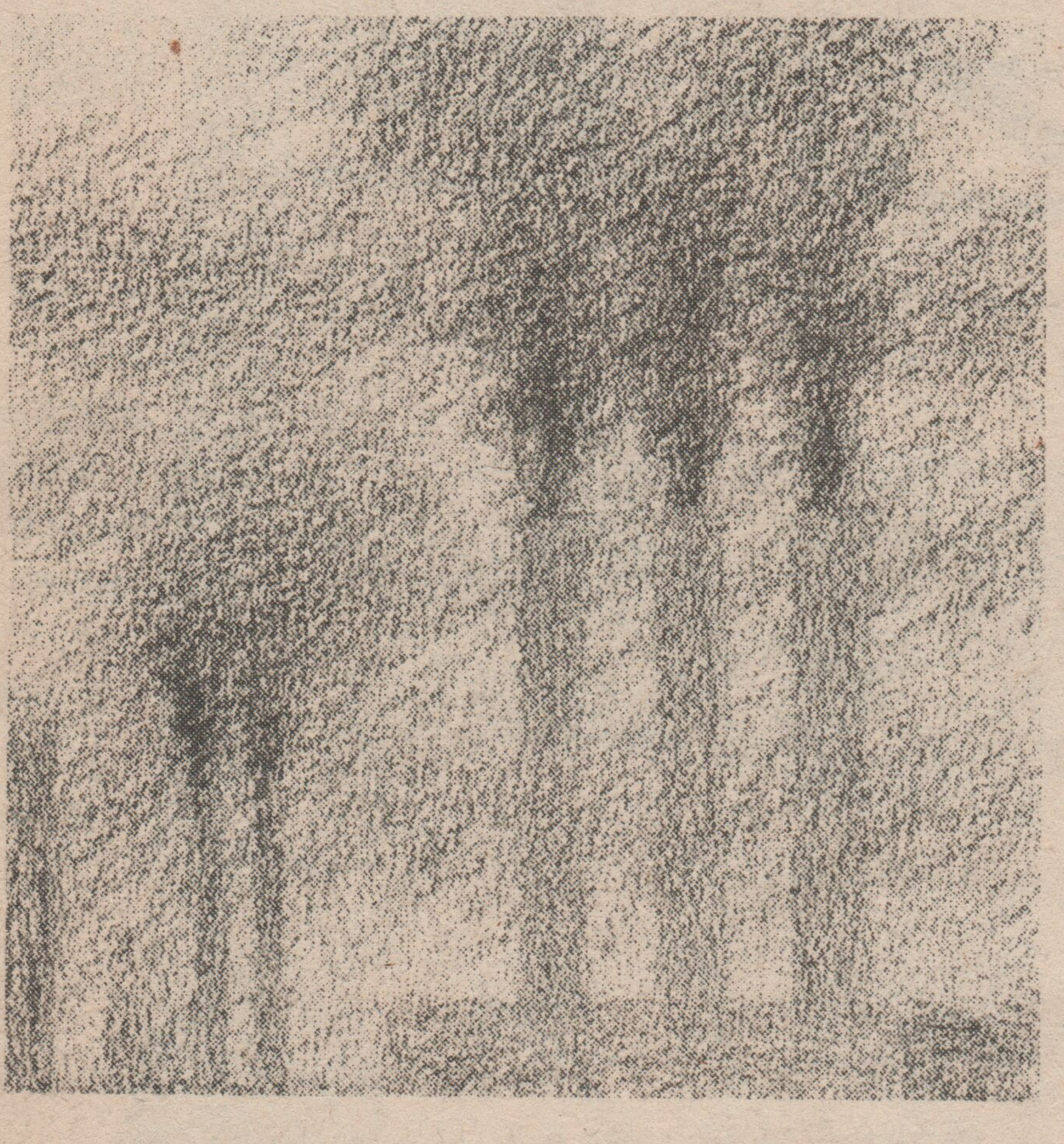
THE END IS NEAR

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

Our Letters Page

Gentlemen:
In your last issue you mentioned that we "constantly allowed air-polluting smoke to billow out of the smokestacks," (p.47, "Don't Try To Con Us, Edison Co."). We defy your magazine or anyone else to *prove* that! Visibility in the air around our plants is near zero, making it *impossible* to see our smokestacks, let alone what billows out of them!

Sally Soot
Public Relations
Carnivorous Ed. Co.



We **have** proof, but it would only be throwing "more coal on the fires."
Ed.

Sirs:
I think you make too much of the soot in our cities. Let's hear about something else for a change!

Morton Fenster
President
Hillside Dry Cleaning Chain

Gentlemen:
The last laugh is *ours!* Your magazine opposed our airport, stating countless times how "it would destroy the Everglades." Well, we've been here over 30 years and so have the Everglades! As a matter of fact, they're better than ever now that the pesky alligators are all gone and there are no birds and trees to interfere with landings and take-offs.

What have you got to say now?

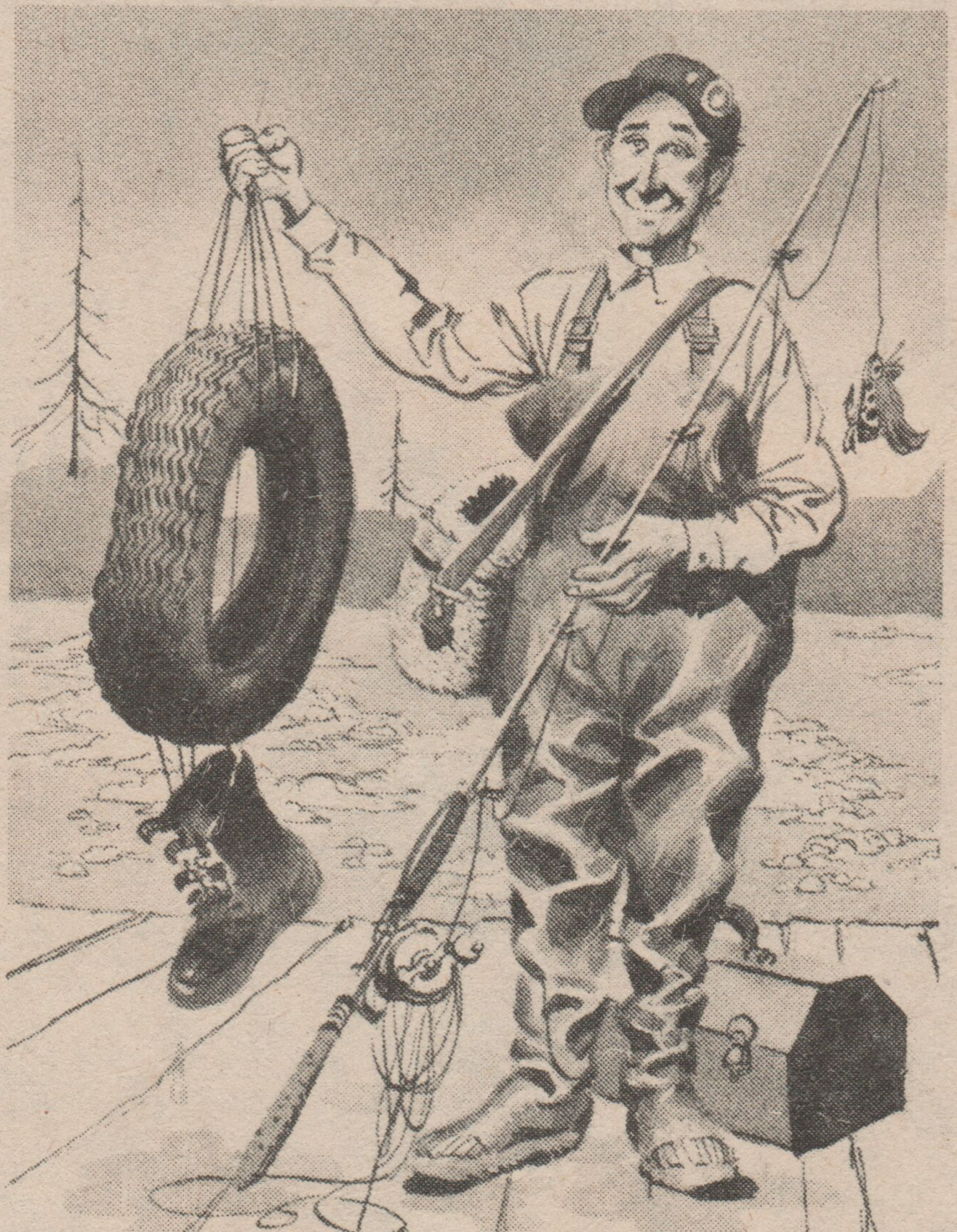
Alan C. Debris
Director
Dade County Port Authority

Sirs:
We of the Martin Packing Co. take exception to your editorial in the October issue which mentioned us as one of the companies "dumping waste into the waterways." It is a well-known fact that fish and other forms of water life *thrive* on garbage! And we are supplying it free of charge! If they don't want it and would rather become extinct, that's *their* problem, not ours!

R. J. Martin
President
Martin Packing Co.

Sirs:
As Game Warden of LaGoone Township, I would appreciate your printing this letter of appeal to your readers. Like most other lakes throughout the country, LaGoone Lake has been "fished out" for years, but our well-stocked supply of tires and boots kept anglers busy, if not entirely satisfied. Now, it would appear that our last tire was caught several months ago, and our galoshes border on extinction. We're hoping some of your sympathetic readers will respond to our call with donations from their attics, basements, and garages. Without their help, I'm afraid I won't be able to sell many more fishing licenses (at $25 per year).

Yours in conservation,
Lloyd (Lefty) Fishman
Albany, New York



COVER STORY: The Editors make this appeal to the Department of the Interior in hope they will decline the proposition before them now which would mean the reduction of the "Giant Redwood Stump Park" from 200 acres to 5 acres. 21st CENTURY OUTDOORS MAGAZINE believes this park should be saved for the sheer magnificence of seeing the remains of these trees which once grew over 150 ft. tall. And we refute the lumber industry and their powerful lobby who make the claim that a sawdust and toothpick shortage would imperil the nation's economy!

Monthly Editorial

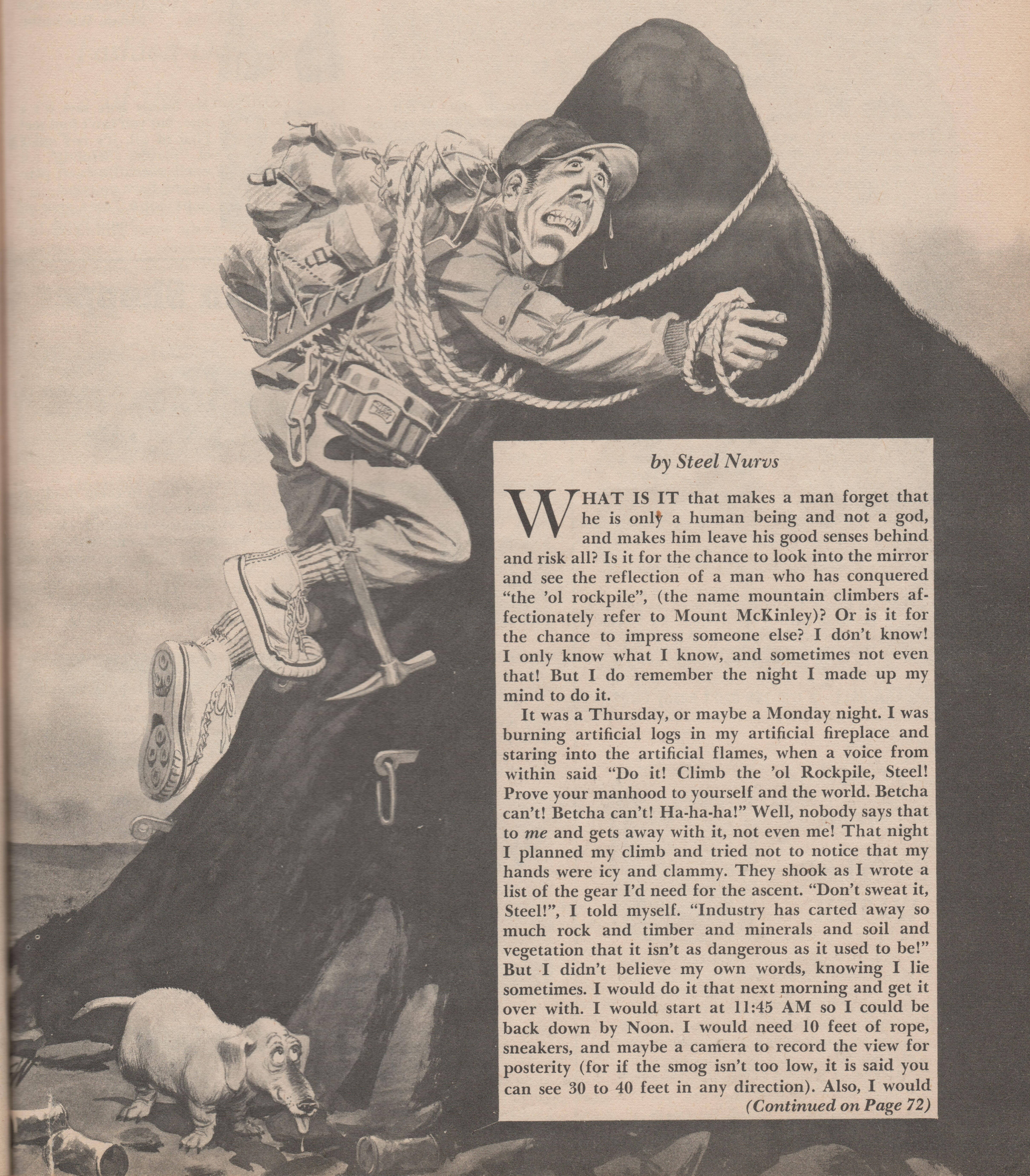
It has come to this magazine's attention that most states require boats with heads ("johns", for you landlubbers) to use a *holding tank*. This was basically a step in the right direction, for holding tanks have no outside connections and therefore no wastes go into the water. However, we have also learned that most states have made no facilities for emptying holding tanks, leaving boatmen with no alternative than to empty them by *dumping* them into the water.

Until adequate steps are taken to alleviate this problem, "21st CENTURY OUTDOORS MAGAZINE" suggests that boatmen empty their holding tanks in the lobby of the Waterways Planning Commission. It might prompt them to faster action.

Calendar of Up-Coming Sports Events

June 17-19th	Opening of Baseball Season. Again, just as last year, it looked like Baseball wasn't going to open because there was no area large enough to play, but at the very last minute a fine citizen volunteered the space. This year's first game will be played in Frank Adduci's basement, 67 Grant Street, New York City.
June 28-29th	National Oil Slick Surfing Competition, Santa Barbara, Calif.
July 1-4th	East Coast Invitational Garbage-Mobile Tournament. This sport is growing almost as fast as the garbage piles. Thrill to the sport of driving bulldozers through garbage drifts! Novices will plough through fresh garbage 2 feet thick. Pros will challenge each other in two and three month old heaps of garbage packed 30 to 40 feet deep. Admission $6.00. Nose-Plugs $2.00.
July 4th	Kite-Flying Contest. Since kites must be visible at all times for judges to see, no entry with more than a 5' string will be accepted.
Jan 1st	Tournament of Rose Parade. This year's rose is a beauty. It will be driven through town on a huge float, encased in magnifying glass, so all can get a good look.

THE DAY I GATHERED MY GUTS AND CLIMBED MOUNT McKINLEY



by Steel Nurvs

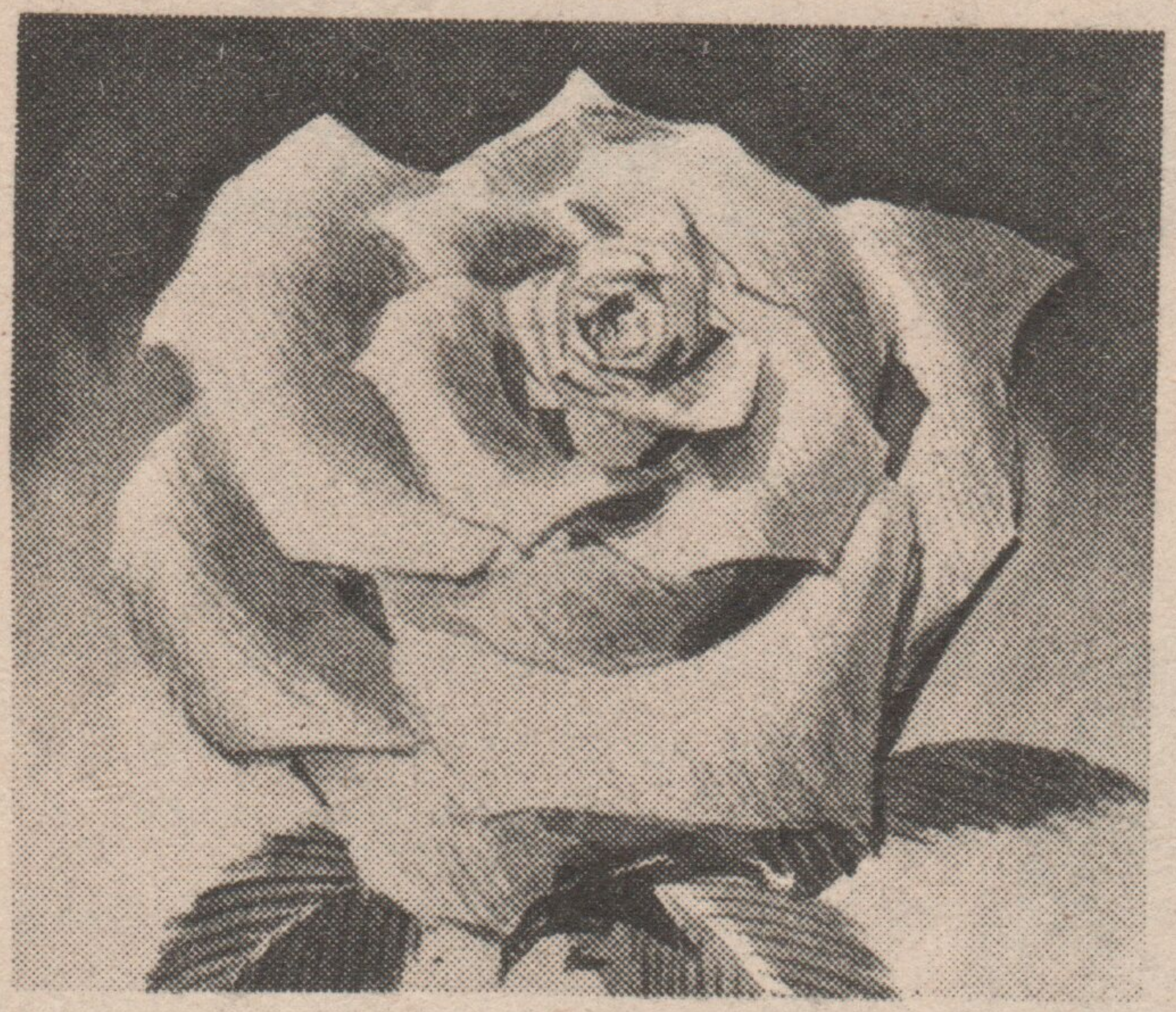
WHAT IS IT that makes a man forget that he is only a human being and not a god, and makes him leave his good senses behind and risk all? Is it for the chance to look into the mirror and see the reflection of a man who has conquered "the 'ol rockpile", (the name mountain climbers affectionately refer to Mount McKinley)? Or is it for the chance to impress someone else? I don't know! I only know what I know, and sometimes not even that! But I do remember the night I made up my mind to do it.

It was a Thursday, or maybe a Monday night. I was burning artificial logs in my artificial fireplace and staring into the artificial flames, when a voice from within said "Do it! Climb the 'ol Rockpile, Steel! Prove your manhood to yourself and the world. Betcha can't! Betcha can't! Ha-ha-ha!" Well, nobody says that to *me* and gets away with it, not even me! That night I planned my climb and tried not to notice that my hands were icy and clammy. They shook as I wrote a list of the gear I'd need for the ascent. "Don't sweat it, Steel!", I told myself. "Industry has carted away so much rock and timber and minerals and soil and vegetation that it isn't as dangerous as it used to be!" But I didn't believe my own words, knowing I lie sometimes. I would do it that next morning and get it over with. I would start at 11:45 AM so I could be back down by Noon. I would need 10 feet of rope, sneakers, and maybe a camera to record the view for posterity (for if the smog isn't too low, it is said you can see 30 to 40 feet in any direction). Also, I would

(Continued on Page 72)

The INQUIRING PHOTOGRAPHER

This month's picture quiz was submitted by Eric Chipneal, Wessel, Arizona



The question "What is this?" was asked of passers-by in Journal Square, New Jersey. A photograph of the object in question appears above.

I don't know, but when I touched it, it pricked my finger. Is it colored barbed wire?

Judy De Lizza
Wurtsboro, N.Y.

My parents used to tell me about something called "spinach" that grew in their day. Is this it?

Joe Theismann,
South River, Ore.

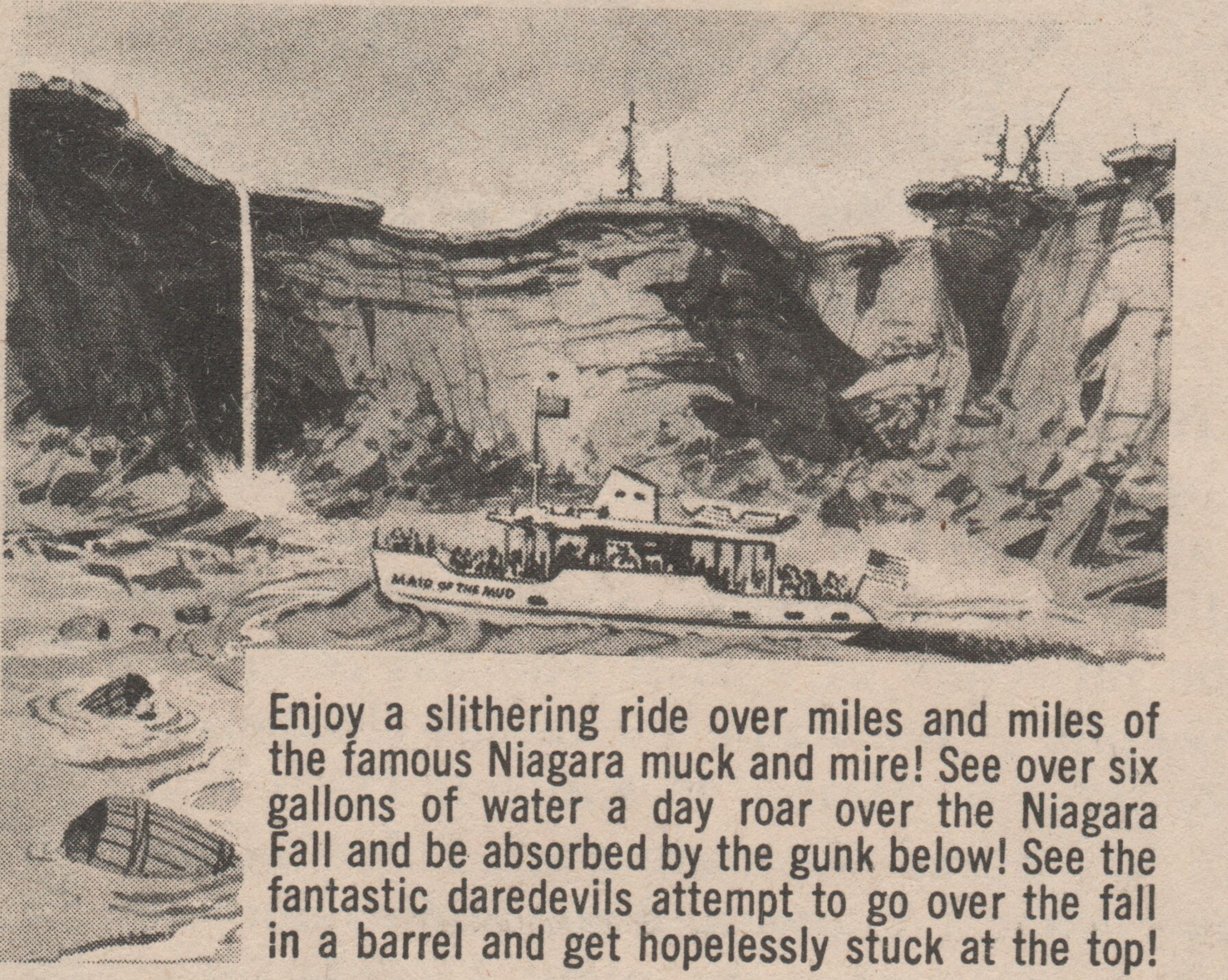
I know what it is. A long green stem with a red top—it's a radish!

Carla Zammarioni
Milan, Wisconsin

My buddy here says it's a rose, but you can't fool me! First of all, it's not made of plastic. Secondly, it smells sweet. Roses are plastic and have no odor!

Bob Olson & Tom Gatewood
South Bend, Ind.

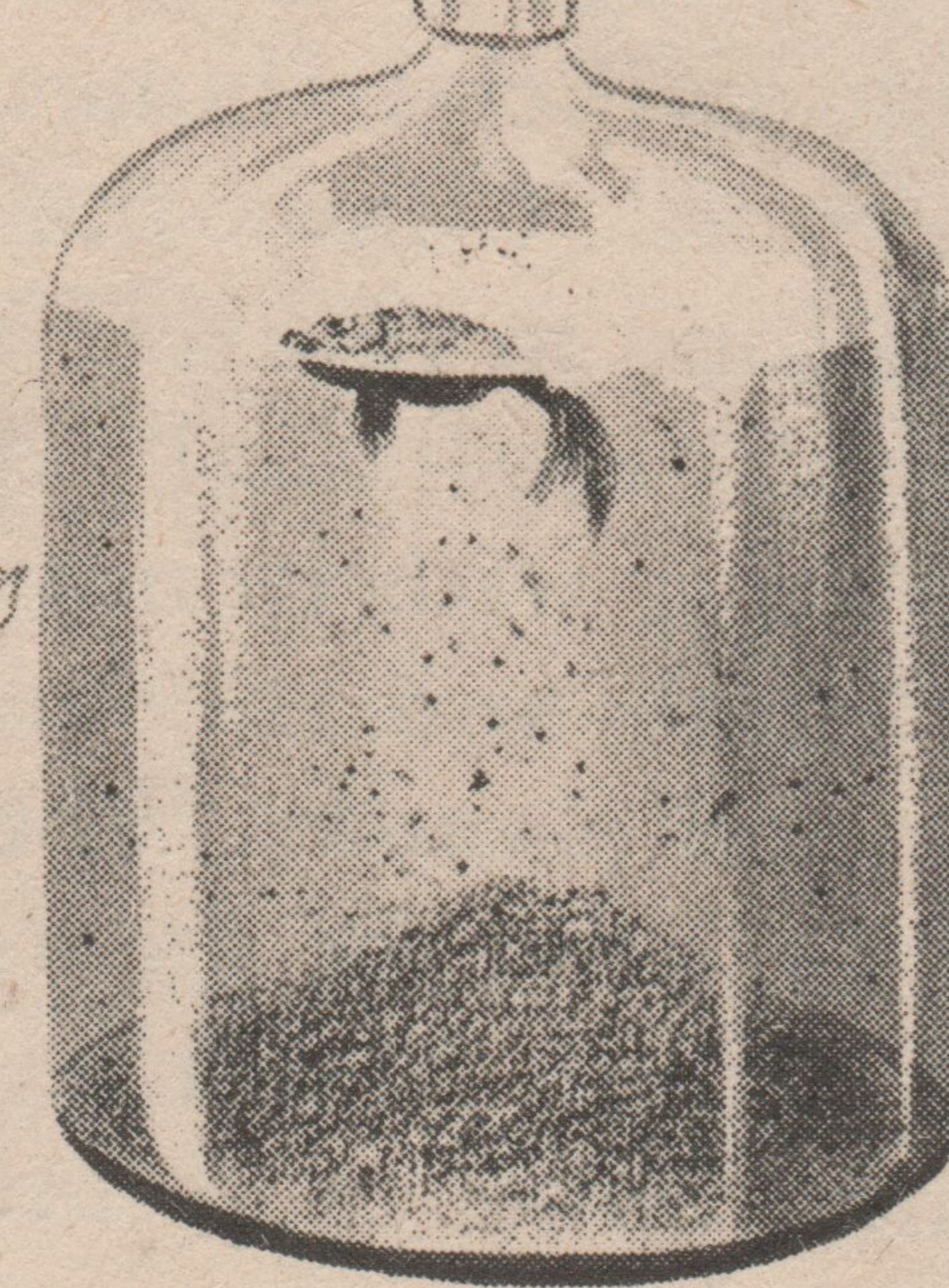
Come to NIAGARA FALL and ride the exciting "MAID of the MUD"



Enjoy a slithering ride over miles and miles of the famous Niagara muck and mire! See over six gallons of water a day roar over the Niagara Fall and be absorbed by the gunk below! See the fantastic daredevils attempt to go over the fall in a barrel and get hopelessly stuck at the top!

NIAGARA FALL—a trip you can't easily forget!

Springtime Fresh BOTTLED WATER



Almost clear, almost colorless, "Springtime Fresh" Bottled Water contains only 20% of the oil, chemicals, and residue usually found in ordinary home tap water.

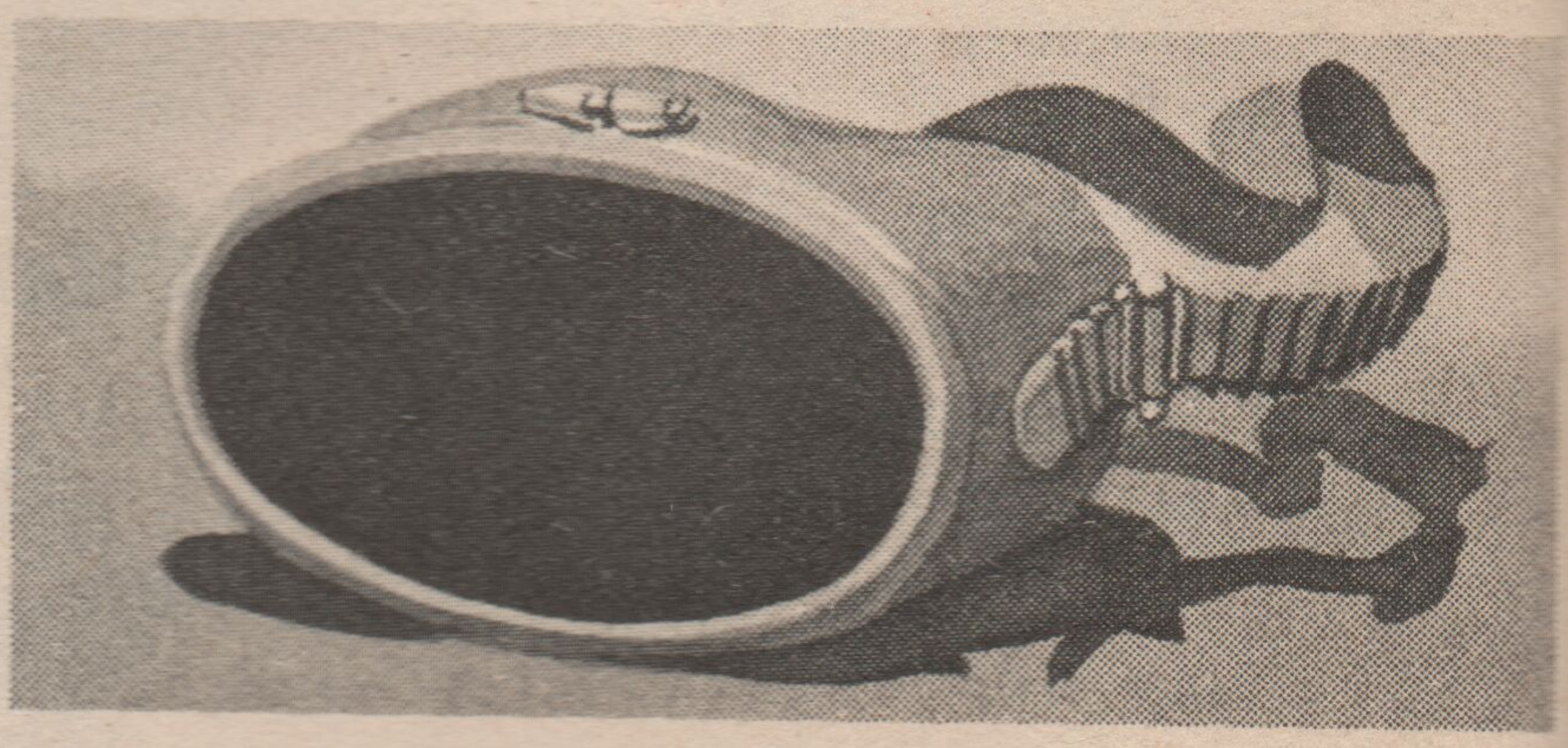
"Springtime Fresh" is so pure it can actually be drunk with a straw without fear of clogging!

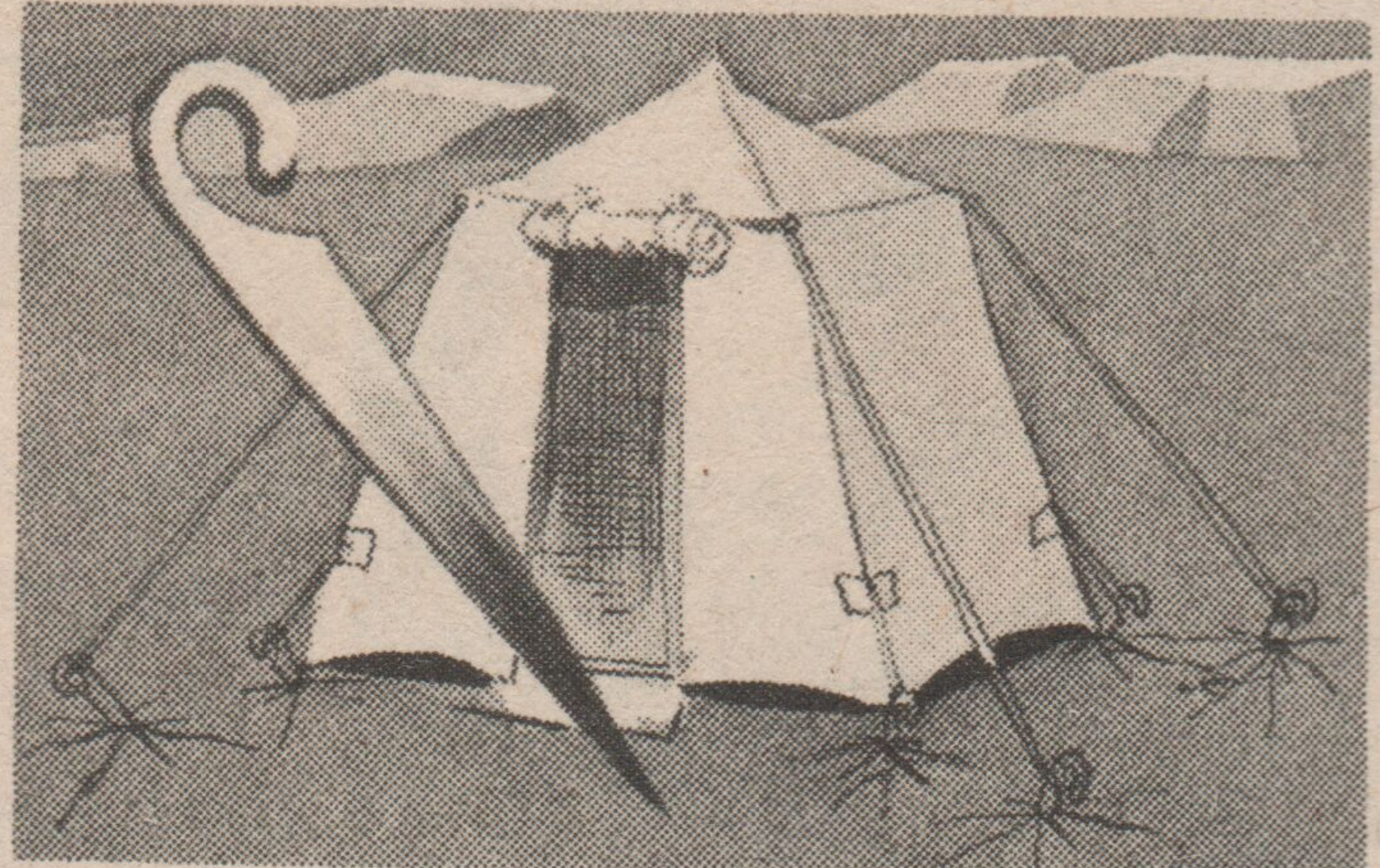
Handle it without rubber gloves! Drink it without boiling it first!

"Springtime Fresh" Bottled Water
"It takes you back to the '50s"

The Outdoorsman Shopper

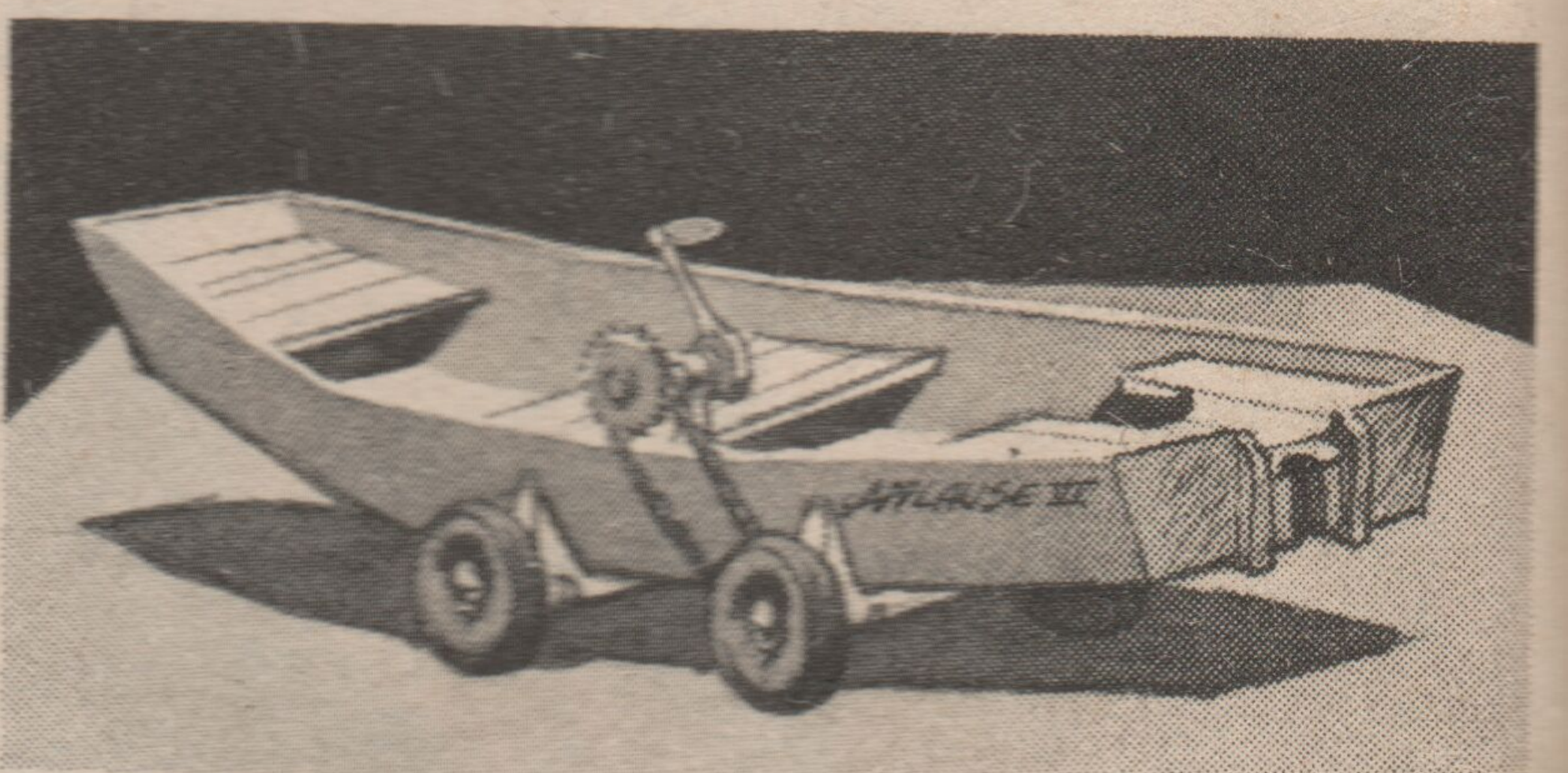
From Scuba Things, Inc. comes "Visibility Zero," a new face mask featuring a solid black face plate to immediately familiarize the beginner with the existing conditions he'll face in our country's lakes, rivers and ocean shore areas.

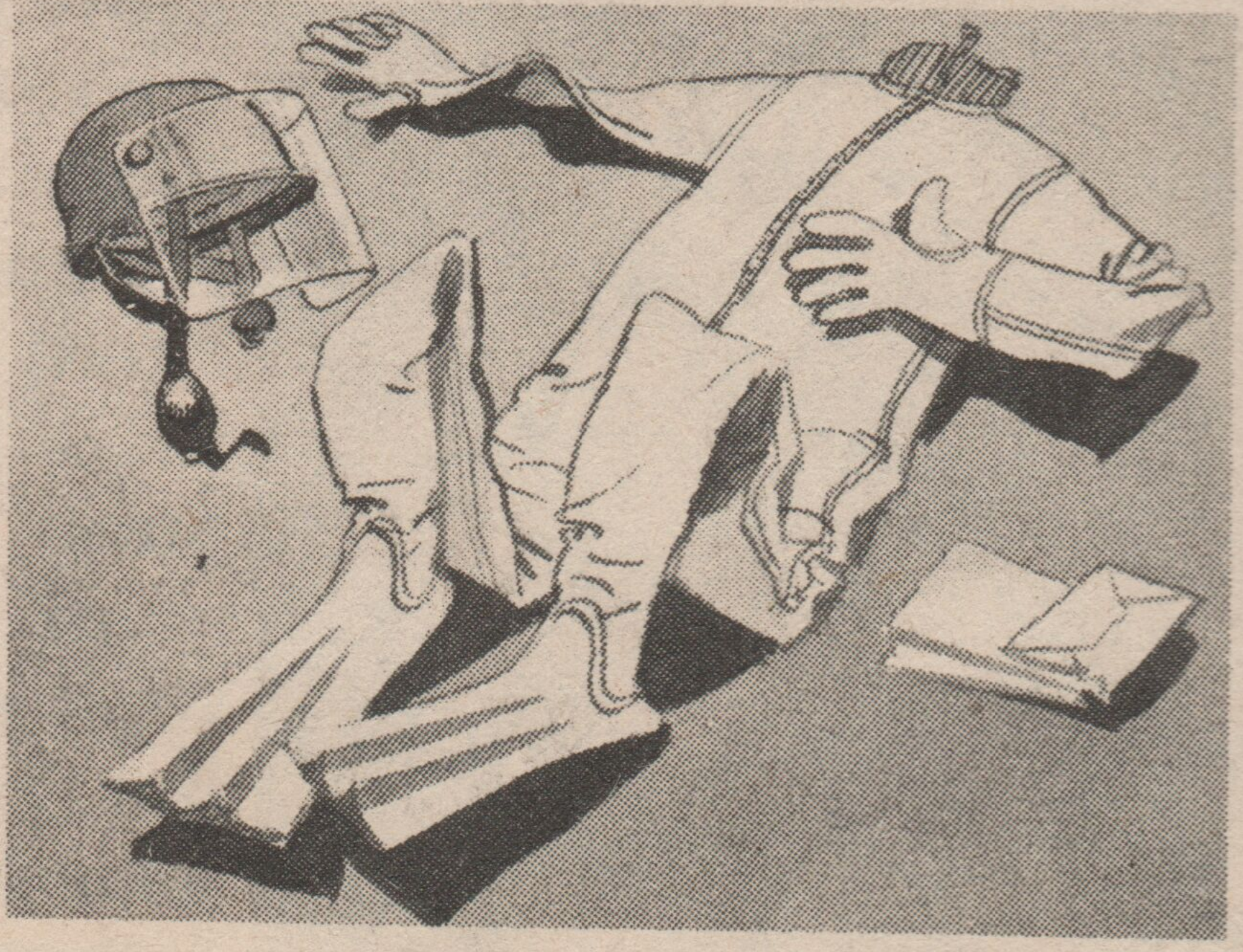




No family who likes to camp outdoors should be without the "Sans Soil Wall Tent," engineered to stand erect in most weather conditions without relying on trees (which you never seem to find when you need one!). Tent-pegs are, of course, carbon tipped so they can be driven into the concrete surfacing of any camping area.

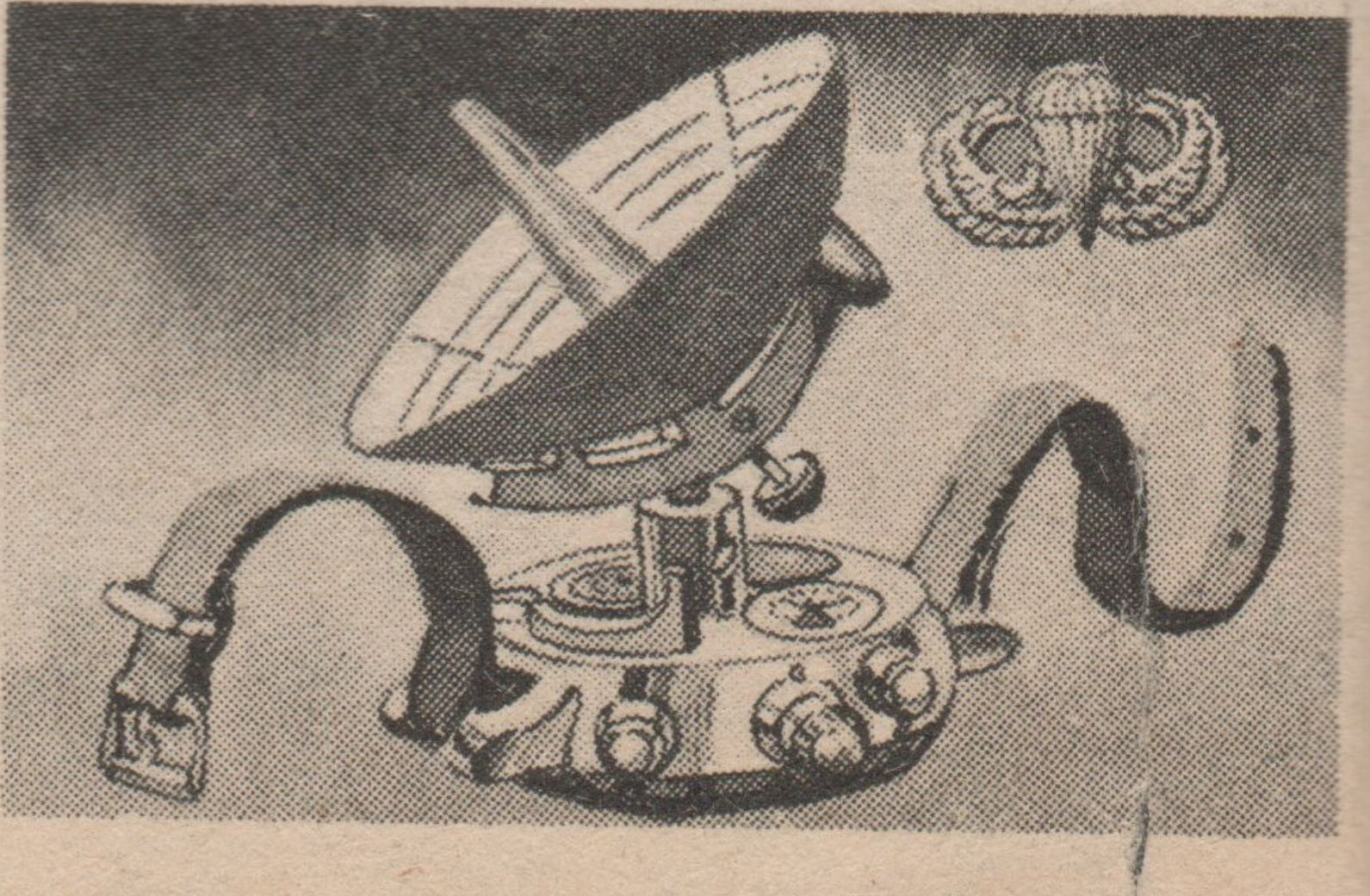
Don't let that canoe or row boat rot away! "Wheel Away" has just come up with an adjustable set of wheels that will fit almost any boat up to 20 feet. Take your kids for the "boat ride" they always pester you for without fear of entering the (*yecch!*) water!





And while we're on the subject, Cover-Up, Inc. has designed the first practical bathing suit we have come across in years! Made of a new miracle alloy, this suit will keep out insecticides, pesticides, and all other chemicals dumped "safely" into the water. A water-proof crash helmet protects you against refuse dumped by individuals and a Nausea bag awaits your reaction to whatever else you come across!

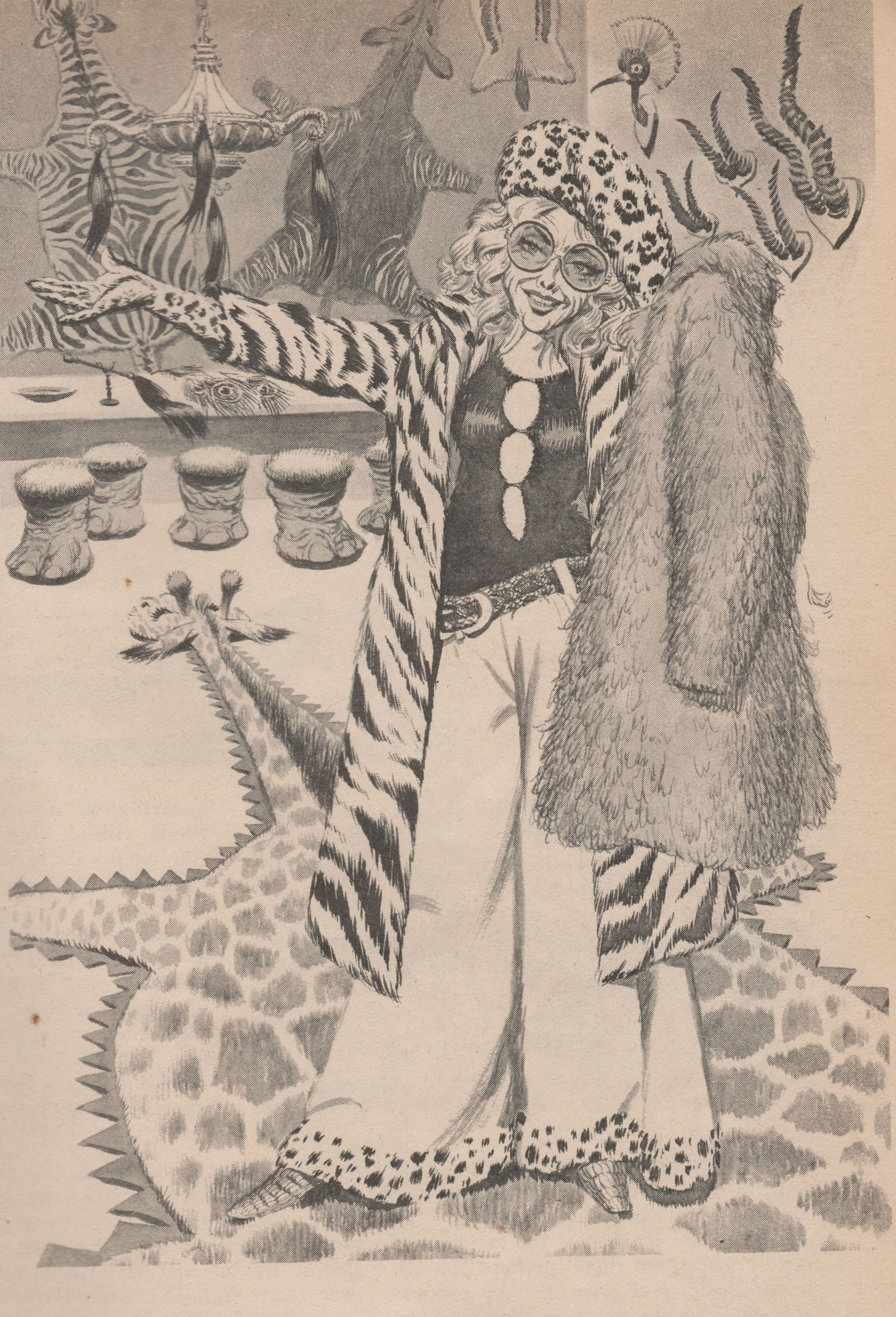
"On Target" is a cleverly titled device engineered by Sky-High, Ltd. Worn on the wrist like a watch, this gadget should bring back that popular sport of the '60s called "sky diving." The device enables a parachuter to pinpoint his landing area by the use of radio waves, now that the atmosphere is too dense to see through.



"21st Century Outdoors Magazine"

interviews

Loreen Taylor, Fashion Designer of the Month



"No one has felt the loss of rapidly diminishing animal species more than I have," said Miss Taylor, a leading authority on today's fashion modes. "It is becoming more and more difficult to come up with something original, like this stunning outfit I'm wearing," continued the lovely expert, modeling her full length tiger coat, cheetah trimmed slacks, alligator shoes, and sealskin blouse. Her hat and gloves were of matching leopard skin.

We were then led into her fashion design studio, passing through her African motif den, complete with eland horn coat racks, elephant leg bar stools, and giraffe skin rug.

"This is my newest creation," Miss Taylor said proudly. "A pigeon bathrobe. It takes a few hundred pigeons to make each one, and it may be a trifle garish, but when you have so few things left to work with the task is not easy, let me tell you."

And what does the future have in store for Loreen Taylor? "Well, I have been experimenting with fashions from rat hides, but I'll admit I don't particularly enjoy the work. Rats are horrible little things—they seem to have no regard or respect for human beings."

Question Markings by Professor Donald Holden

What was the biggest fish caught last year?

Murray Abraham,
Florida.

The biggest fish caught last year was a whopping 4 oz. salmon. It was bagged by Tim Gillete, who didn't even use a rod and reel for his record catch. Mr. Gillete just happened to be passing by when the salmon, swimming upstream, was knocked ashore by a rusty, abandoned Greyhound bus which was being washed downstream.

* * * * * *

I recently inherited a set of golf clubs from a departed uncle who was quite proficient at this sport in his youth. Unfortunately, I don't know where the game can be played today. Can you help me?

Ray Pichon,
New York City

There is a two-hole golf course in what is left of the Bluegrass section of Kentucky. But you'd better plan to get there early, as there is a long wait. About 30 days early.

* * * * * *

Is it true that no two pieces of soot are ever alike?

Zoltan Zandar
Stockbridge, Mass.

You are thinking of *snowflakes,* which are all different. Soot is generally all the same. However, you still need a microscope to tell the difference, as snow, while passing through all the soot, turns the same color.

* * * * * *

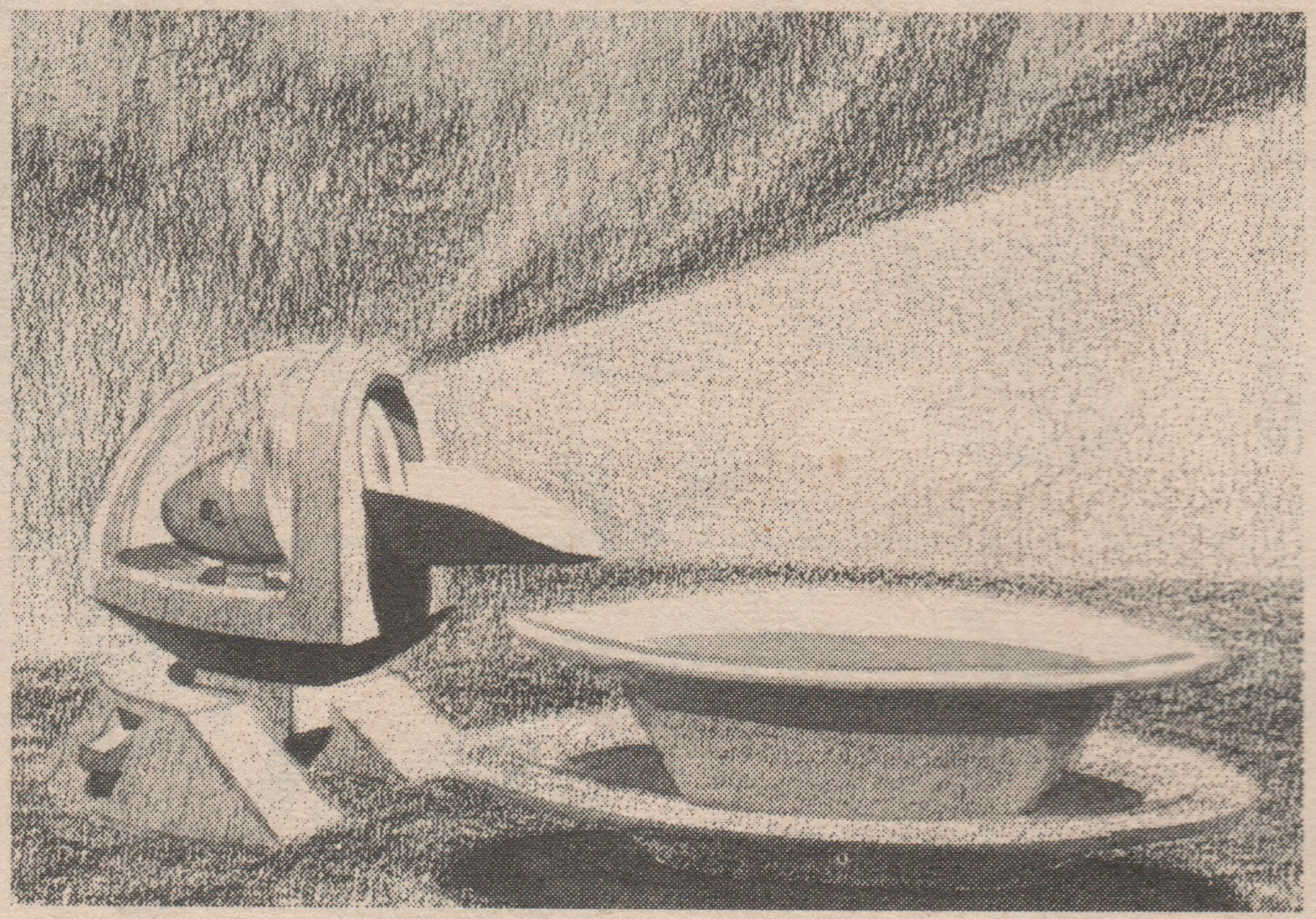
I can no longer obtain a map of California's Freeways from local gas stations. Are they being "brought up to date" again?

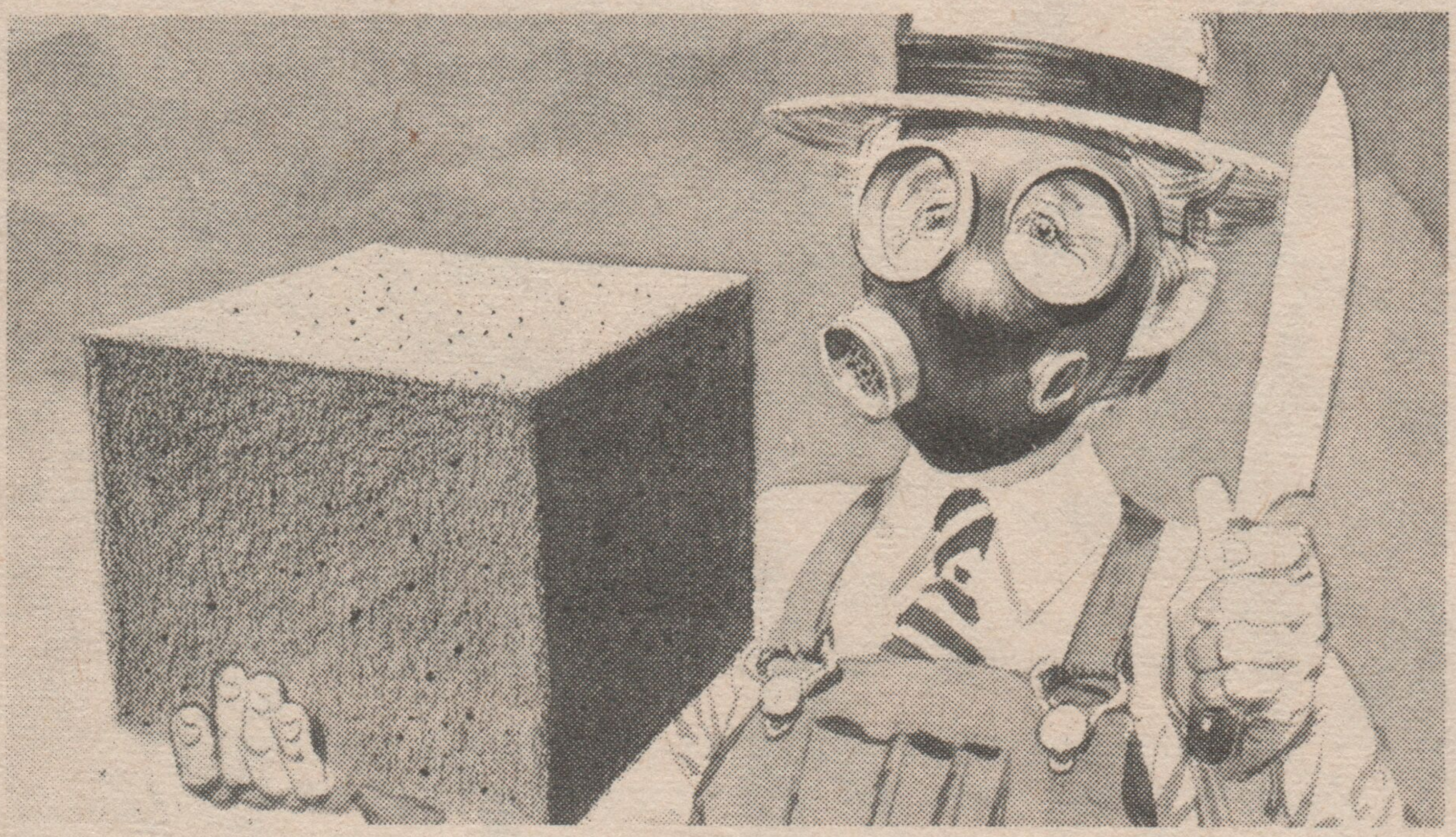
Jonas Aarons,
Sherman Oaks, California

Not really. Within the next 3 months California will have paved over what few acres are left without concrete, making the state virtually "one enormous freeway". Drive in any direction you wish and there will be a road under you.

Places To Go & Things To Bring...

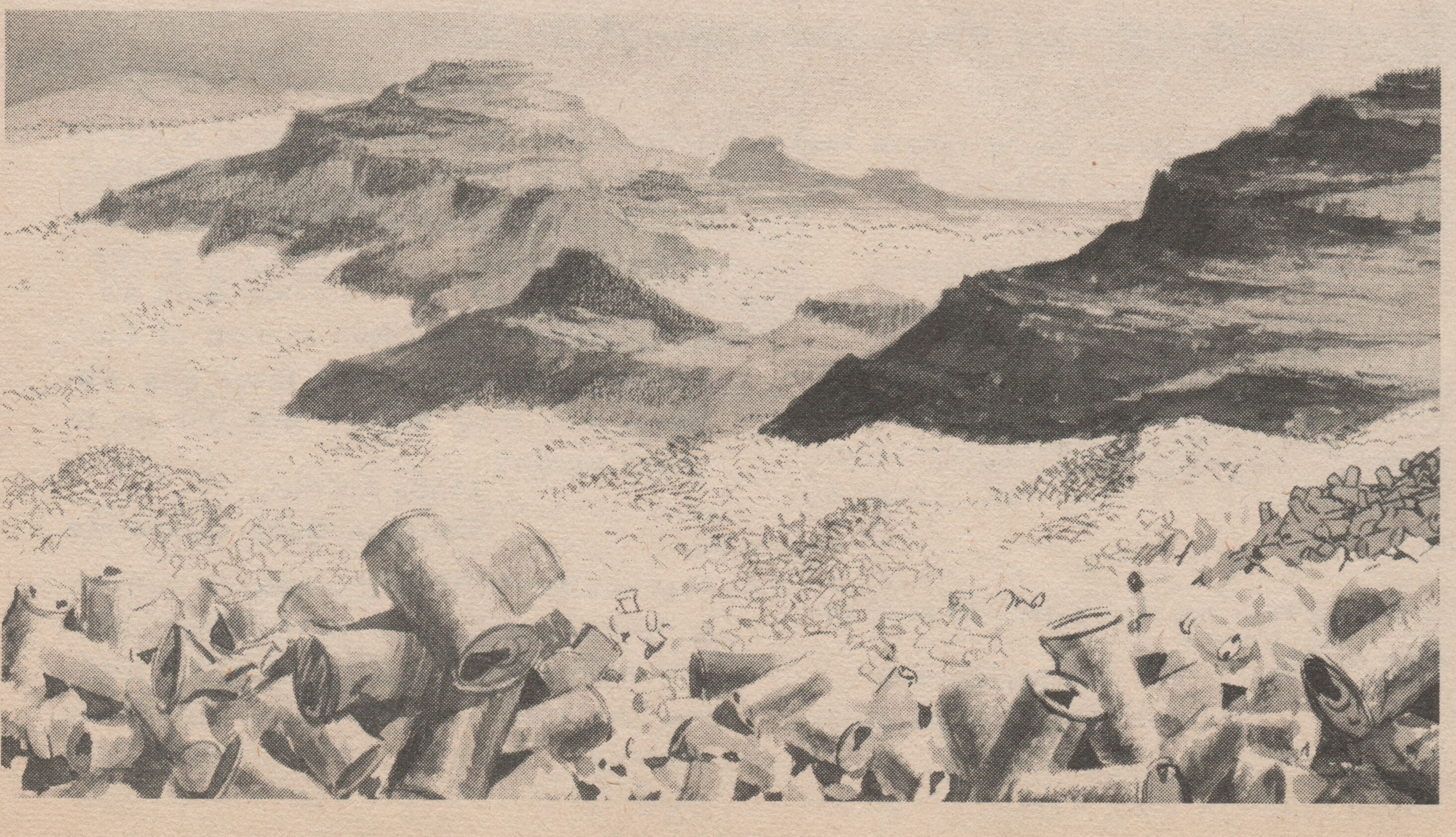
All of you outdoor restaurant buffs will delight at this latest creation from Pollution Plus called the "Soot Swoosher." An absolute necessity for Chicago, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Butte, etc., it fits in your pocket and blows a highly concentrated upward current of air that positively won't cool off your food as it prevents soot, cinders and debris from settling on your plate.





Speaking of big cities, if you're visiting New York, you might want to send the folks back home the latest souvenir of that Fun City —a cubic foot of air! It is cut fresh daily, and is available in 1, 2 or 3 cubic foot sections, with your choice of any of the five boroughs, and sturdy enough to be mailed anywhere in the United States.

If you're going to be visiting the Grand Canyon this month, color film is the only film to take along. Your eyes will be dazzled at the impact of the rainbow of beauty to be seen there—perhaps 500 different shades and hues of every conceivable color can be found in the accumulation of empty soda and beer cans that line the canyon to within two feet of the rim. The view is especially impressive at sunset when whatever rays of the sun not blocked out by the smog, reflect against the metal and broken glass of over thirty billion discarded containers. It certainly makes every other refuse-lined natural wonder pale by comparison!



"21st Century Outdoors Magazine"

CLASSIFIED ADS

FOR RENT

Beautiful 5 room house in the country. Nearest neighbor over 26 feet away! Zoning laws require occupancy of only 3 families or 18 people, whichever comes first. Write: Sardine Estates, Masten Lake, New York

FOR SALE

Cheap! It's all got to go! Tons of fishing tackle yours for practically free for any clever businessman who can think up a use for it. Start your own business, be your own boss. Write Marty Kohn, Box 44, Candlewood Lake, Connecticut.

High power binoculars. Once considered useless for today's atmosphere, VIEW-PLUS has come up with a brilliant slide-viewing attachment that clips over lenses, enabling you to see landscapes, animals, and other interesting old photos up close. VIEW-PLUS, Chicago, Illinois.

Saddles! Remember them from old Western movies and such? Well, we've got 200 high-grade beauties for sale as hassocks, model train tunnels, etc., which you can pick up for a song. Like $2.00 each! Or 3 for $5.00! Or a buck a shot for orders over 10! But move fast—we will not accept orders past 3 years from this month! Tumbleweed Shop, Tucson, Arizona.

Wonderful, docile pets—CHEAP! These animals come to us direct from our make-up testing laboratories, and except for blindness or other minor afflictions caused by hair sprays, mascara, etc. make extremely gentle pets. Animals driven mad by experiments not included in this group. Labs Unlimited, Rock Bottom, Mississippi.

WANTED

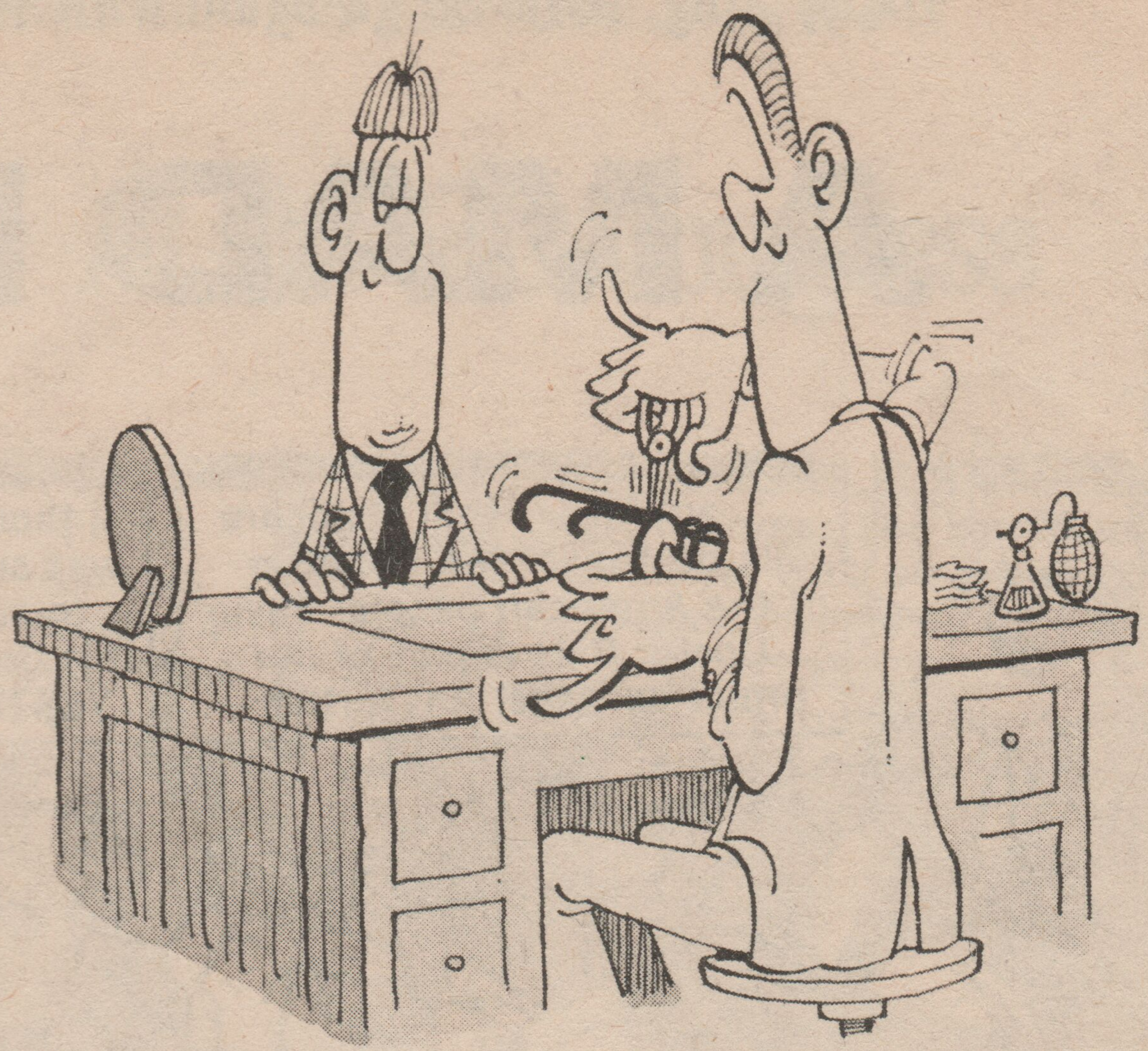
Dogs, cats, rabbits, etc. are needed by testing labs for very important experiments on products used for cosmetic consumption. We don't pay much, but rest assured that we will do our best to find your animal a decent home when we're through with him (see ad above). Labs Unlimited, Rock Bottom, Mississippi.

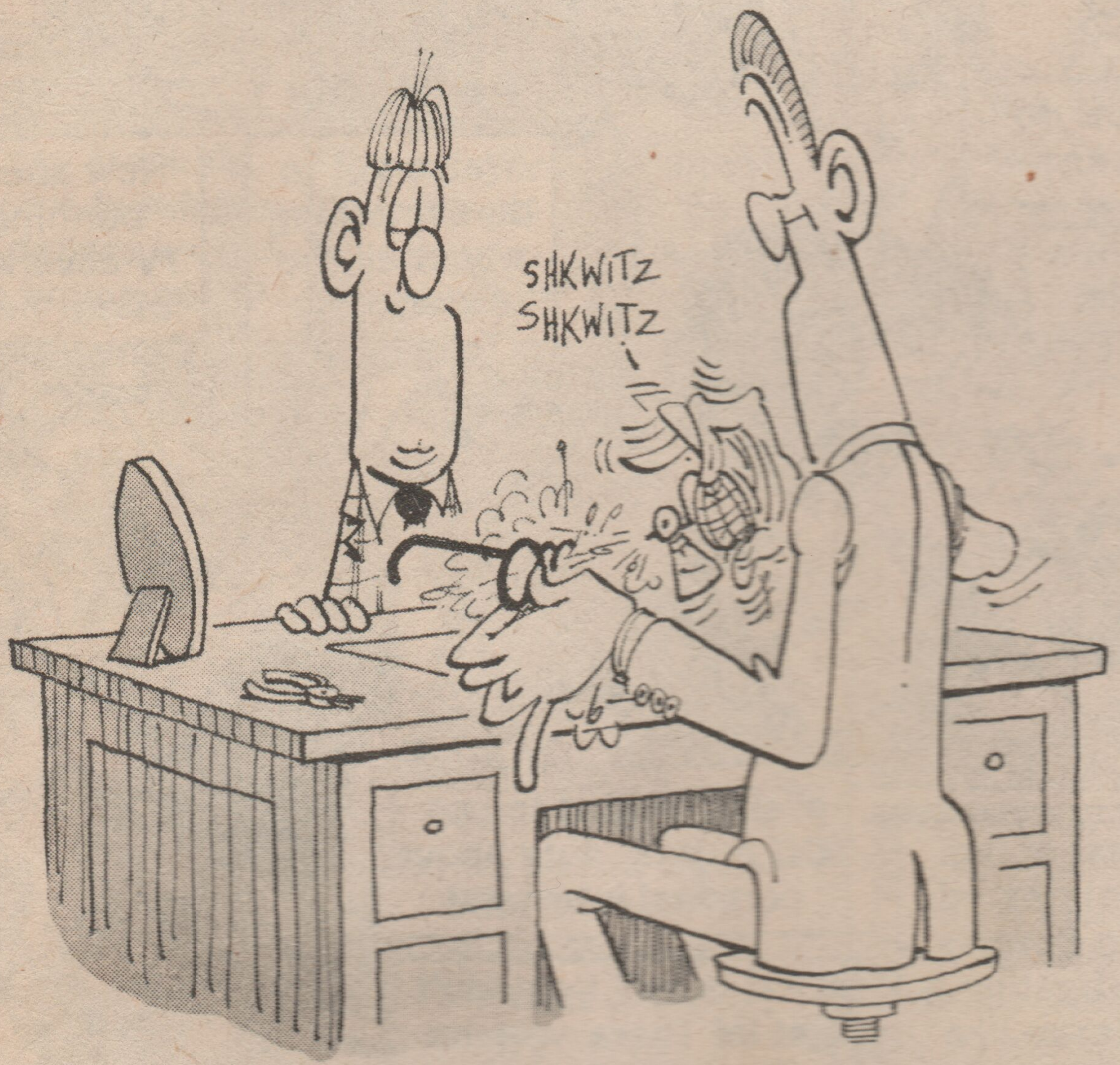
SIGHTSEEING TOURS

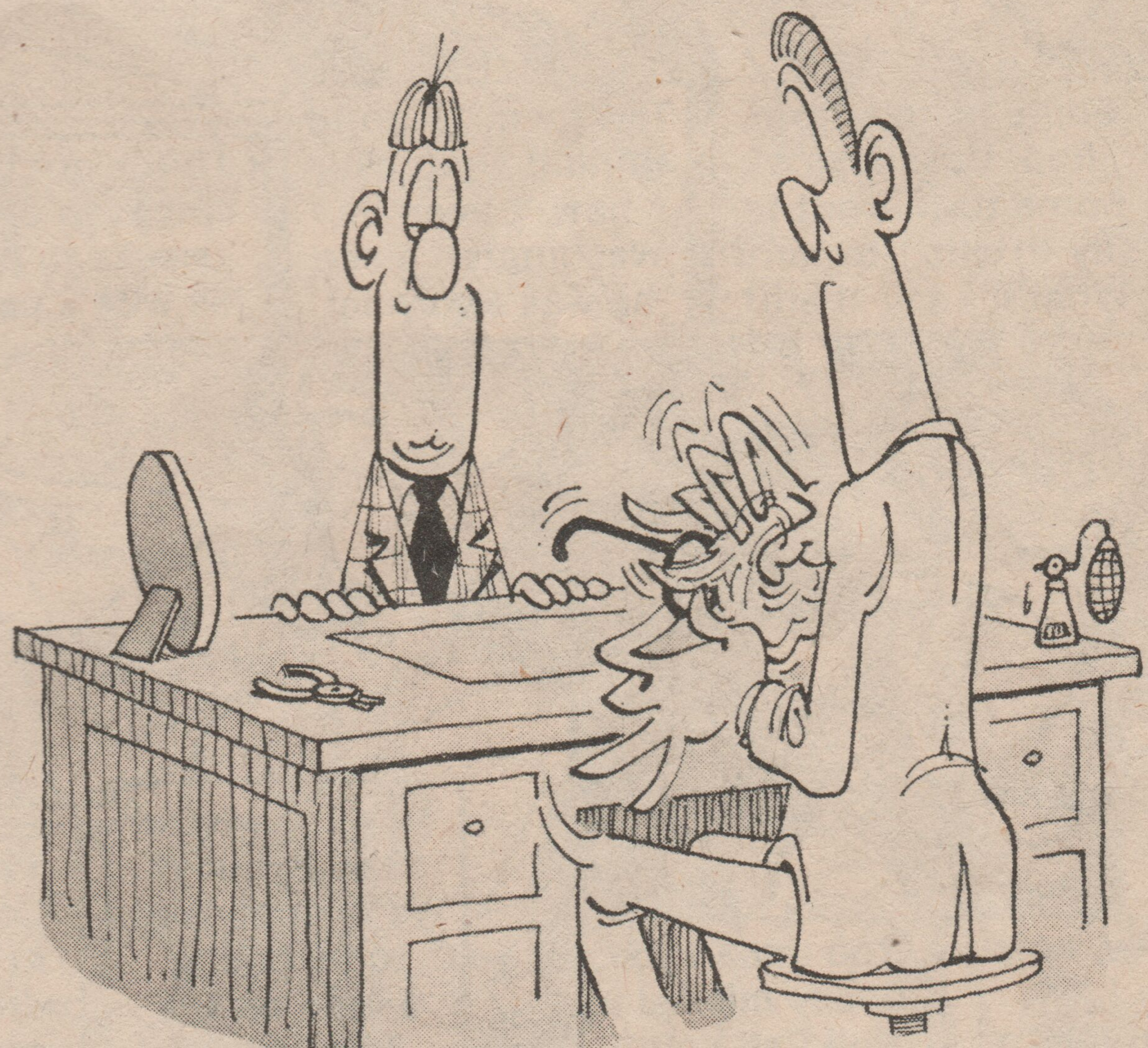
Grab your camera and get set to film lions, tigers, giraffes and other fantastic creatures on a never-to-be-forgotten safari through the Wildlife Wax Museum, Route #17, New Jersey, (near the Lodi traffic circle).

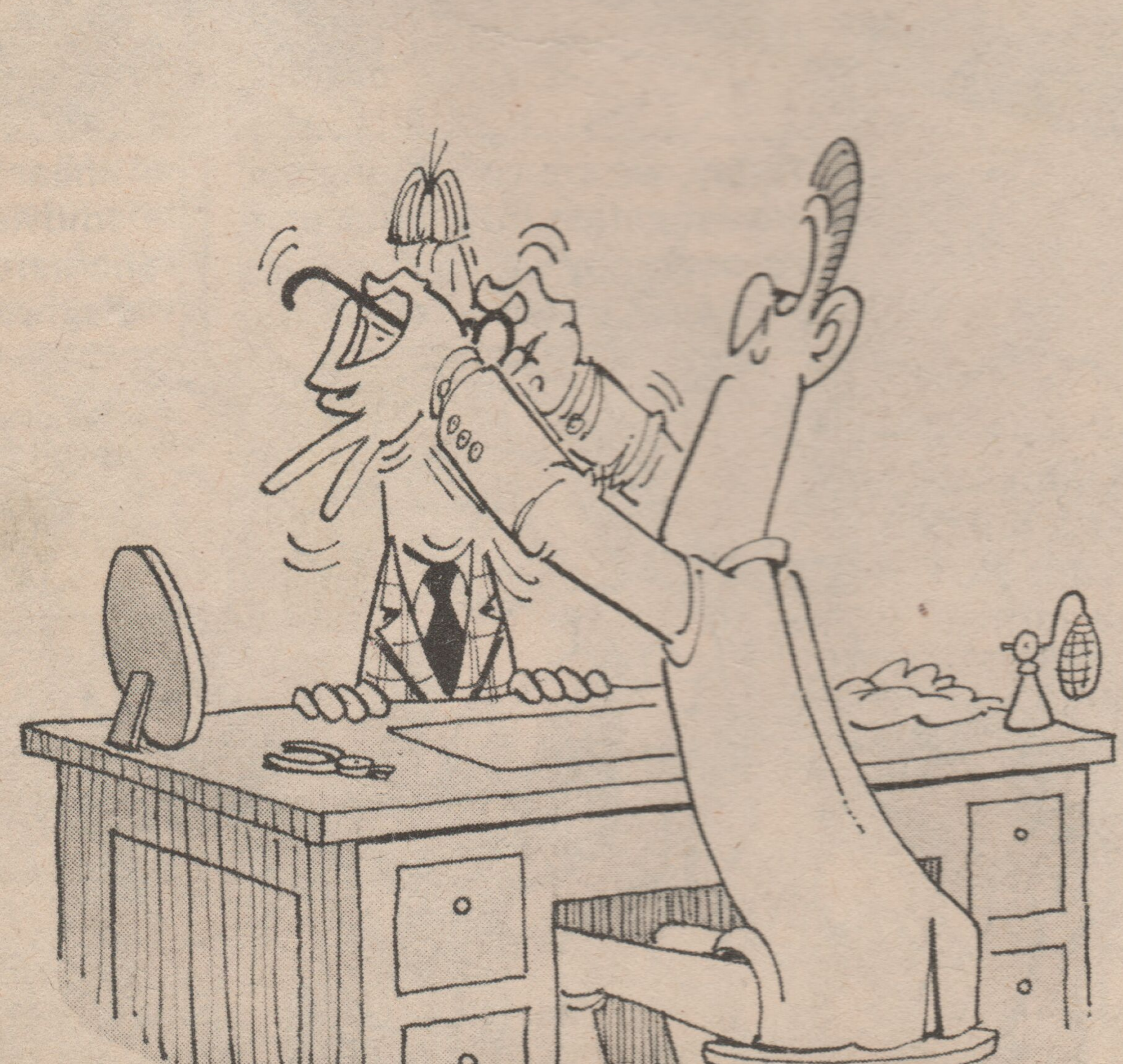
DON MARTIN DEPT. PART IV

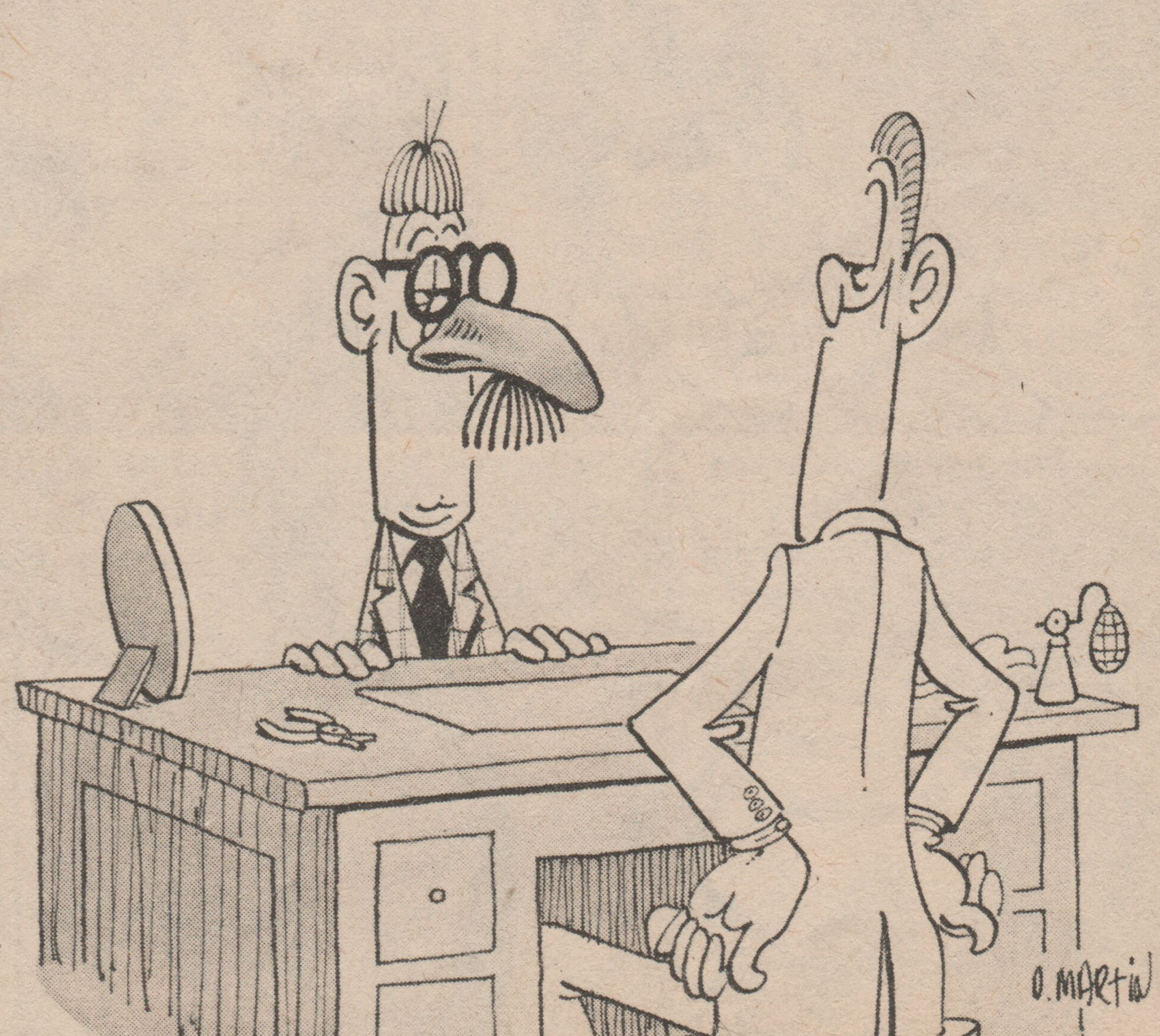
THE FITTING




SHKWITZ
SHKWITZ





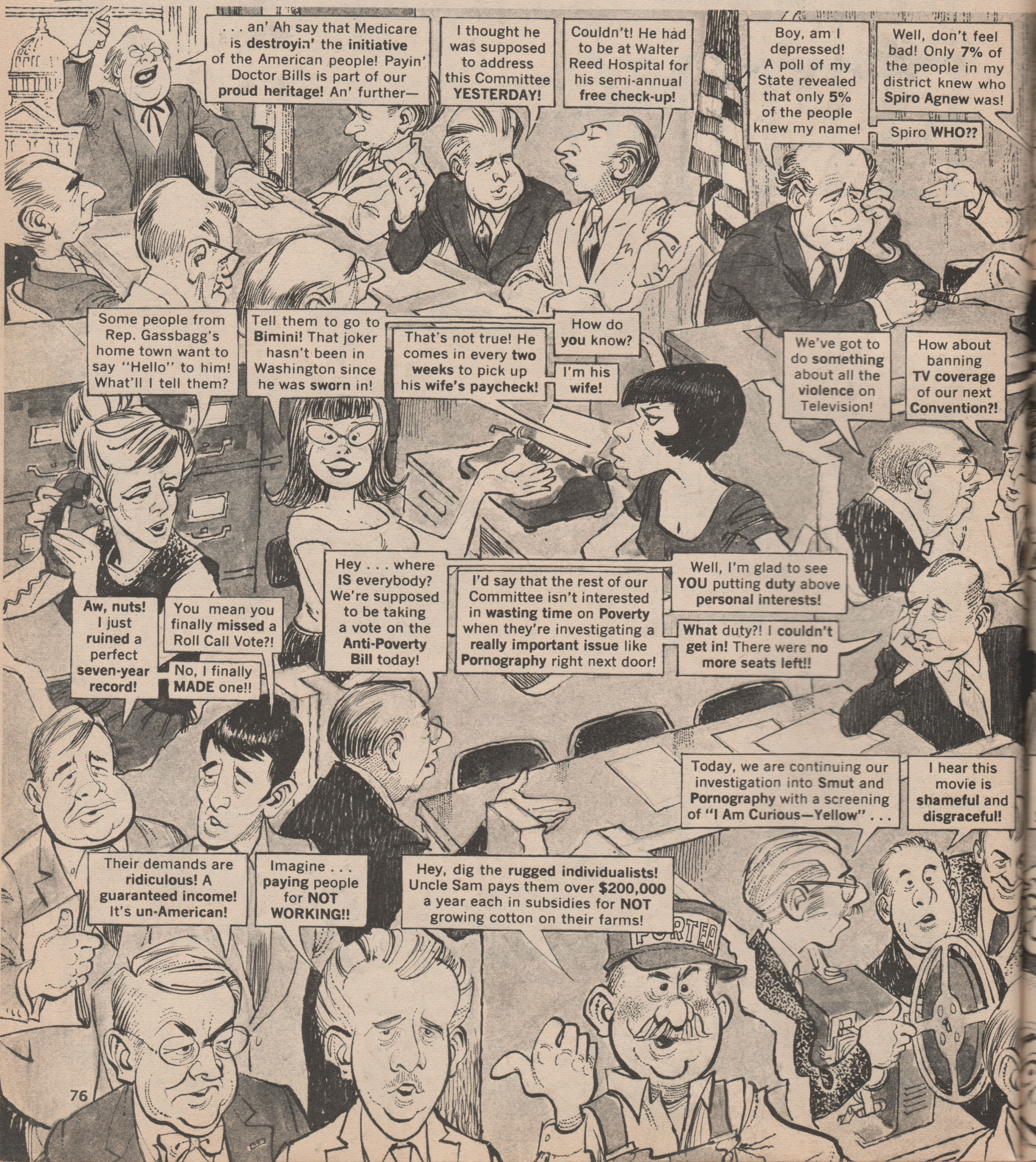


INSIDE-OUCH DEPT.

Okay, gang, here we go again with another installment of our series which explores that hidden wor

A MAD PEEK BEHIND

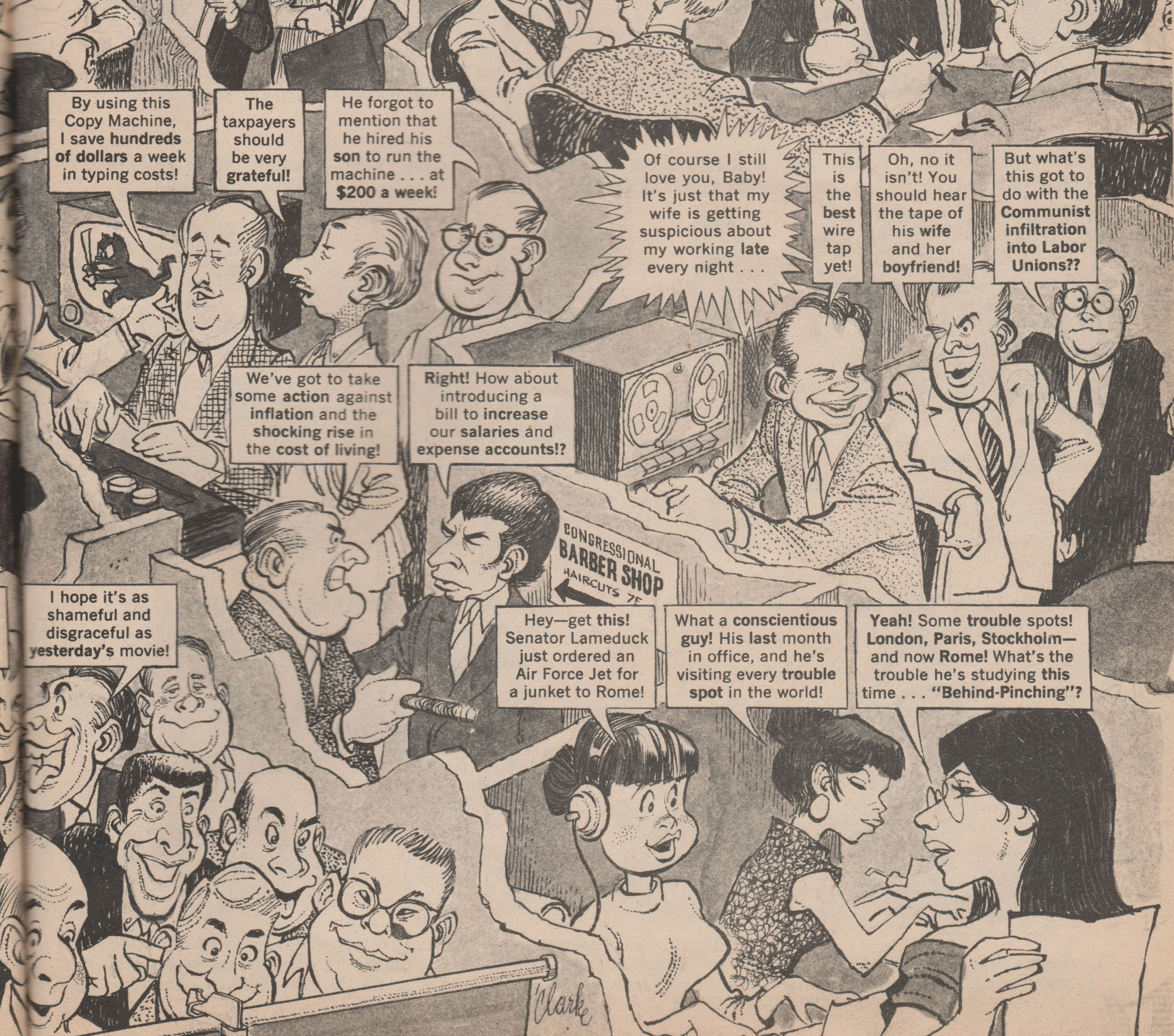
ARTIST: BOB CLARKE


. . . an' Ah say that Medicare is destroyin' the initiative of the American people! Payin' Doctor Bills is part of our proud heritage! An' further—
I thought he was supposed to address this Committee YESTERDAY!
Couldn't! He had to be at Walter Reed Hospital for his semi-annual free check-up!
Boy, am I depressed! A poll of my State revealed that only 5% of the people knew my name!
Well, don't feel bad! Only 7% of the people in my district knew who Spiro Agnew was!
Spiro WHO??
Some people from Rep. Gassbagg's home town want to say "Hello" to him! What'll I tell them?
Tell them to go to Bimini! That joker hasn't been in Washington since he was sworn in!
That's not true! He comes in every two weeks to pick up his wife's paycheck!
How do you know?
I'm his wife!
We've got to do something about all the violence on Television!
How about banning TV coverage of our next Convention?!
Aw, nuts! I just ruined a perfect seven-year record!
You mean you finally missed a Roll Call Vote?!
No, I finally MADE one!!
Hey . . . where IS everybody? We're supposed to be taking a vote on the Anti-Poverty Bill today!
I'd say that the rest of our Committee isn't interested in wasting time on Poverty when they're investigating a really important issue like Pornography right next door!
Well, I'm glad to see YOU putting duty above personal interests!
What duty?! I couldn't get in! There were no more seats left!!
Today, we are continuing our investigation into Smut and Pornography with a screening of "I Am Curious—Yellow" . . .
I hear this movie is shameful and disgraceful!
Their demands are ridiculous! A guaranteed income! It's un-American!
Imagine . . . paying people for NOT WORKING!!
Hey, dig the rugged individualists! Uncle Sam pays them over $200,000 a year each in subsidies for NOT growing cotton on their farms!
PORTER

here dedicated people are working secretly and tirelessly to make our lives miserable. This one is

THE SCENES At the U.S. Congress

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE



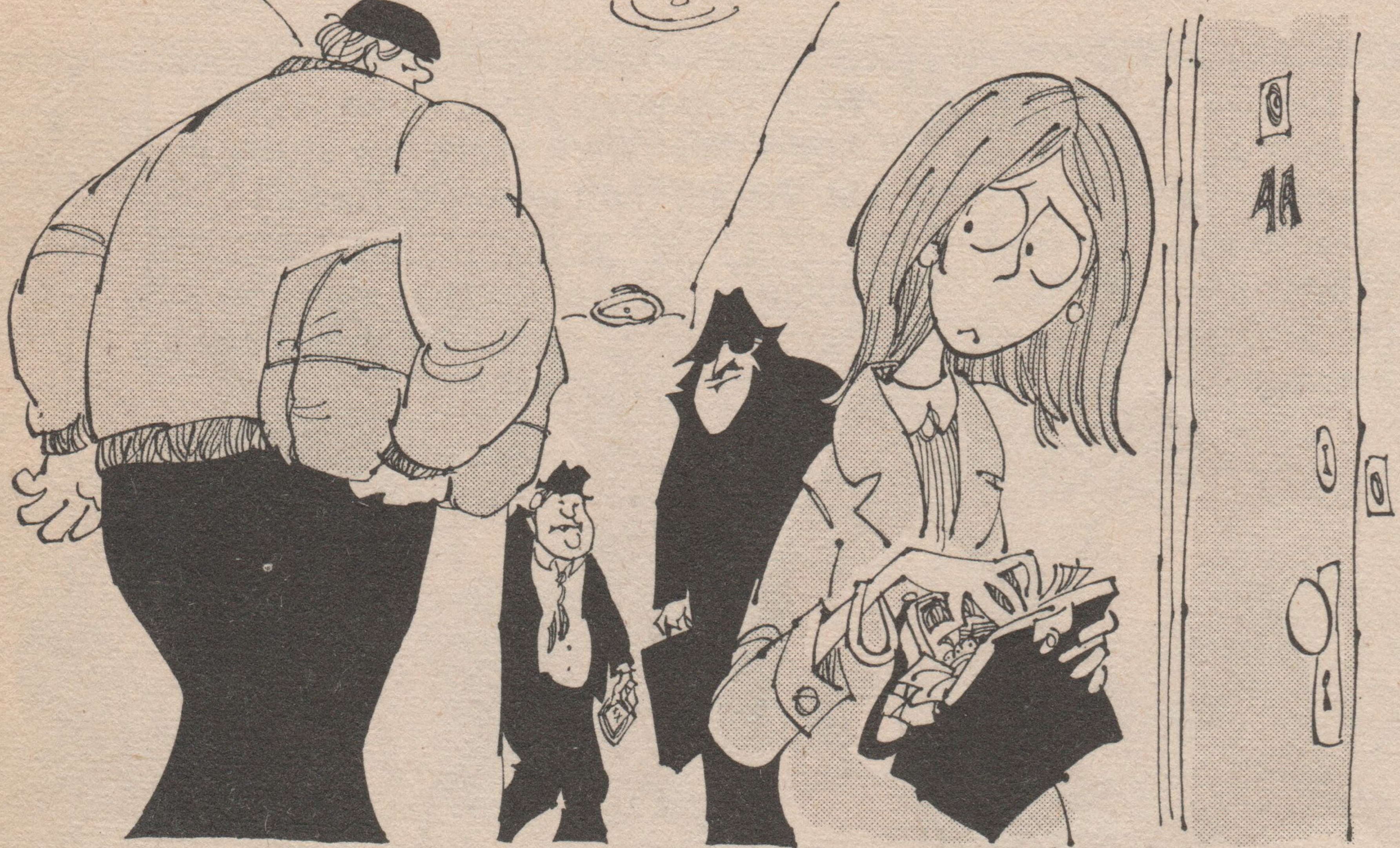
You know what's wrong with kids today? They lack morality! Today, I'm introducing a bill making prayers in the schools compulsory!
Okay, but don't make one of your usual longwinded speeches, or we'll be too late to get a good table at the Topless Restaurant!
We've been getting a lot of pressure to do something about air pollution!
I move that we appoint a Committee to study the problem!
But we did that last year!
Well, this year, you can be on the Committee! We'll start our study in Las Vegas, then go on to Hawaii . . .
I second the motion that we form a Committee to study Air Pollution!
By using this Copy Machine, I save hundreds of dollars a week in typing costs!
The taxpayers should be very grateful!
He forgot to mention that he hired his son to run the machine . . . at $200 a week!
Of course I still love you, Baby! It's just that my wife is getting suspicious about my working late every night . . .
This is the best wire tap yet!
Oh, no it isn't! You should hear the tape of his wife and her boyfriend!
But what's this got to do with the Communist infiltration into Labor Unions??
We've got to take some action against inflation and the shocking rise in the cost of living!
Right! How about introducing a bill to increase our salaries and expense accounts!?
CONGRESSIONAL BARBER SHOP HAIRCUTS 75
I hope it's as shameful and disgraceful as yesterday's movie!
Hey—get this! Senator Lameduck just ordered an Air Force Jet for a junket to Rome!
What a conscientious guy! His last month in office, and he's visiting every trouble spot in the world!
Yeah! Some trouble spots! London, Paris, Stockholm—and now Rome! What's the trouble he's studying this time . . . "Behind-Pinching"?
Clarke

DEFAMATION OF INDEPENDENCE DEPT.

For all you clods who just can't wait to fly the coop and make it on your own, MA

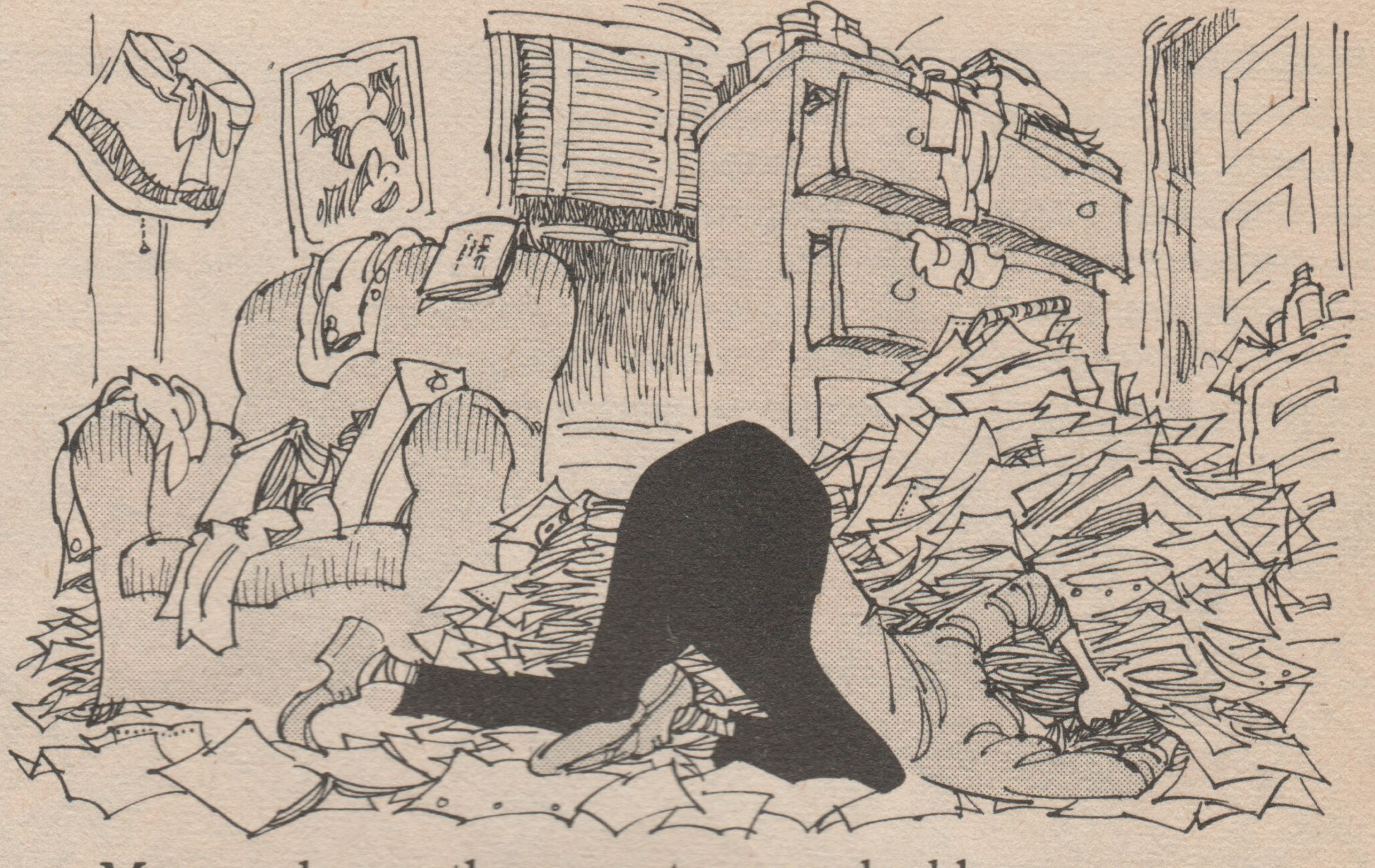
You Know You're REALLY

You Know You're REALLY ON YOUR OWN When . . .



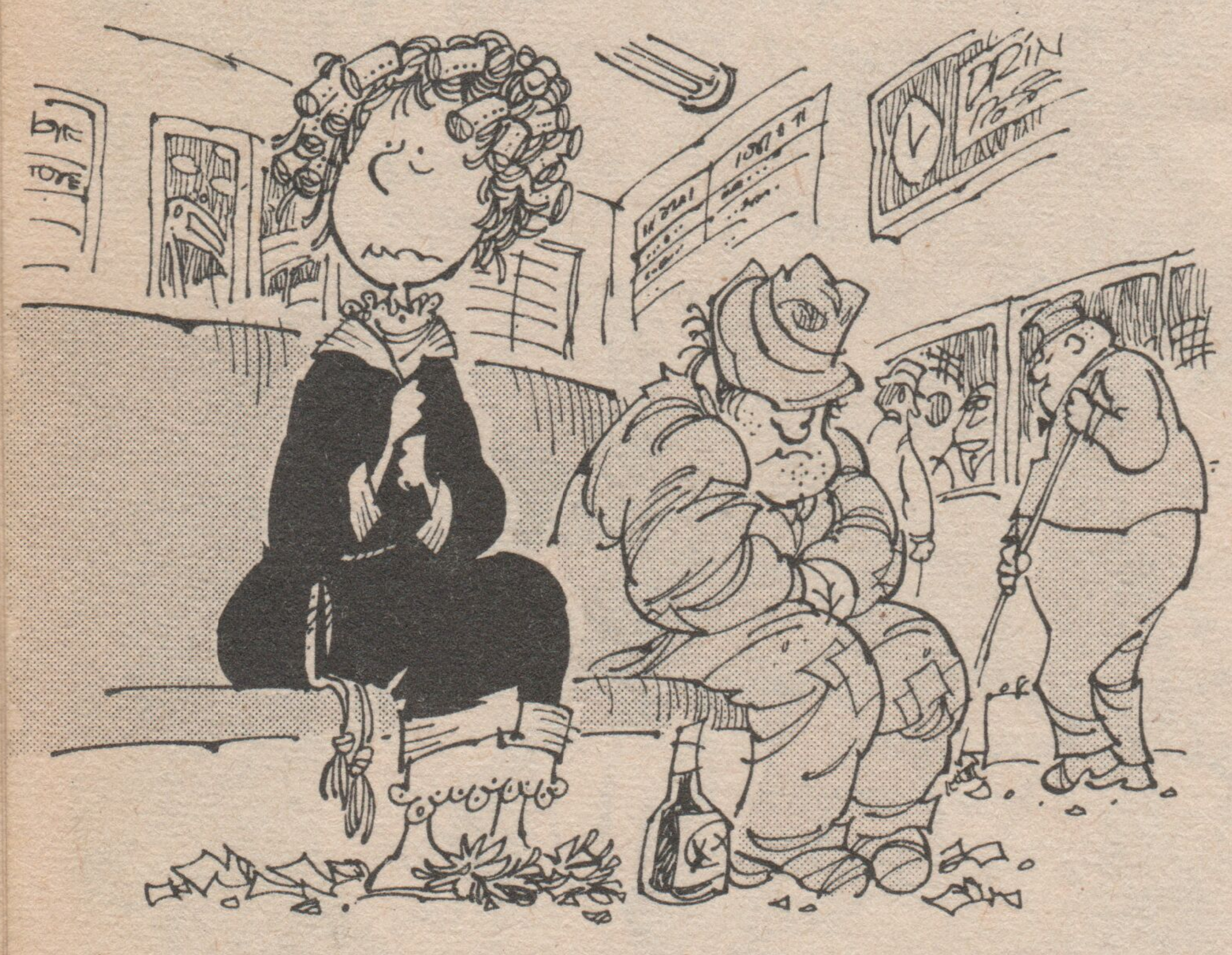
. . . you finally have a groovy pad all to yourself, and there's nobody to wait up and let you into it when you forget your key.

You Know You're REALLY ON YOUR OWN When . . .



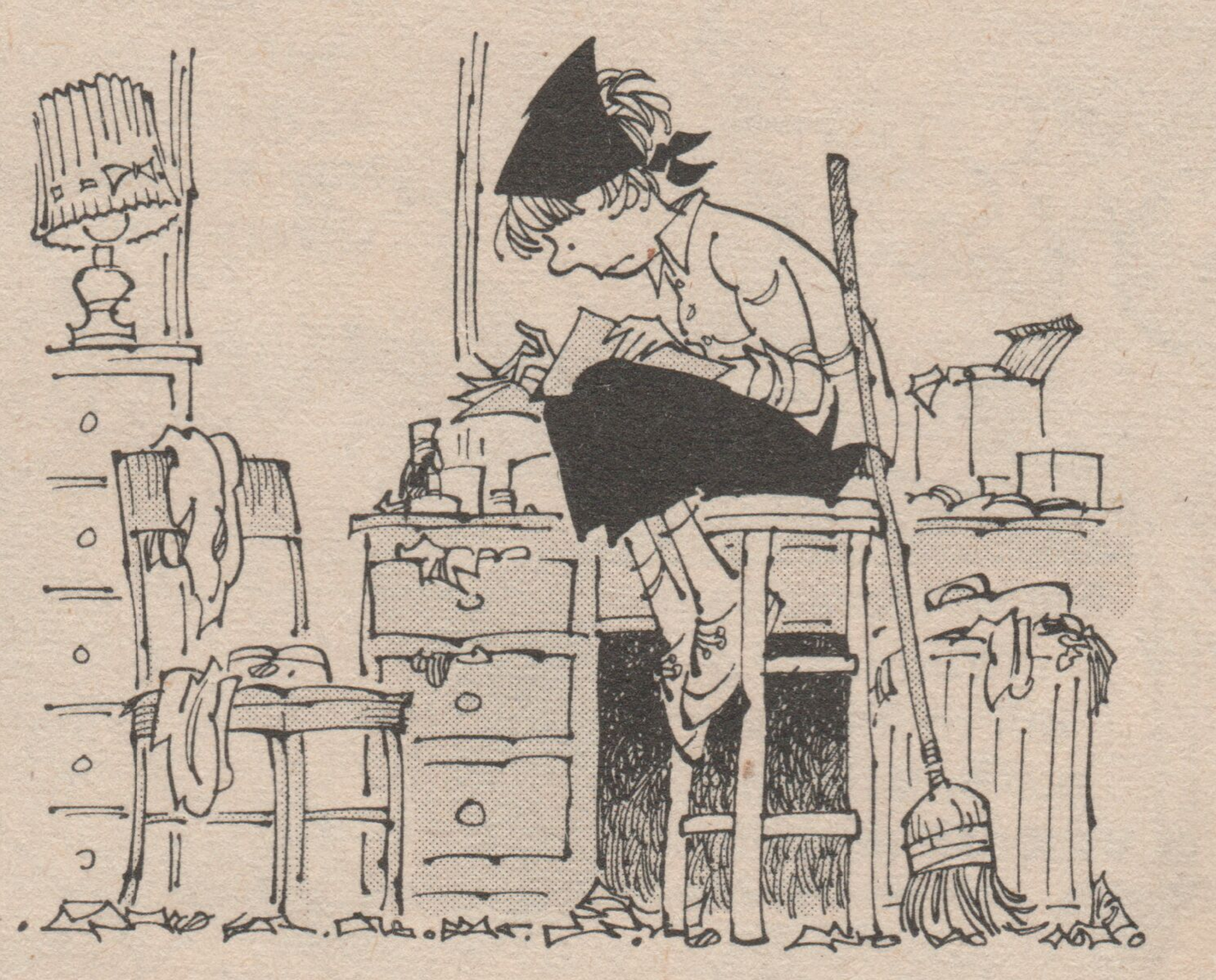
. . . Mom no longer throws out your valuable papers when she tidies up your room . . . but you still can't find them because Mom no longer tidies up your room.

You Know You're REALLY ON YOUR OWN When . . .



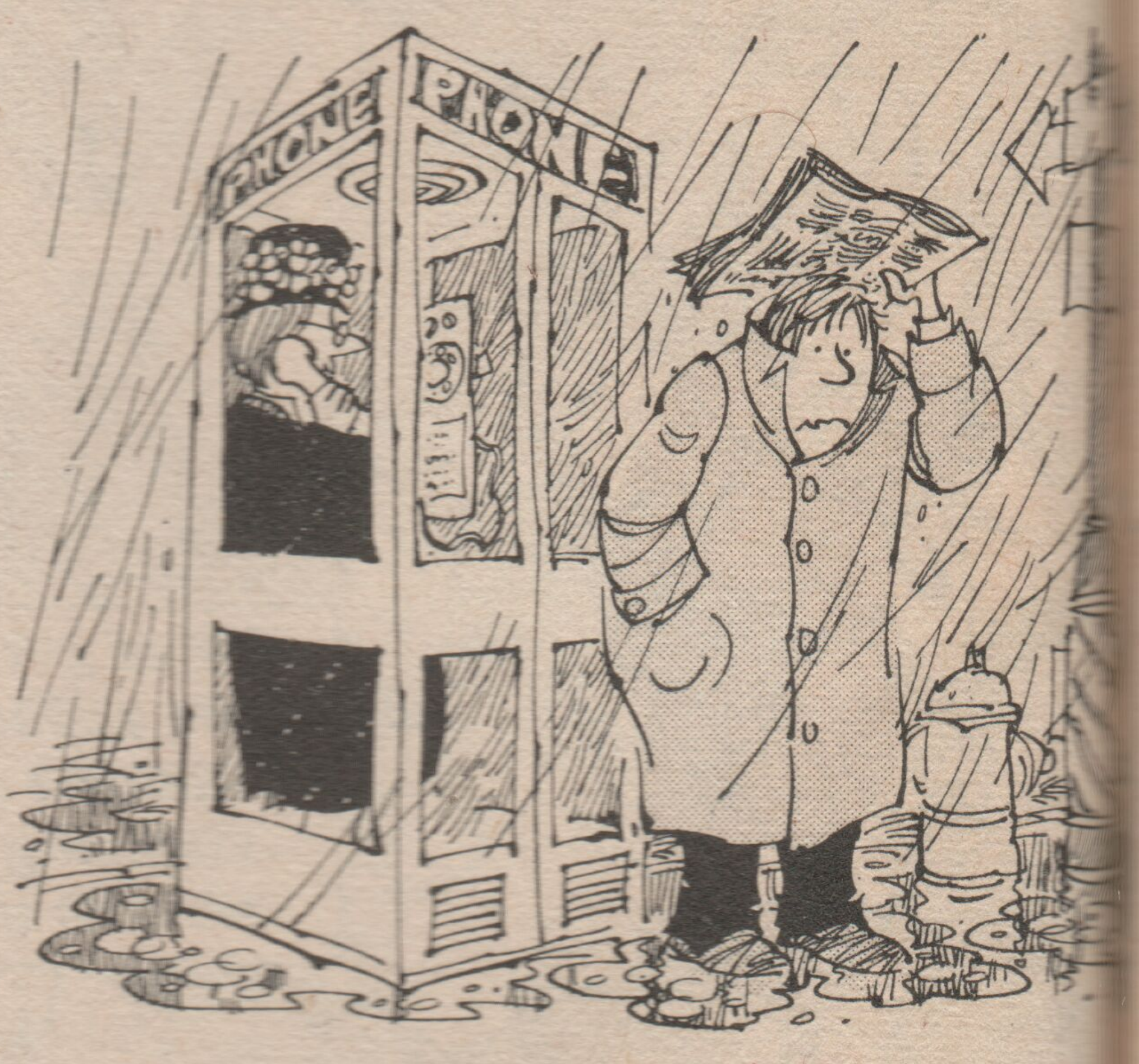
. . . you have to spend the night sitting in the bus station because there's a mouse in your room.

You Know You're REALLY ON YOUR OWN When . . .



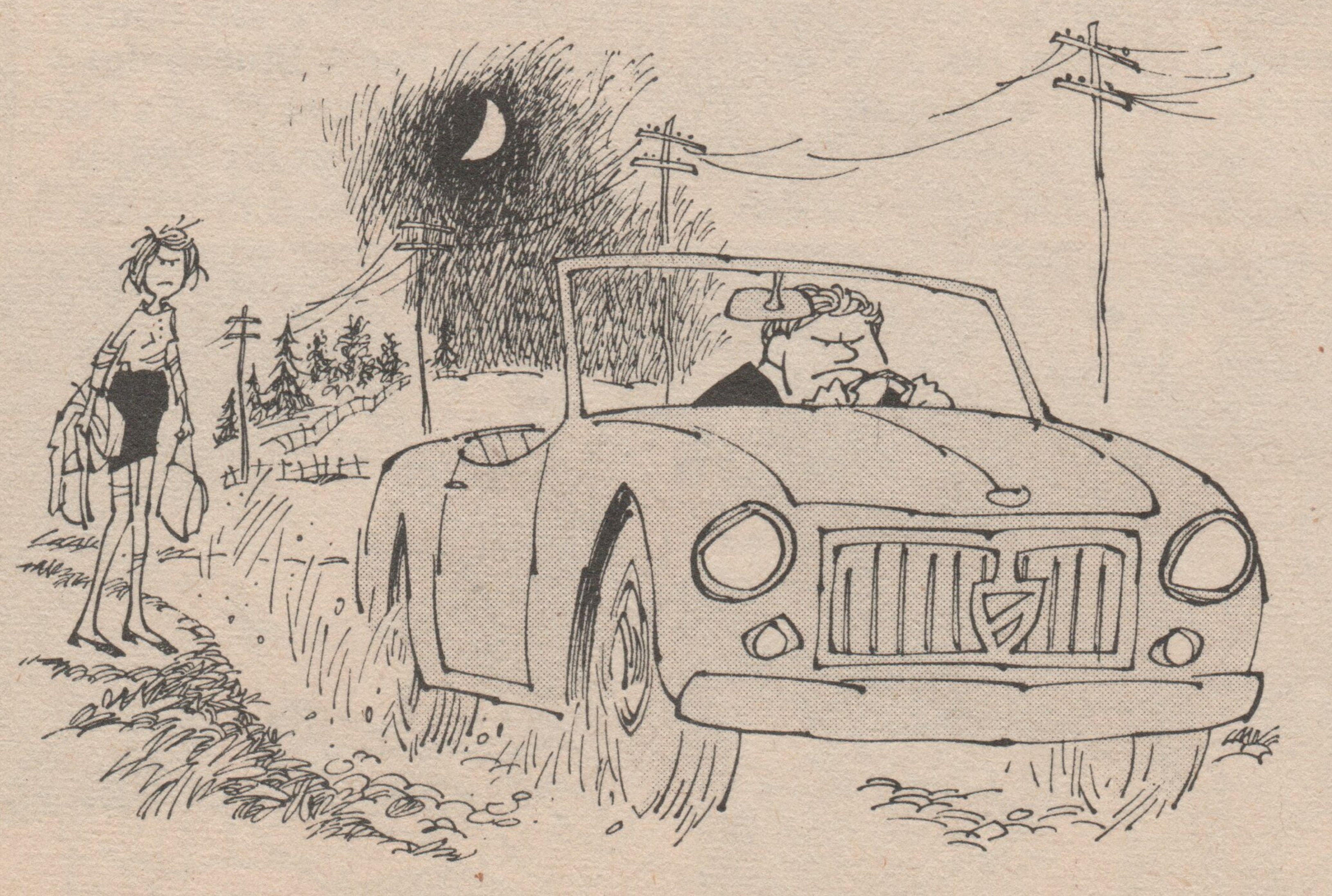
. . . you skip past "Record Players" in the trading stamp catalogue to see how many books you need for a Carpet Sweeper.

You Know You're REALLY ON YOUR OWN When . . .



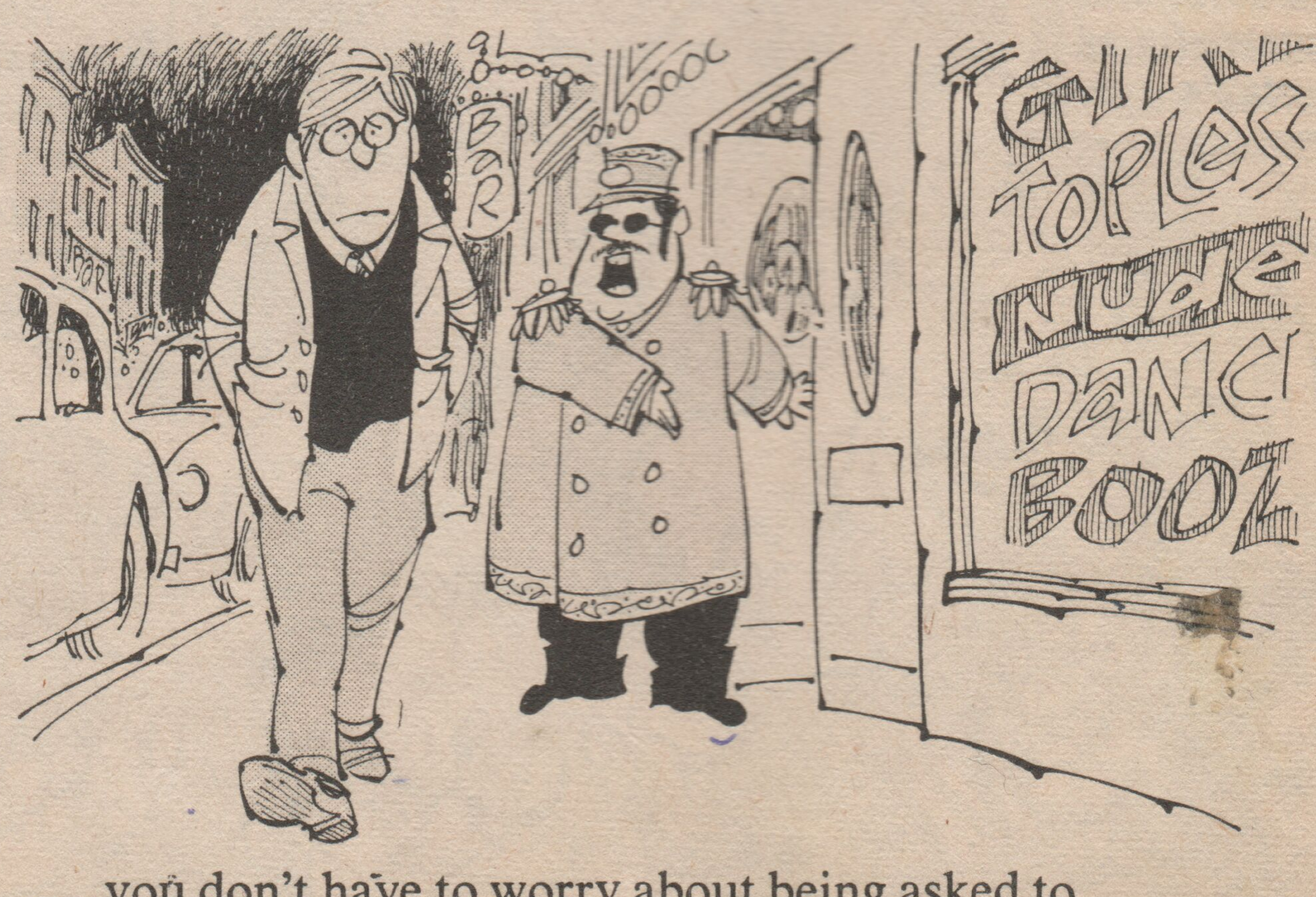
. . . you're free to hang on the phone for hours, talking to girls . . . only now you can't afford a telephone.

You Know You're REALLY ON YOUR OWN When . . .



. . . there's no one to tell you what time you have to get home from a date, and no one to call when you can't get home at all.

You Know You're REALLY ON YOUR OWN When . . .



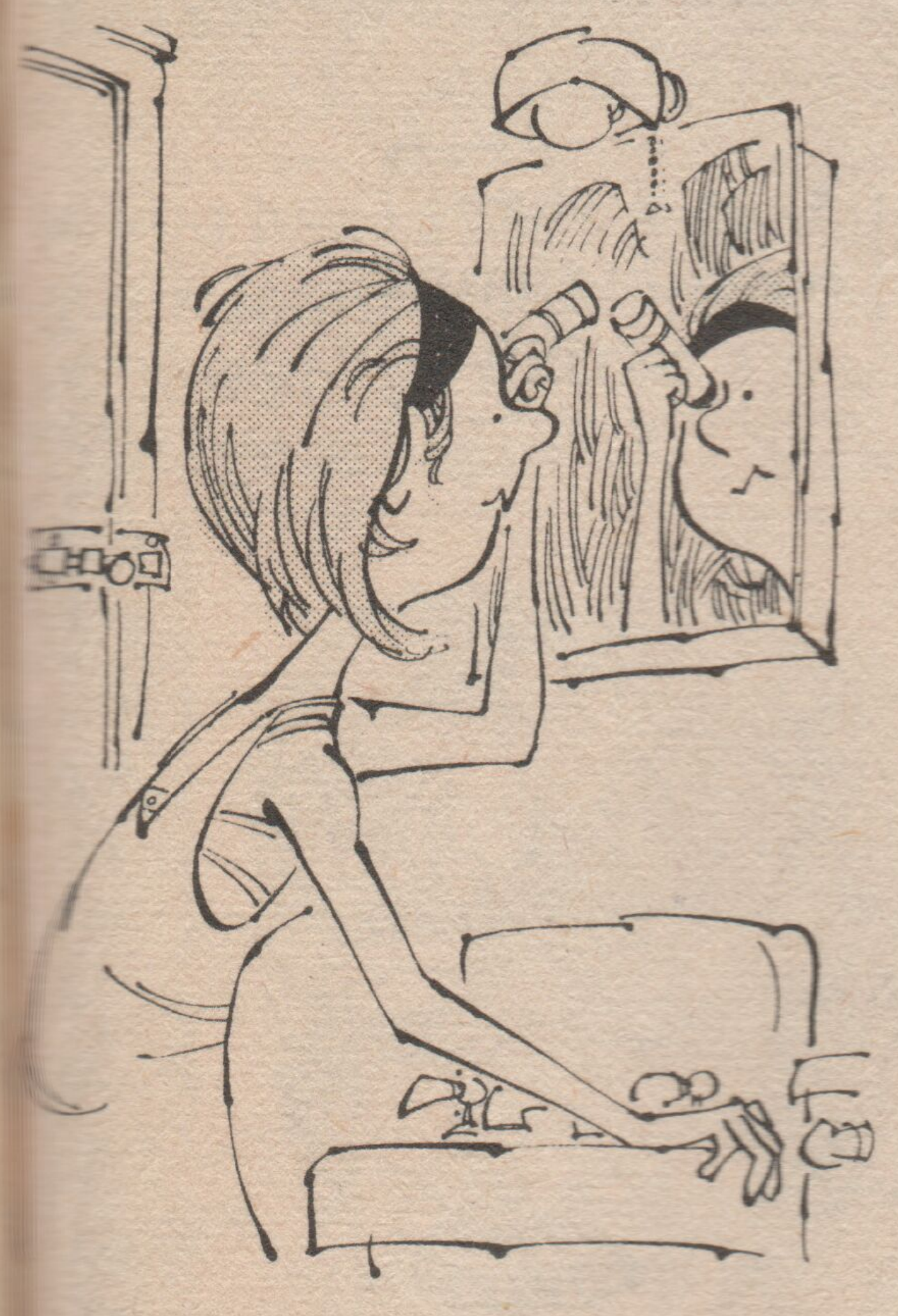
. . . you don't have to worry about being asked to show your I.D. card any more, mostly because you can never afford to go into places where you need one.

ells you what it's like. Mainly . . .

ON YOUR OWN When...

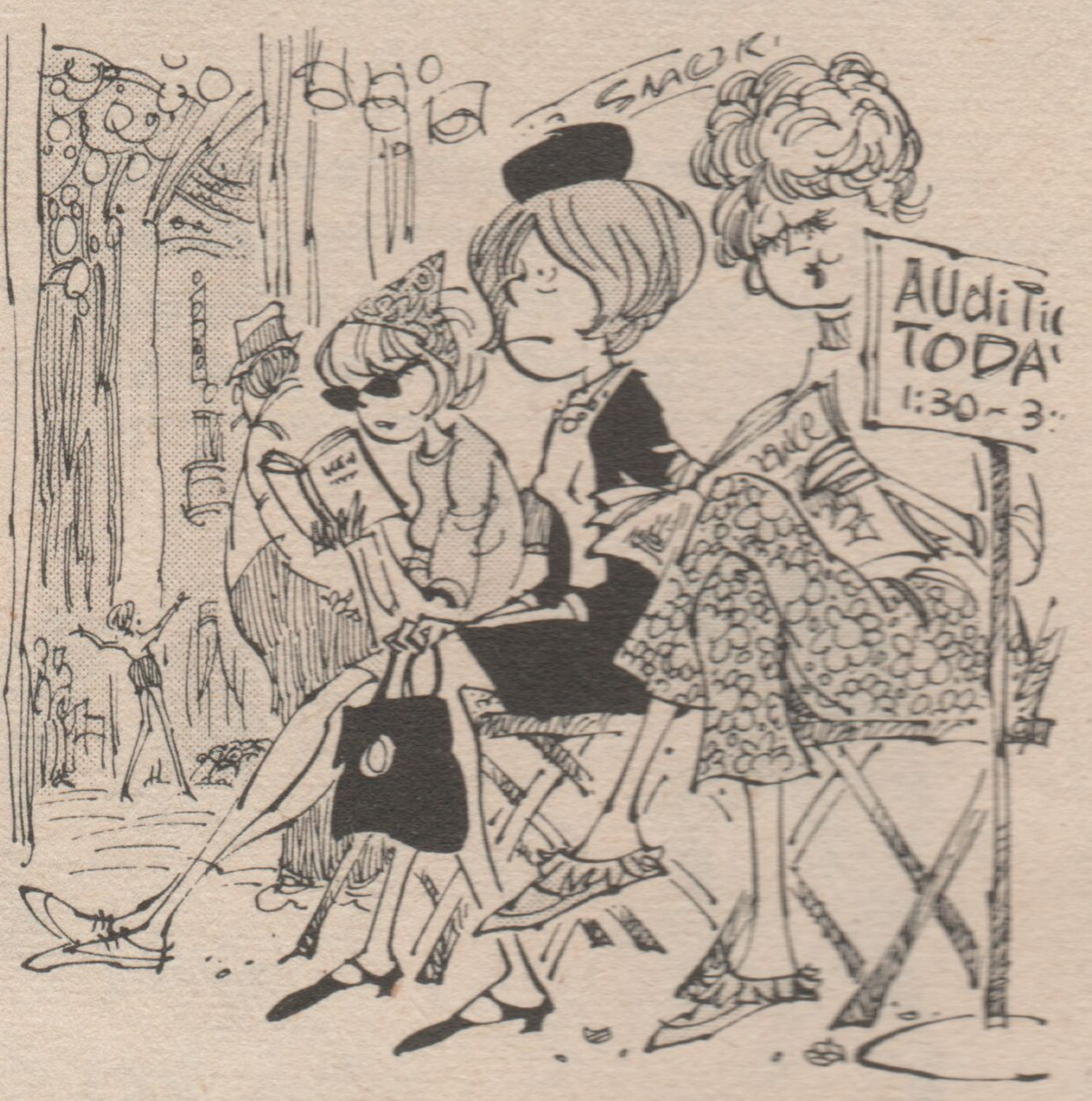
ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.
WRITERS: TOM KOCH
& GLORIA L. RICH

You Know You're REALLY ON YOUR OWN When . . .



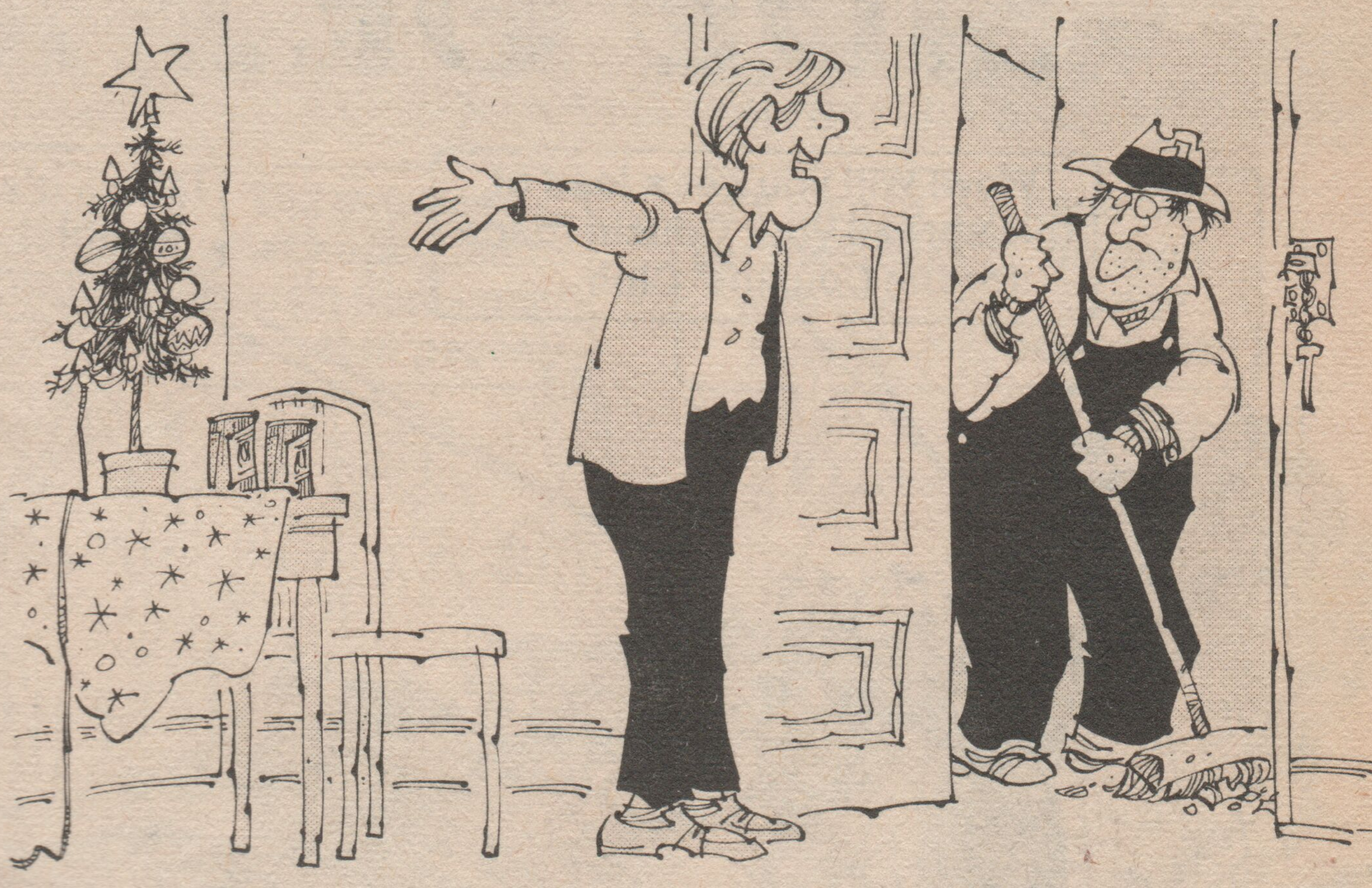
. . . you use a marking pen for an eyeliner.

You Know You're REALLY ON YOUR OWN When . . .



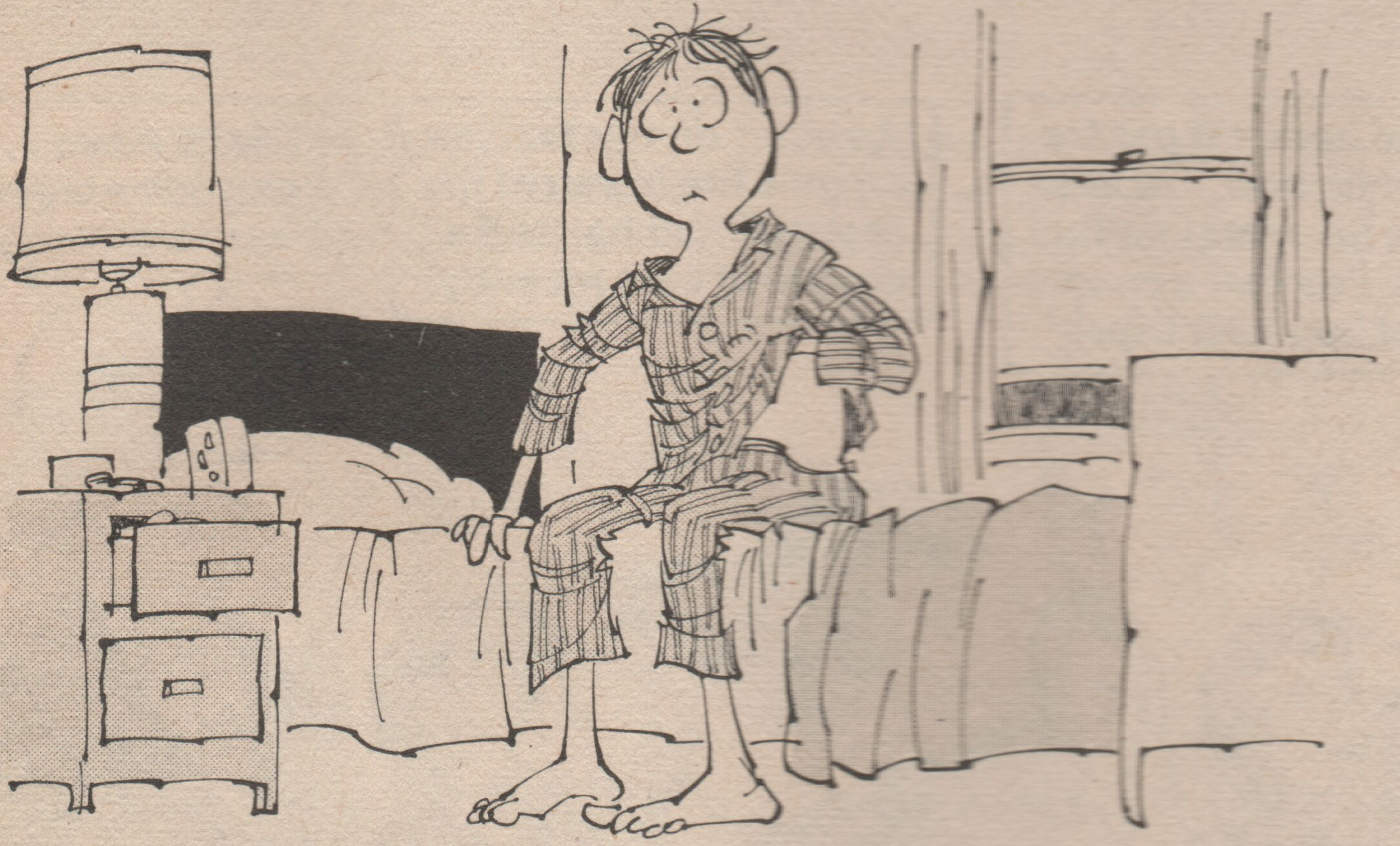
. . . there's no one to laugh at your desire to become an actress.

You Know You're REALLY ON YOUR OWN When . . .



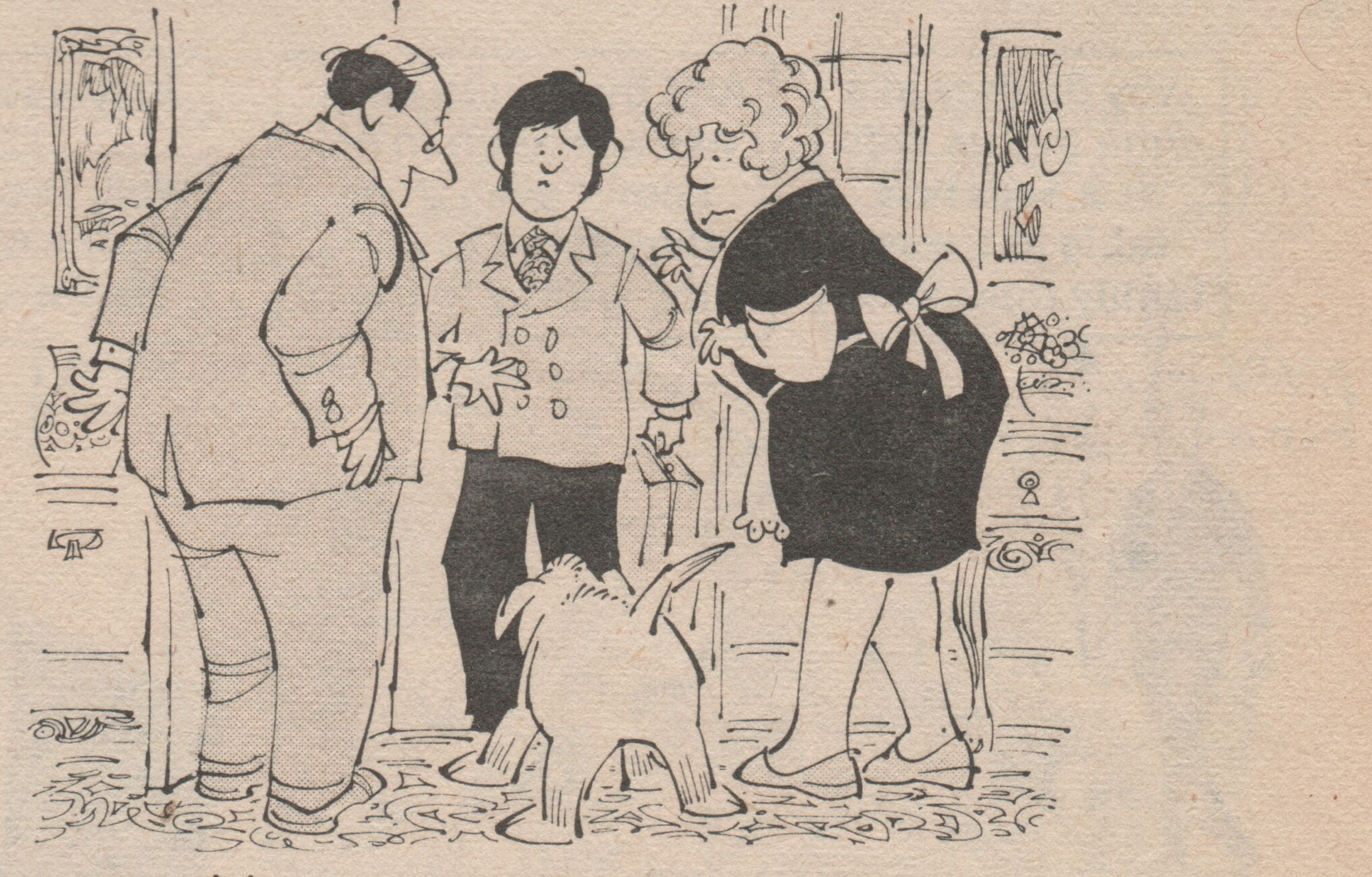
. . . the closest you can come to an old fashioned family Christmas is inviting the Janitor in for a can of beer.

You Know You're REALLY ON YOUR OWN When . . .



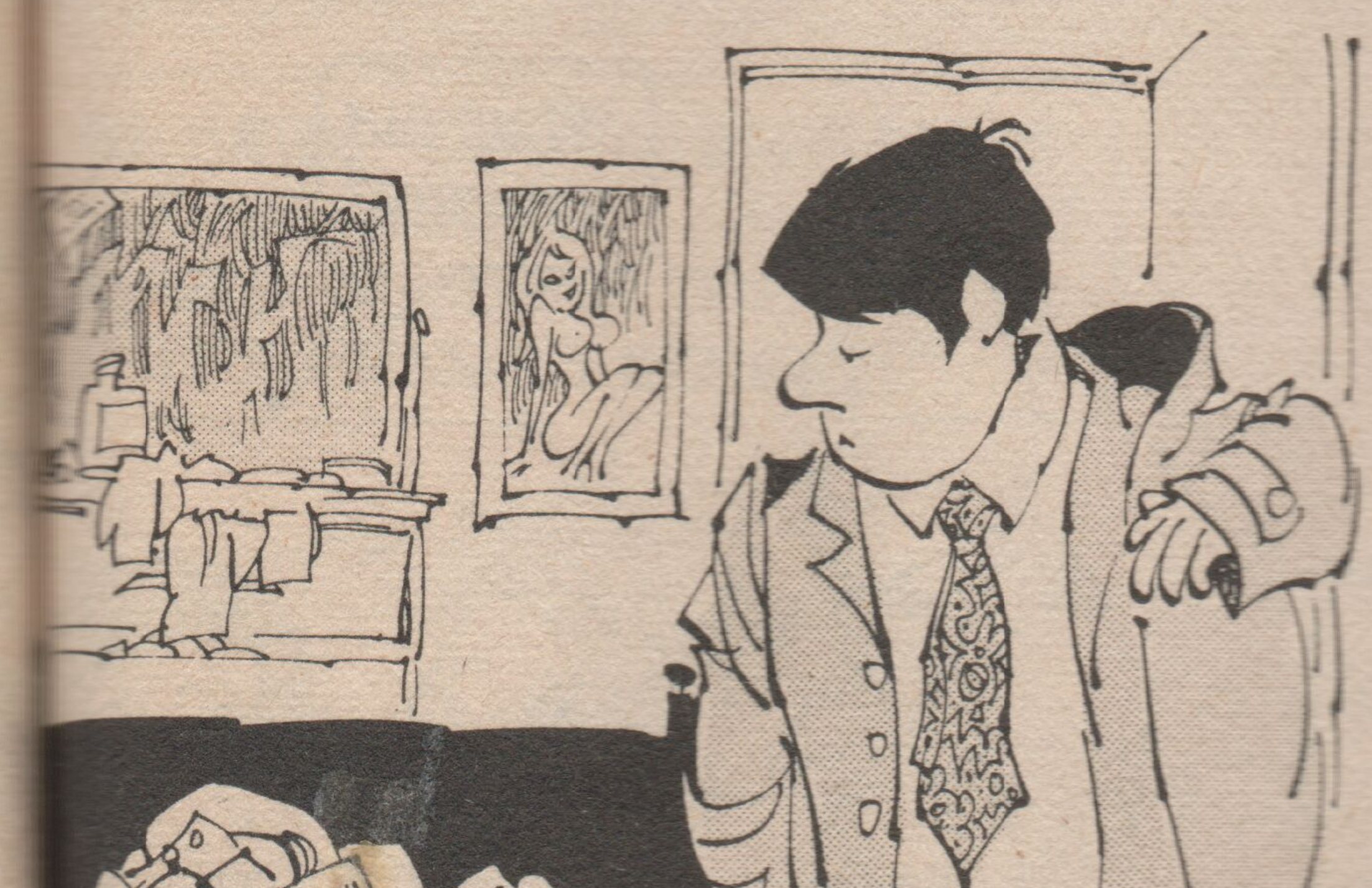
. . . you awaken in the middle of the night with a mysterious pain and you realize that you're 985 miles away from your family doctor.

You Know You're REALLY ON YOUR OWN When . . .



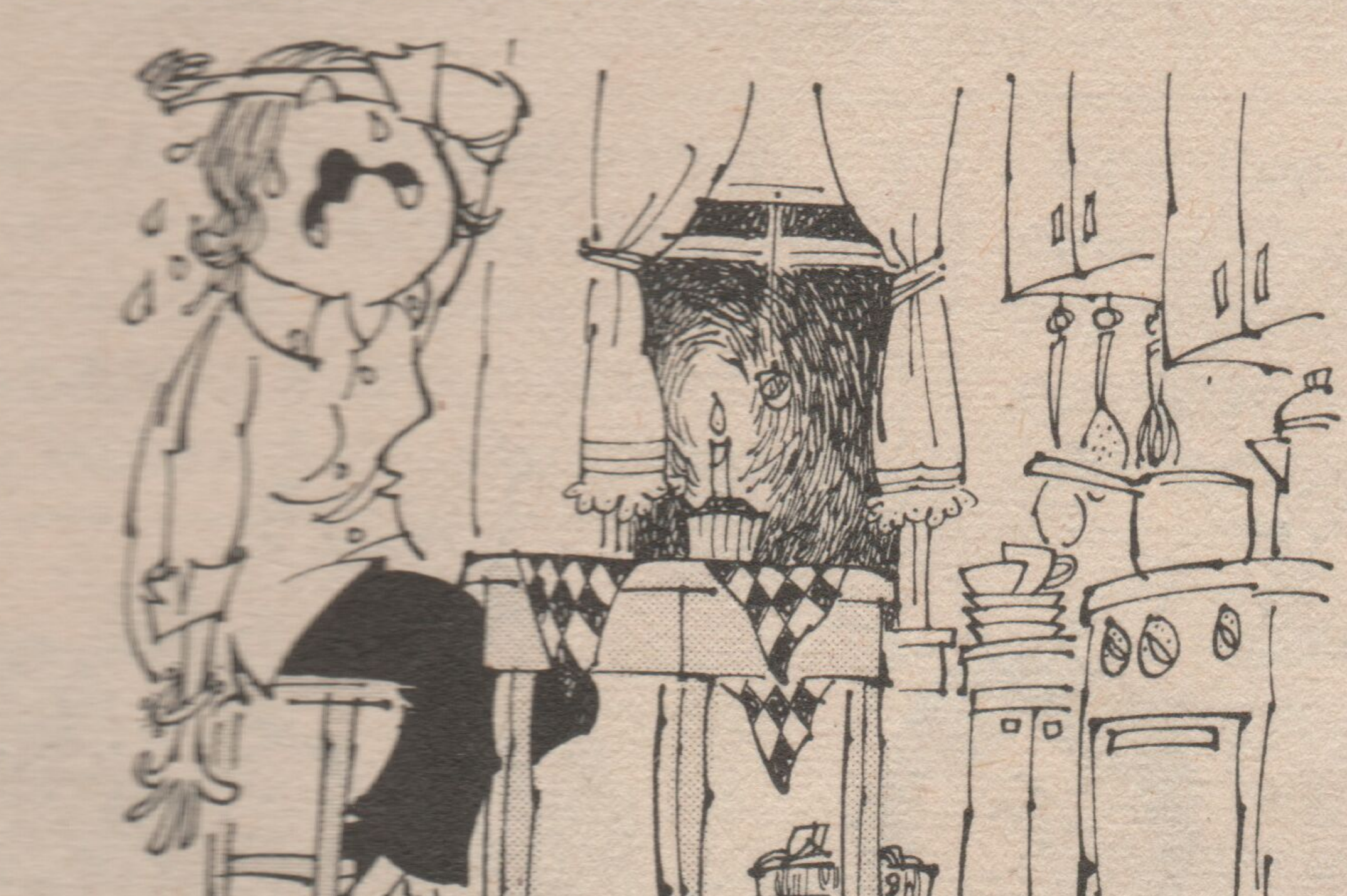
. . . you visit your parents . . . and your old dog barks at you.

You Know You're REALLY ON YOUR OWN When . . .



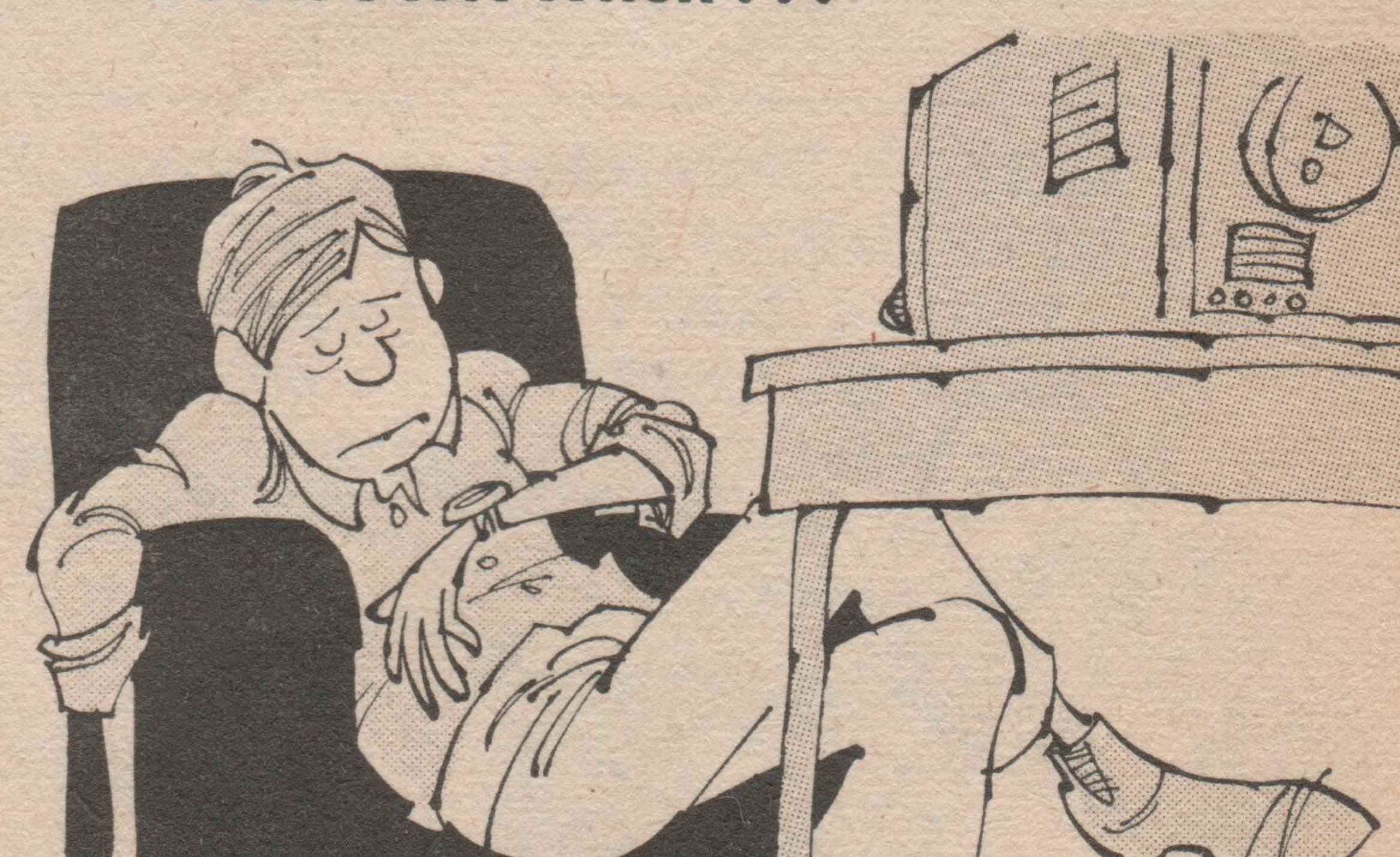
. . . you pile your dirty laundry on the bed in the morning, and it's still there when you come back that night.

You Know You're REALLY ON YOUR OWN When . . .



. . . you celebrate your birthday by sticking a lighted candle in a stale cupcake . . . and having a good cry.

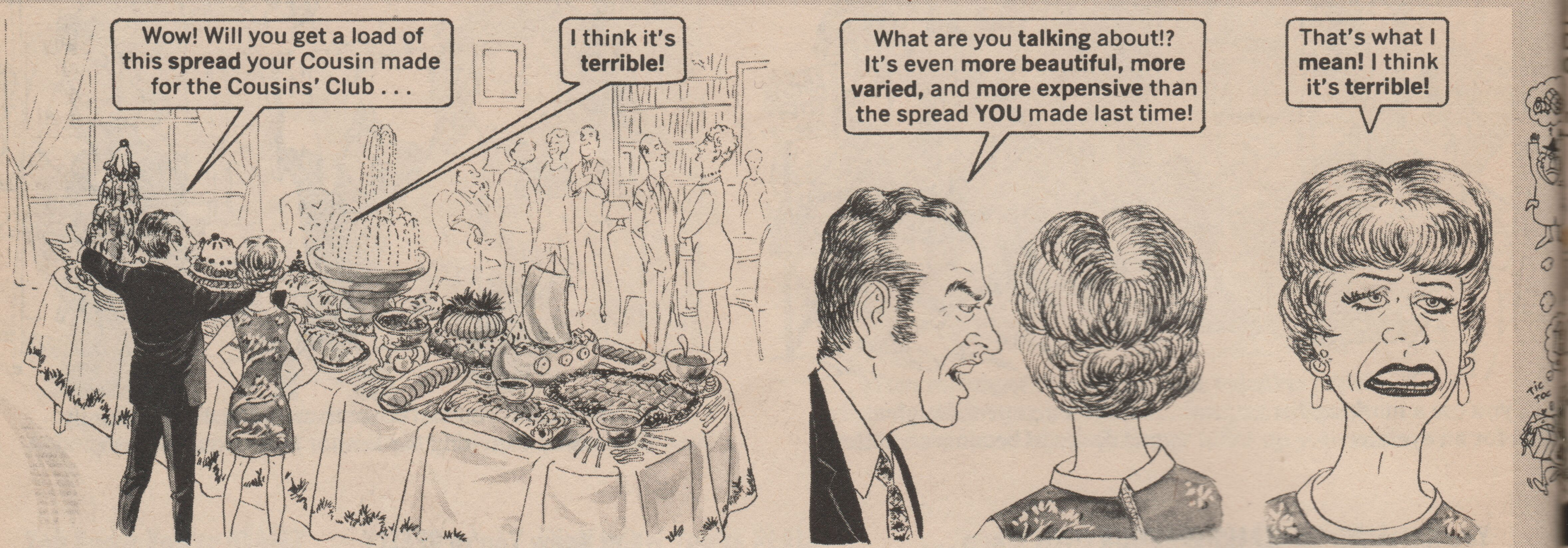
You Know You're REALLY ON YOUR OWN When . . .

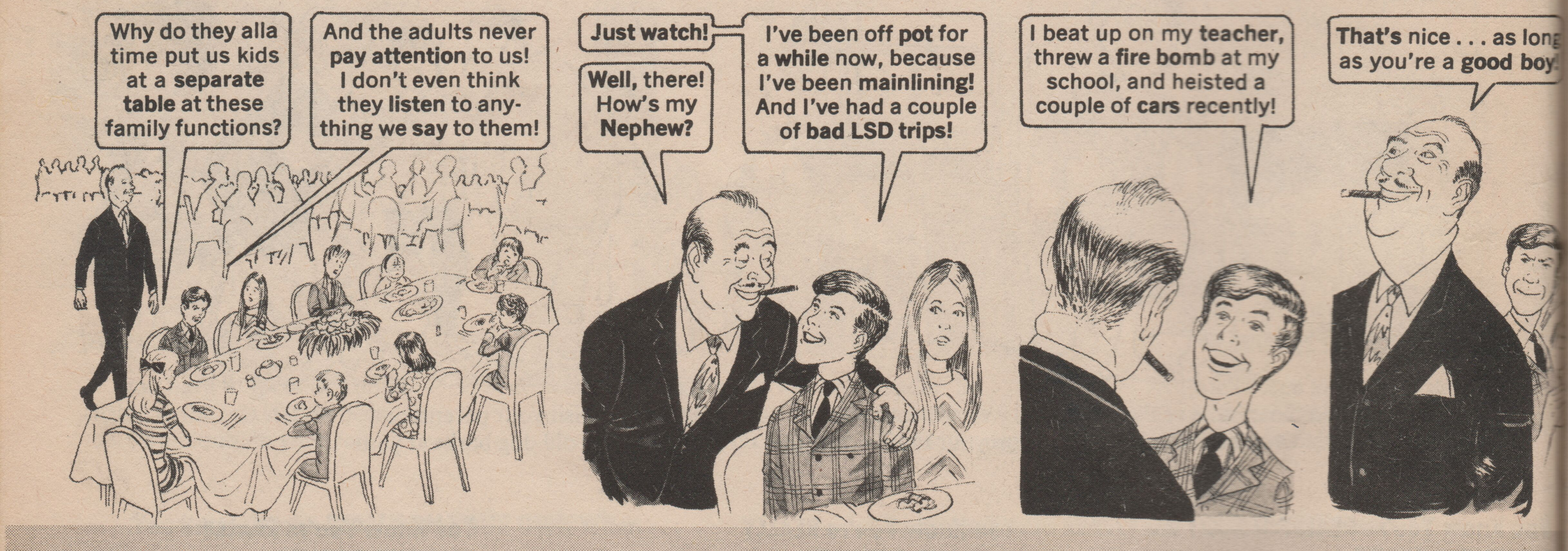


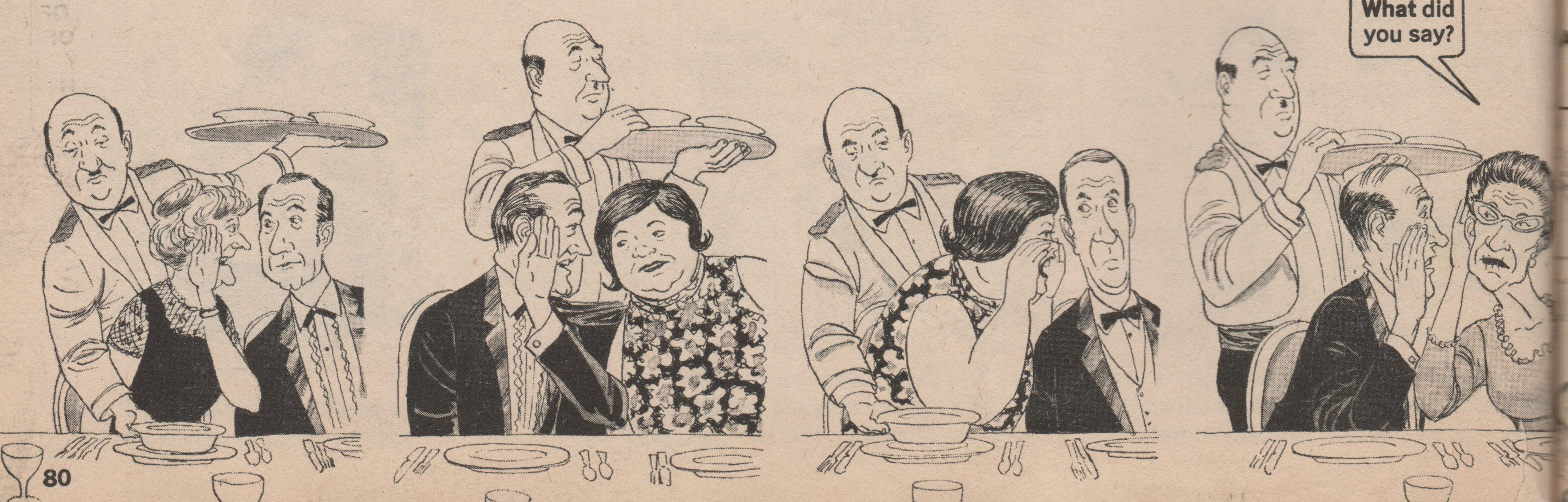
. . . you can stay up as late as you want to . . . but you don't want to.

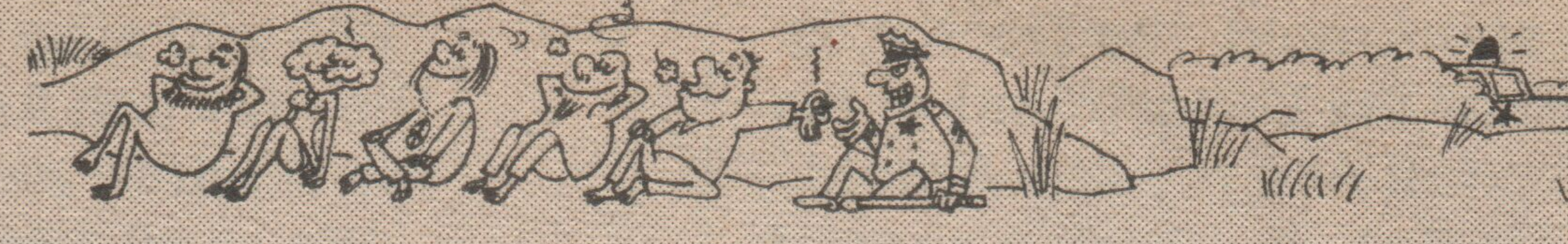
BERG'S-EYE-VIEW DEPT. PART II

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF... FAMILY


Wow! Will you get a load of this spread your Cousin made for the Cousins' Club . . .
I think it's terrible!
What are you talking about!? It's even more beautiful, more varied, and more expensive than the spread YOU made last time!
That's what I mean! I think it's terrible!

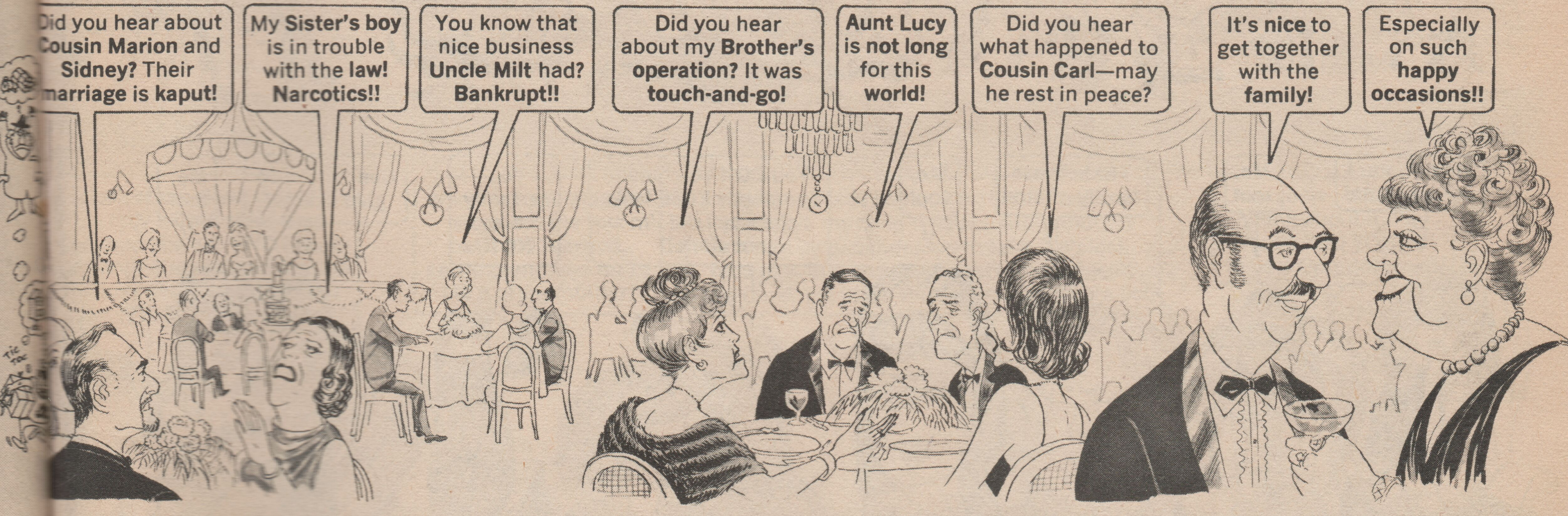

Why do they alla time put us kids at a separate table at these family functions?
And the adults never pay attention to us! I don't even think they listen to anything we say to them!
Just watch!
Well, there! How's my Nephew?
I've been off pot for a while now, because I've been mainlining! And I've had a couple of bad LSD trips!
I beat up on my teacher, threw a fire bomb at my school, and heisted a couple of cars recently!
That's nice . . . as long as you're a good boy!

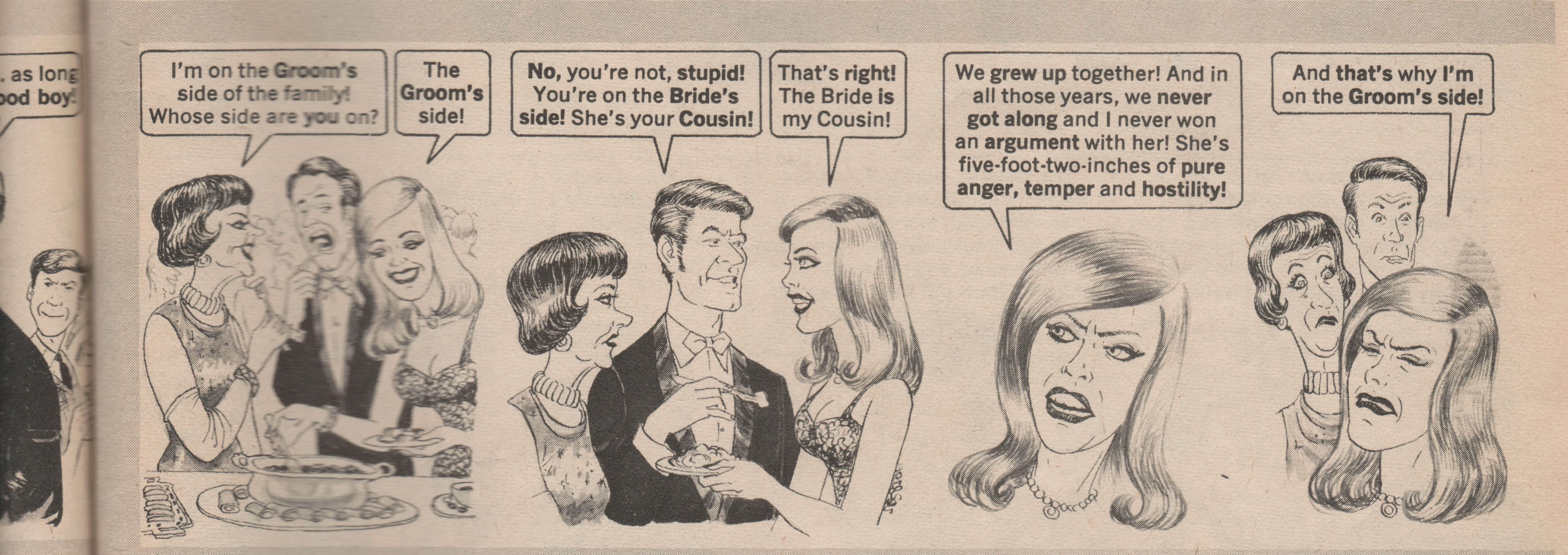

What did you say?

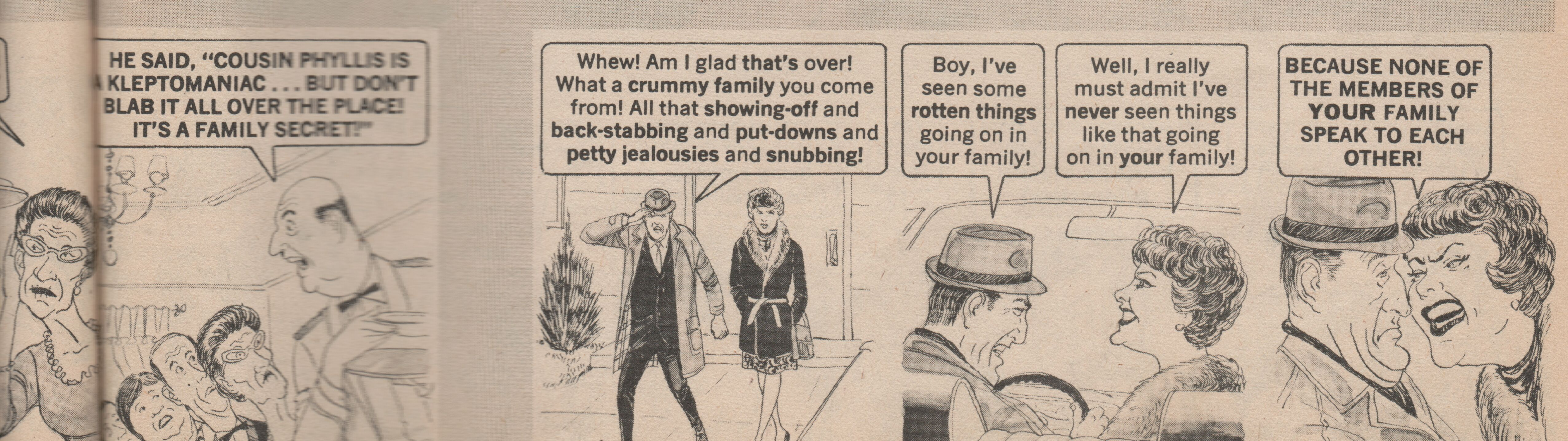


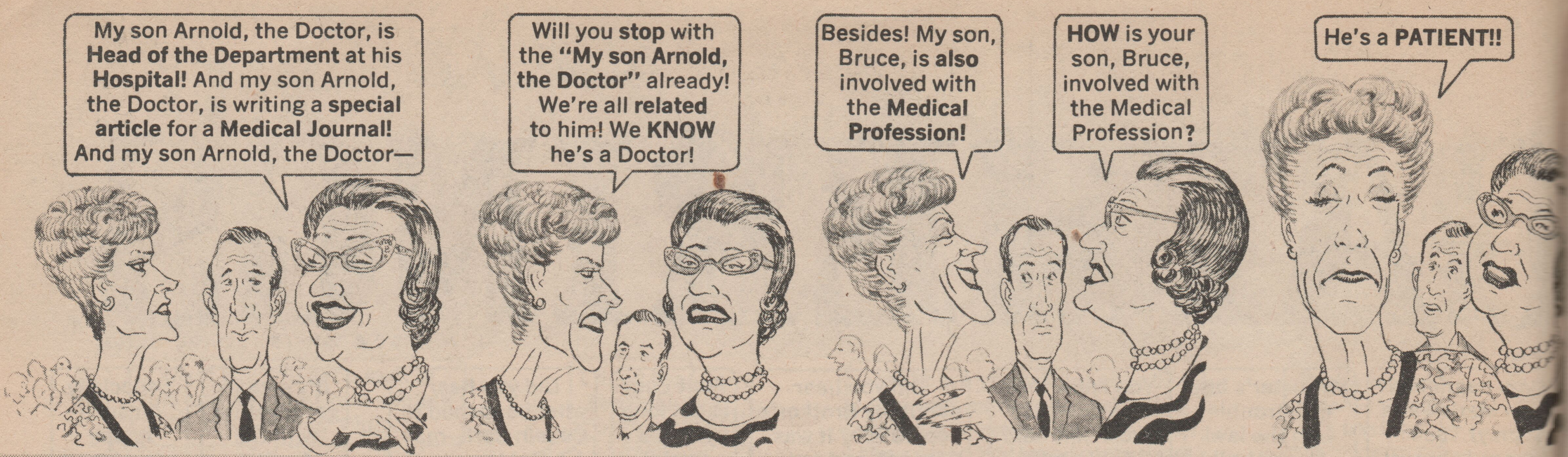
Y GATHERINGS

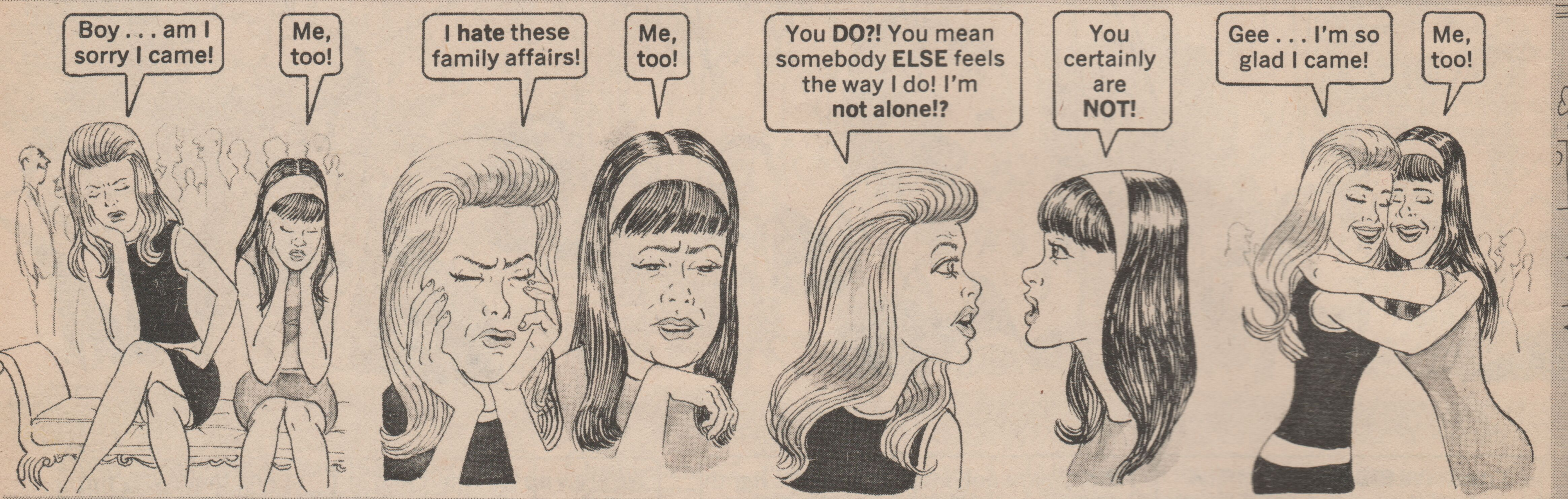
ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG

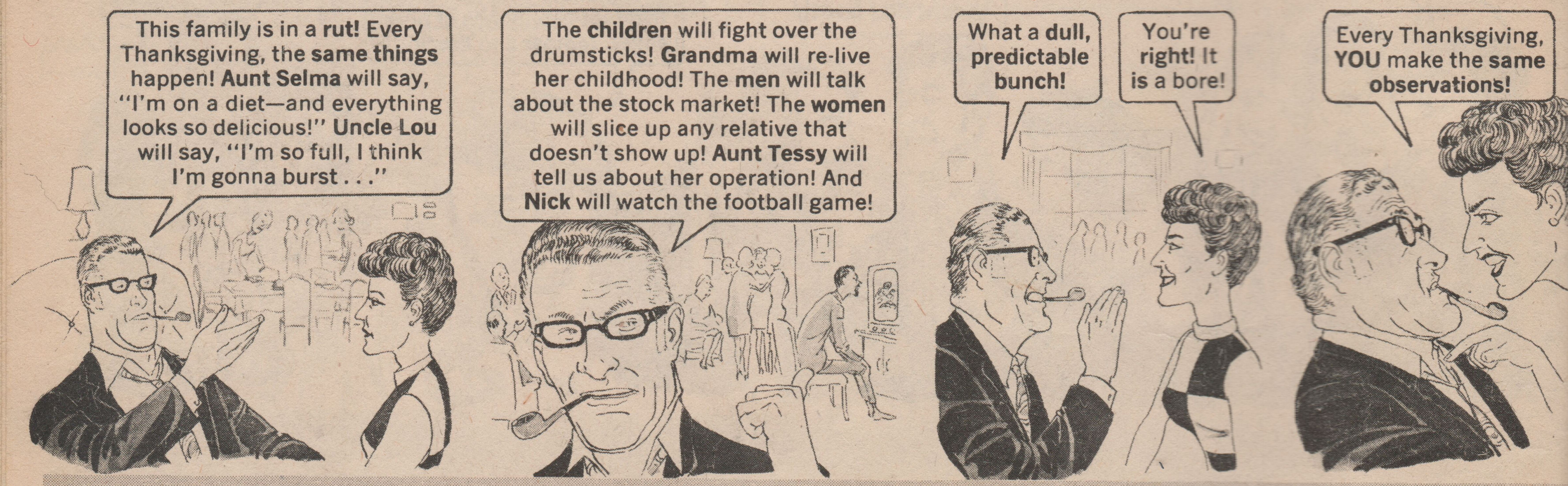

Did you hear about Cousin Marion and Sidney? Their marriage is kaput!
My Sister's boy is in trouble with the law! Narcotics!!
You know that nice business Uncle Milt had? Bankrupt!!
Did you hear about my Brother's operation? It was touch-and-go!
Aunt Lucy is not long for this world!
Did you hear what happened to Cousin Carl—may he rest in peace?
It's nice to get together with the family!
Especially on such happy occasions!!

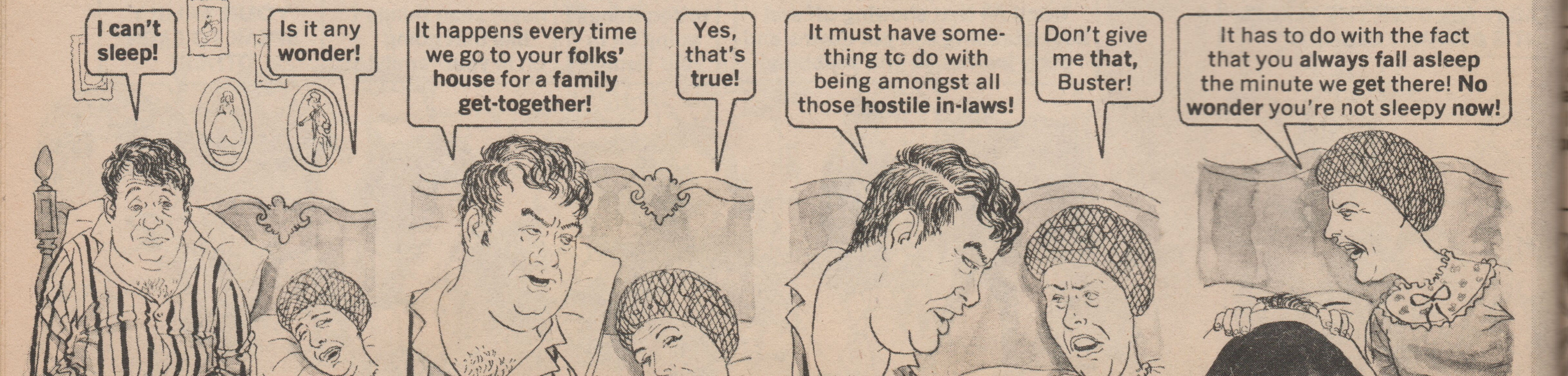

. as long
ood boy!
I'm on the Groom's side of the family! Whose side are you on?
The Groom's side!
No, you're not, stupid! You're on the Bride's side! She's your Cousin!
That's right! The Bride is my Cousin!
We grew up together! And in all those years, we never got along and I never won an argument with her! She's five-foot-two-inches of pure anger, temper and hostility!
And that's why I'm on the Groom's side!

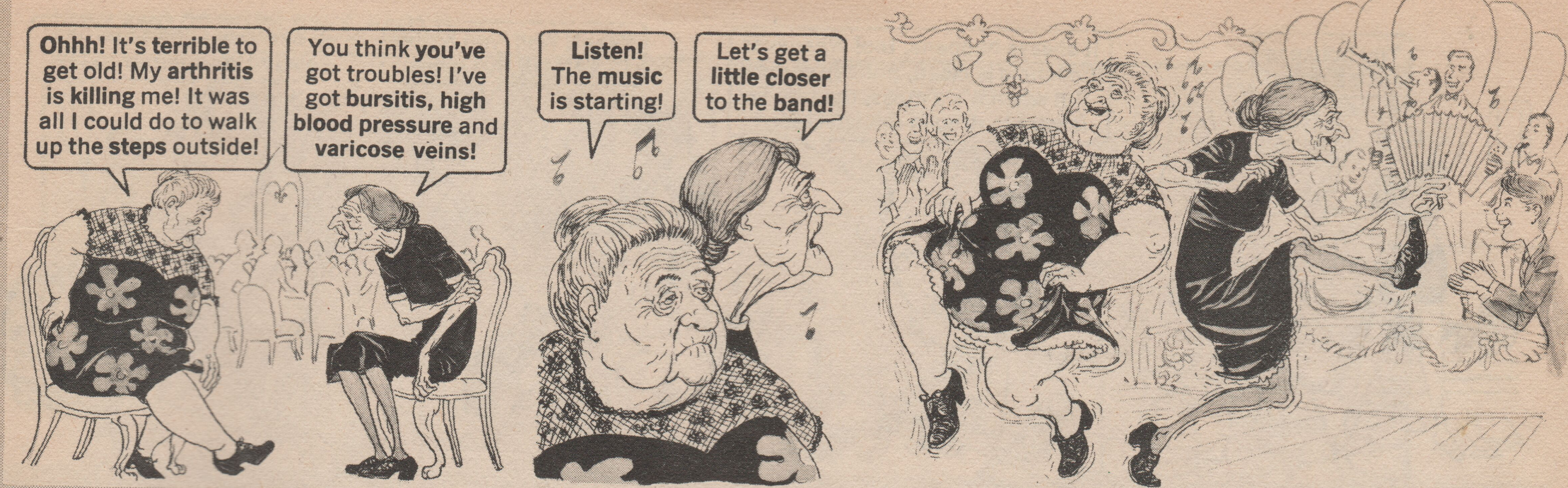

HE SAID, "COUSIN PHYLLIS IS A KLEPTOMANIAC . . . BUT DON'T BLAB IT ALL OVER THE PLACE! IT'S A FAMILY SECRET!"
Whew! Am I glad that's over! What a crummy family you come from! All that showing-off and back-stabbing and put-downs and petty jealousies and snubbing!
Boy, I've seen some rotten things going on in your family!
Well, I really must admit I've never seen things like that going on in your family!
BECAUSE NONE OF THE MEMBERS OF YOUR FAMILY SPEAK TO EACH OTHER!

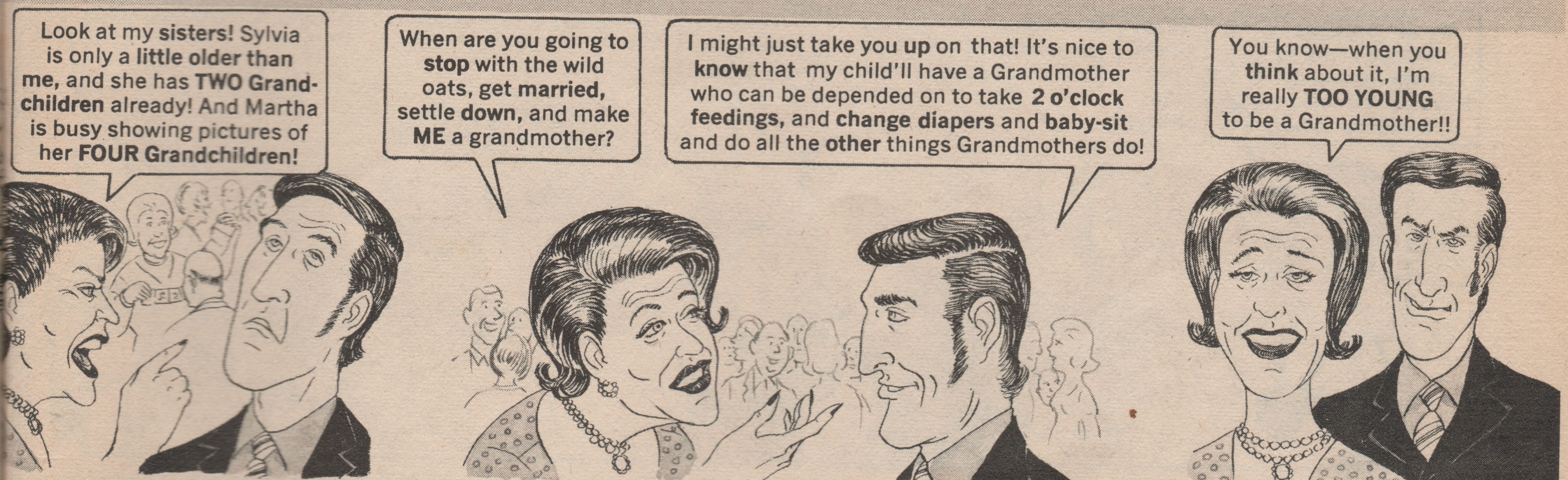

My son Arnold, the Doctor, is Head of the Department at his Hospital! And my son Arnold, the Doctor, is writing a special article for a Medical Journal! And my son Arnold, the Doctor—
Will you stop with the "My son Arnold, the Doctor" already! We're all related to him! We KNOW he's a Doctor!
Besides! My son, Bruce, is also involved with the Medical Profession!
HOW is your son, Bruce, involved with the Medical Profession?
He's a PATIENT!!

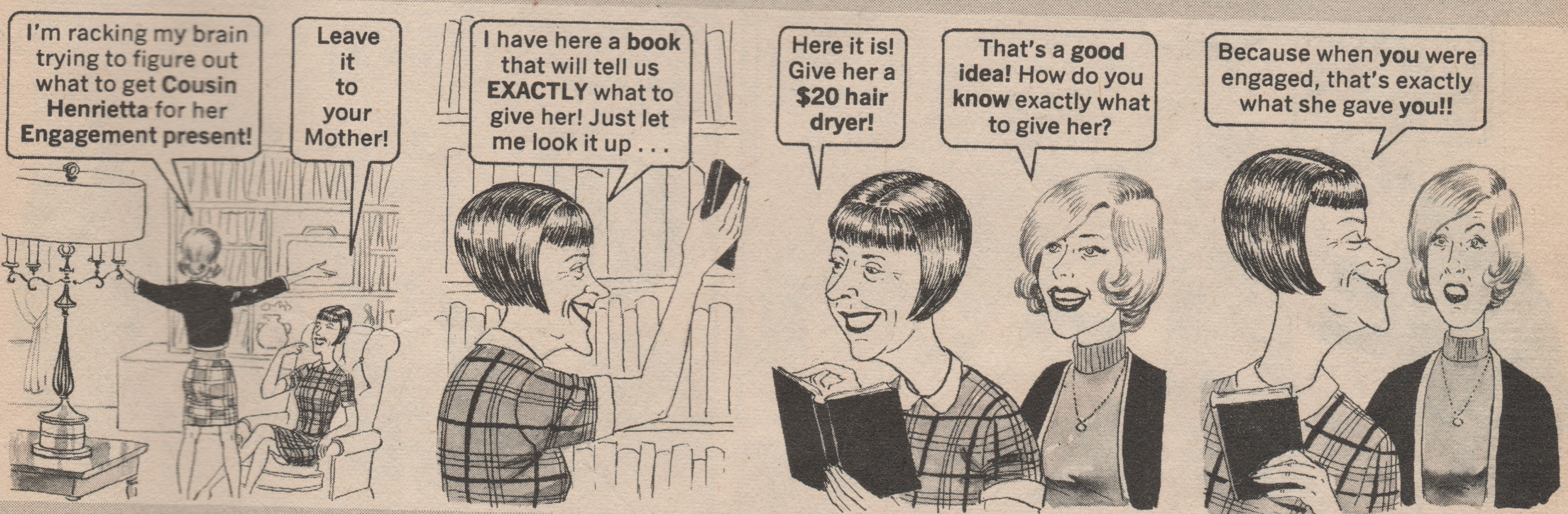

Boy . . . am I sorry I came!
Me, too!
I hate these family affairs!
Me, too!
You DO?! You mean somebody ELSE feels the way I do! I'm not alone!?
You certainly are NOT!
Gee . . . I'm so glad I came!
Me, too!

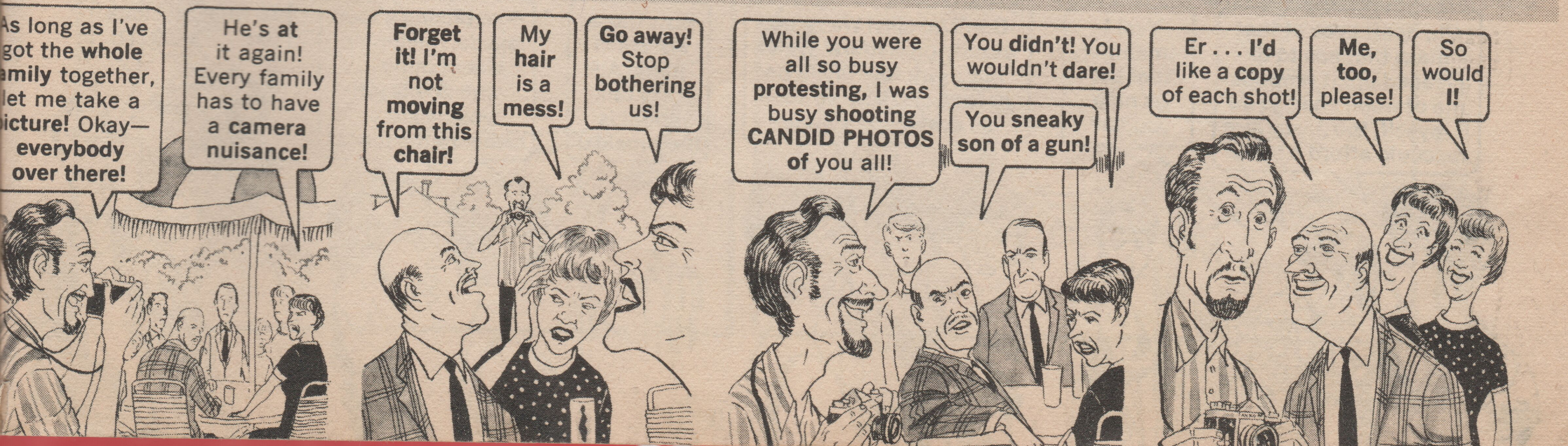

This family is in a rut! Every Thanksgiving, the same things happen! Aunt Selma will say, "I'm on a diet—and everything looks so delicious!" Uncle Lou will say, "I'm so full, I think I'm gonna burst . . ."
The children will fight over the drumsticks! Grandma will re-live her childhood! The men will talk about the stock market! The women will slice up any relative that doesn't show up! Aunt Tessy will tell us about her operation! And Nick will watch the football game!
What a dull, predictable bunch!
You're right! It is a bore!
Every Thanksgiving, YOU make the same observations!

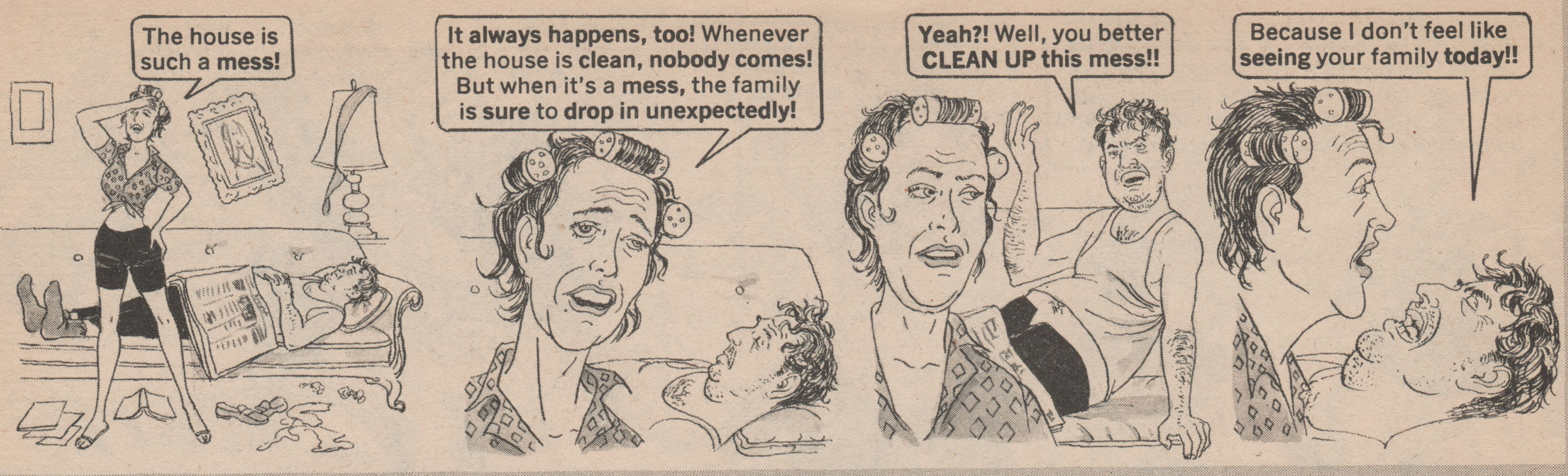

I can't sleep!
Is it any wonder!
It happens every time we go to your folks' house for a family get-together!
Yes, that's true!
It must have something to do with being amongst all those hostile in-laws!
Don't give me that, Buster!
It has to do with the fact that you always fall asleep the minute we get there! No wonder you're not sleepy now!

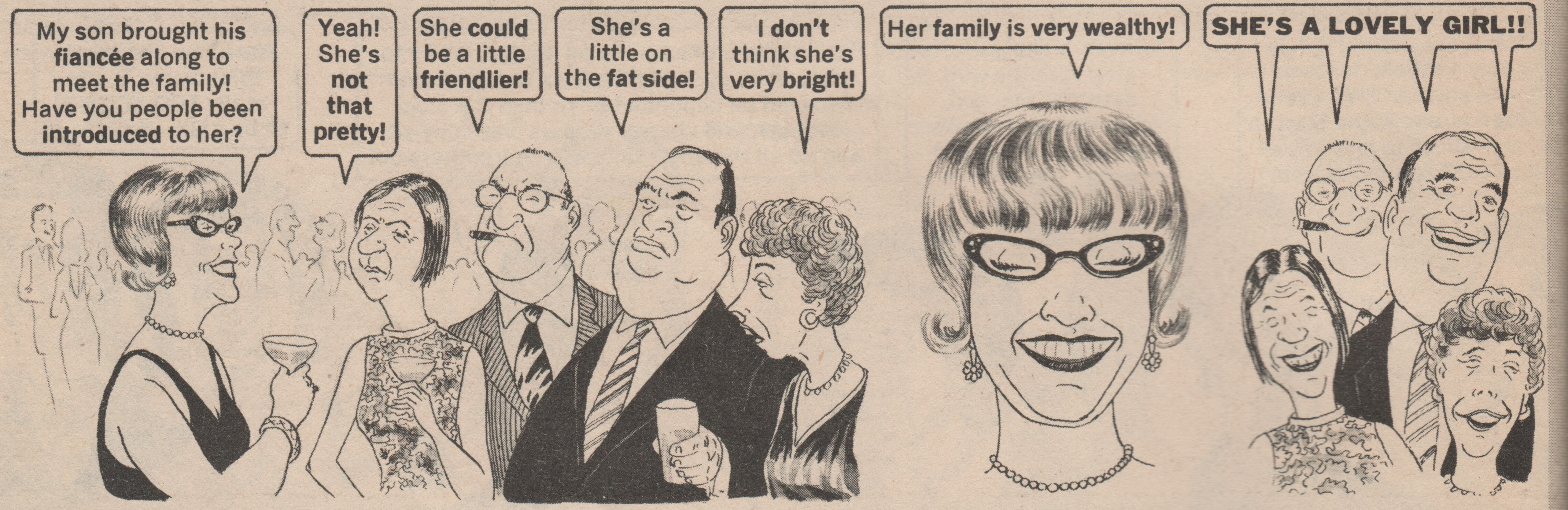

Ohhh! It's terrible to get old! My arthritis is killing me! It was all I could do to walk up the steps outside!
You think you've got troubles! I've got bursitis, high blood pressure and varicose veins!
Listen! The music is starting!
Let's get a little closer to the band!

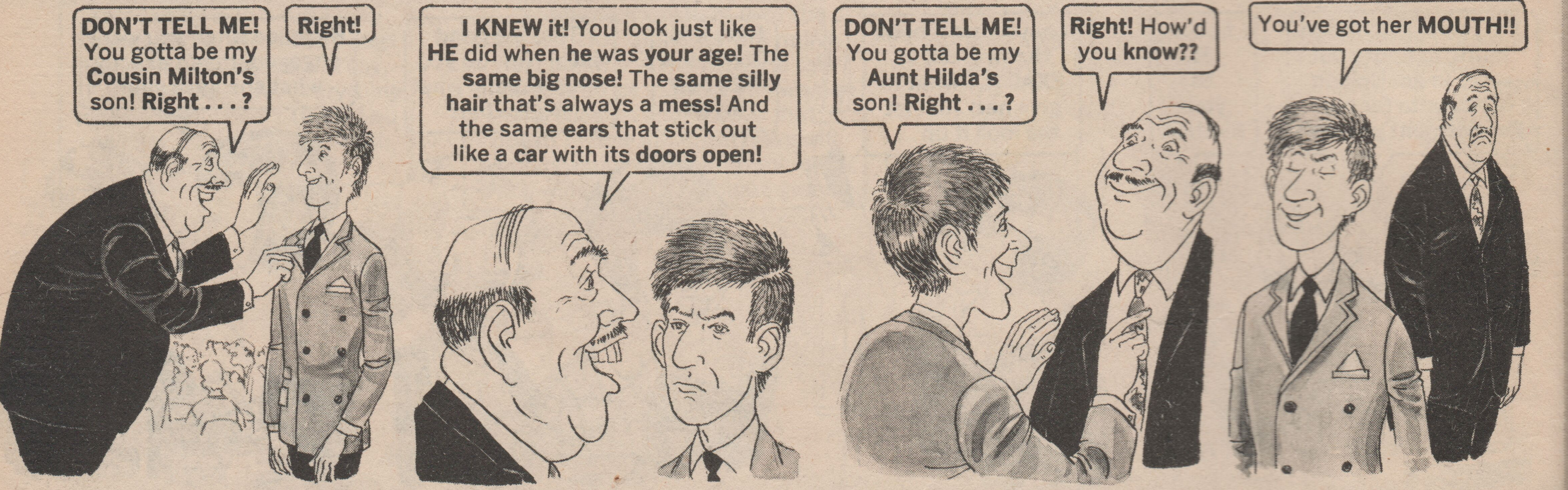

Look at my sisters! Sylvia is only a little older than me, and she has TWO Grandchildren already! And Martha is busy showing pictures of her FOUR Grandchildren!
When are you going to stop with the wild oats, get married, settle down, and make ME a grandmother?
I might just take you up on that! It's nice to know that my child'll have a Grandmother who can be depended on to take 2 o'clock feedings, and change diapers and baby-sit and do all the other things Grandmothers do!
You know—when you think about it, I'm really TOO YOUNG to be a Grandmother!!

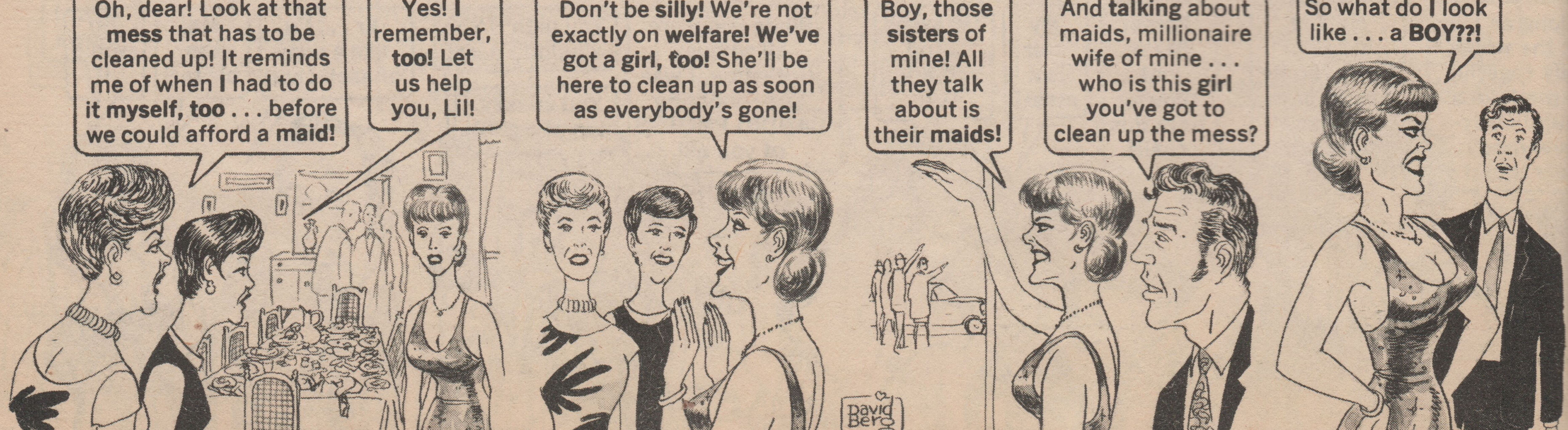

I'm racking my brain trying to figure out what to get Cousin Henrietta for her Engagement present!
Leave it to your Mother!
I have here a book that will tell us EXACTLY what to give her! Just let me look it up . . .
Here it is! Give her a $20 hair dryer!
That's a good idea! How do you know exactly what to give her?
Because when you were engaged, that's exactly what she gave you!!


As long as I've got the whole amily together, let me take a icture! Okay—everybody over there!
He's at it again! Every family has to have a camera nuisance!
Forget it! I'm not moving from this chair!
My hair is a mess!
Go away! Stop bothering us!
While you were all so busy protesting, I was busy shooting CANDID PHOTOS of you all!
You didn't! You wouldn't dare!
You sneaky son of a gun!
Er . . . I'd like a copy of each shot!
Me, too, please!
So would I!

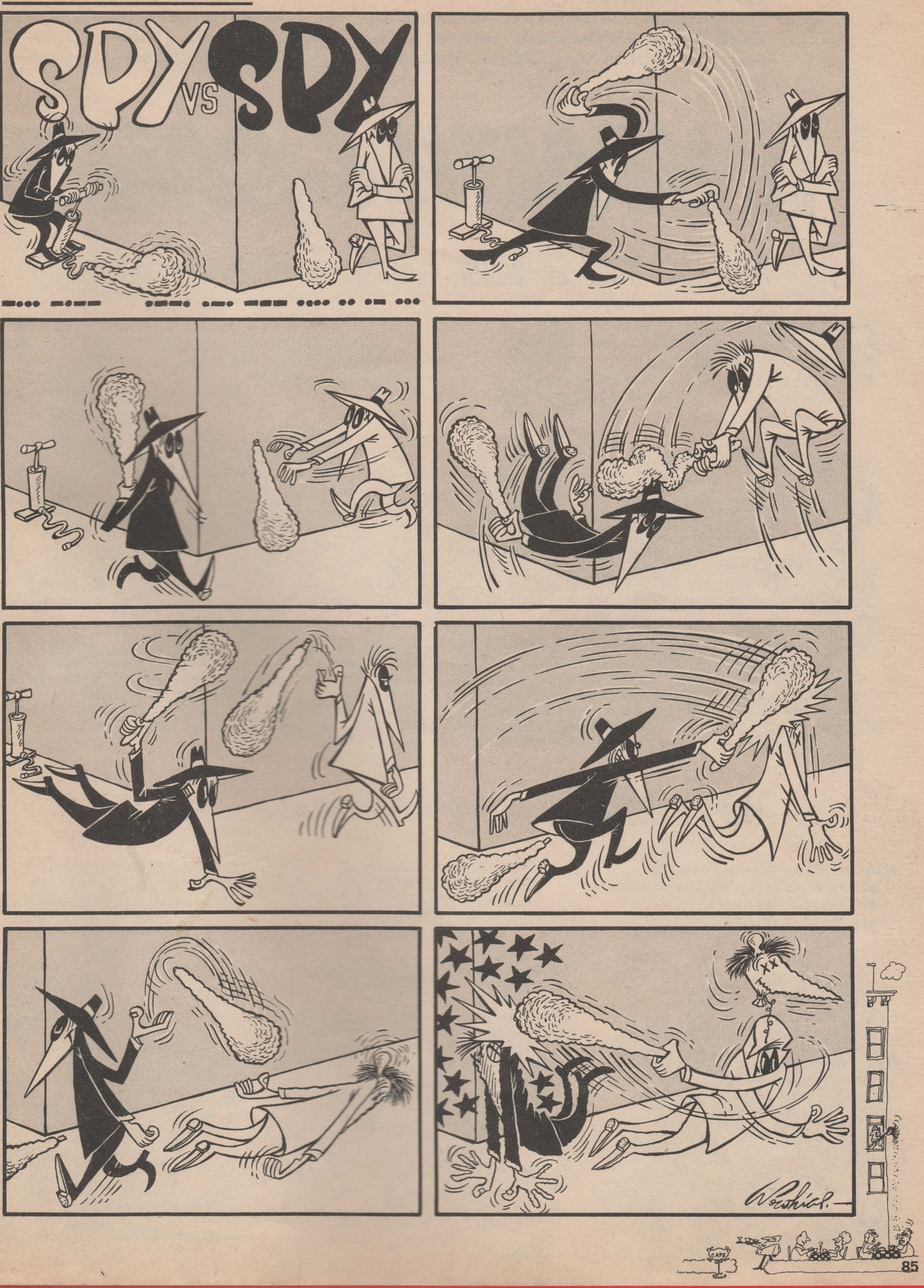

The house is such a **mess!**
It always happens, too! Whenever the house is **clean, nobody comes!** But when it's a **mess**, the family **is sure to drop in unexpectedly!**
Yeah?! Well, you better **CLEAN UP this mess!!**
Because I don't feel like **seeing your family today!!**


My son brought his **fiancée** along to meet the family! Have you people been **introduced** to her?
Yeah! She's **not that pretty!**
She **could** be a little **friendlier!**
She's a little on the **fat side!**
I **don't** think she's **very bright!**
Her family is **very wealthy!**
SHE'S A LOVELY GIRL!!


DON'T TELL ME! You gotta be my **Cousin Milton's** son! **Right . . . ?**
Right!
I KNEW it! You look just like **HE** did when **he was your age!** The **same big nose!** The **same silly hair** that's always a **mess!** And the same **ears** that stick out like a **car** with its **doors open!**
DON'T TELL ME! You gotta be my **Aunt Hilda's** son! **Right . . . ?**
Right! How'd you **know??**
You've got her **MOUTH!!**


Oh, dear! Look at that **mess** that has to be cleaned up! It reminds me of when **I** had to do **it myself, too . . .** before we could afford a **maid!**
Yes! I remember, **too!** Let us help you, Lil!
Don't be **silly!** We're not exactly on **welfare! We've** got a **girl, too!** She'll be here to clean up as soon as everybody's gone!
Boy, those **sisters** of mine! All they talk about is their **maids!**
And **talking** about maids, millionaire wife of mine . . . who is this **girl** you've got to clean up the mess?
So what do I look like . . . a **BOY??!**
David Berg

JOKE AND DAGGER DEPT. PART II


SPY vs SPY
-... -.-- .--. .-. --- ....- ...
CAFE

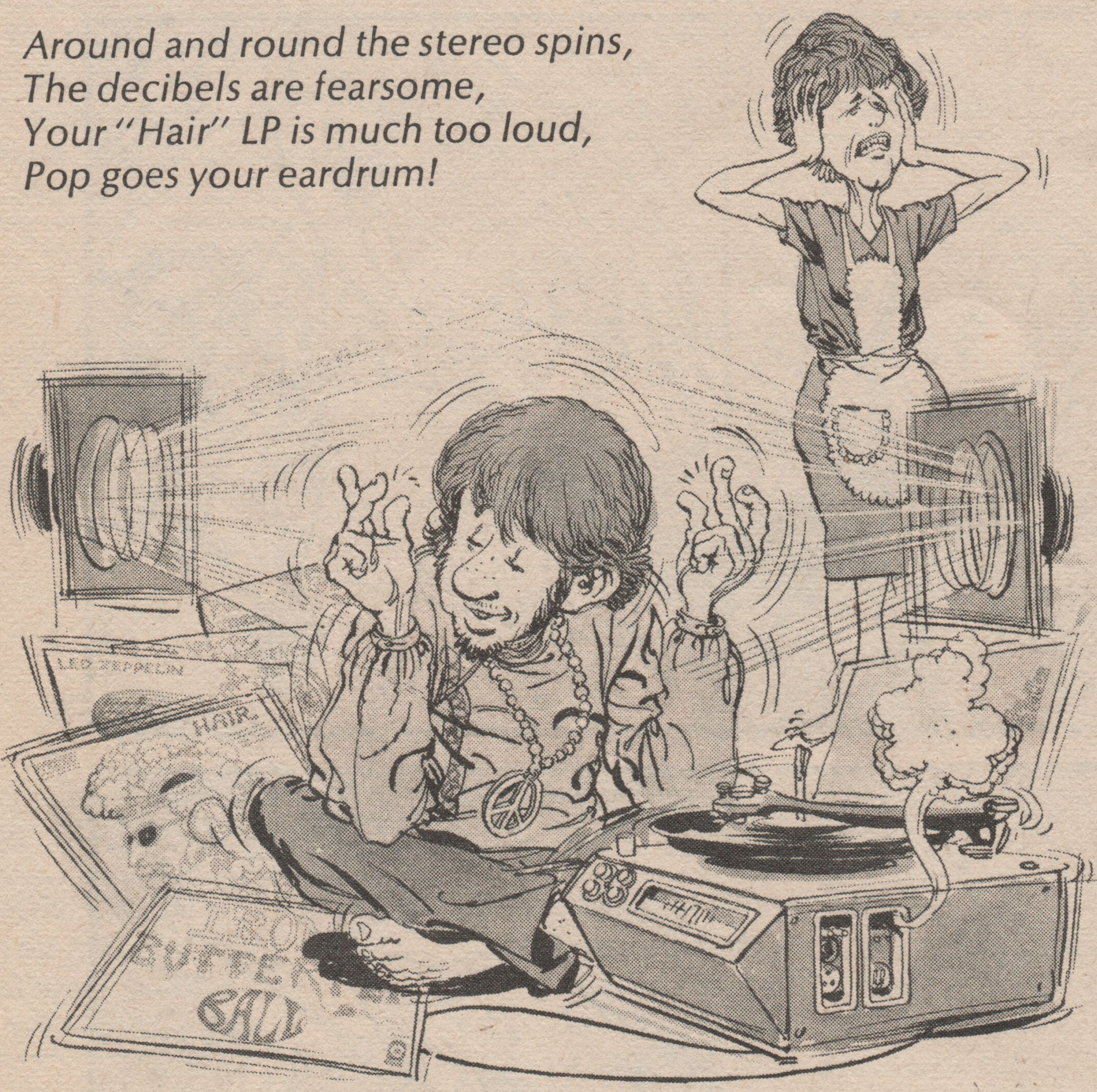
TUNES OF GORY DEPT.

Some years ago (MAD#92) we presented a piece which showed how hopelessly outdated Safety Songs for Children were. Namely, there were many more threats to life and limb than standard stuff like matches, poison ivy, and iodine in medicine cabinets. To mention a few,

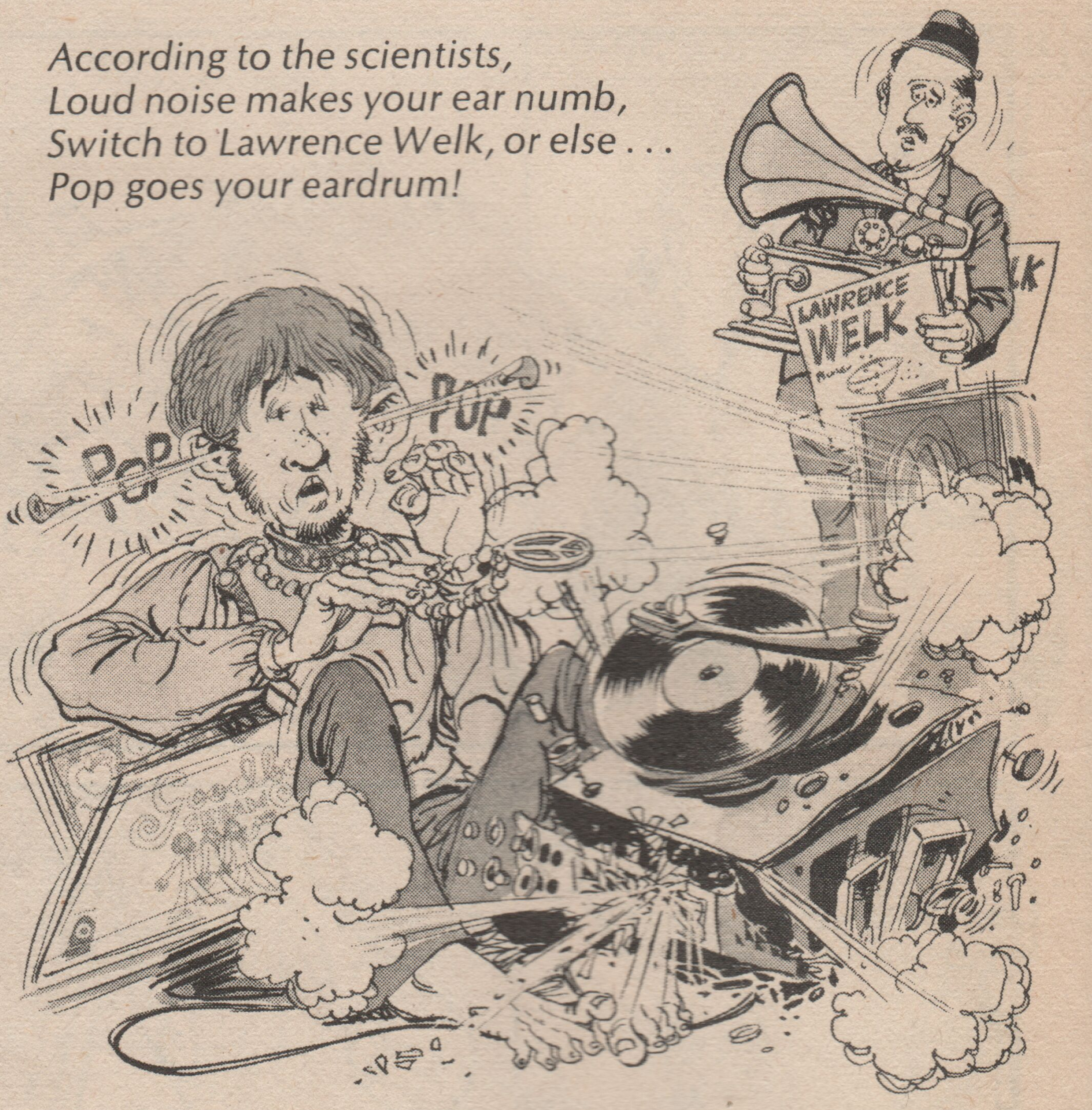
MORE UP-TO-DATE HEALTH & SAFETY

POP GOES YOUR EARDRUM *(to the tune of "Pop Goes The Weasel")*

Around and round the stereo spins,
The decibels are fearsome,
Your "Hair" LP is much too loud,
Pop goes your eardrum!

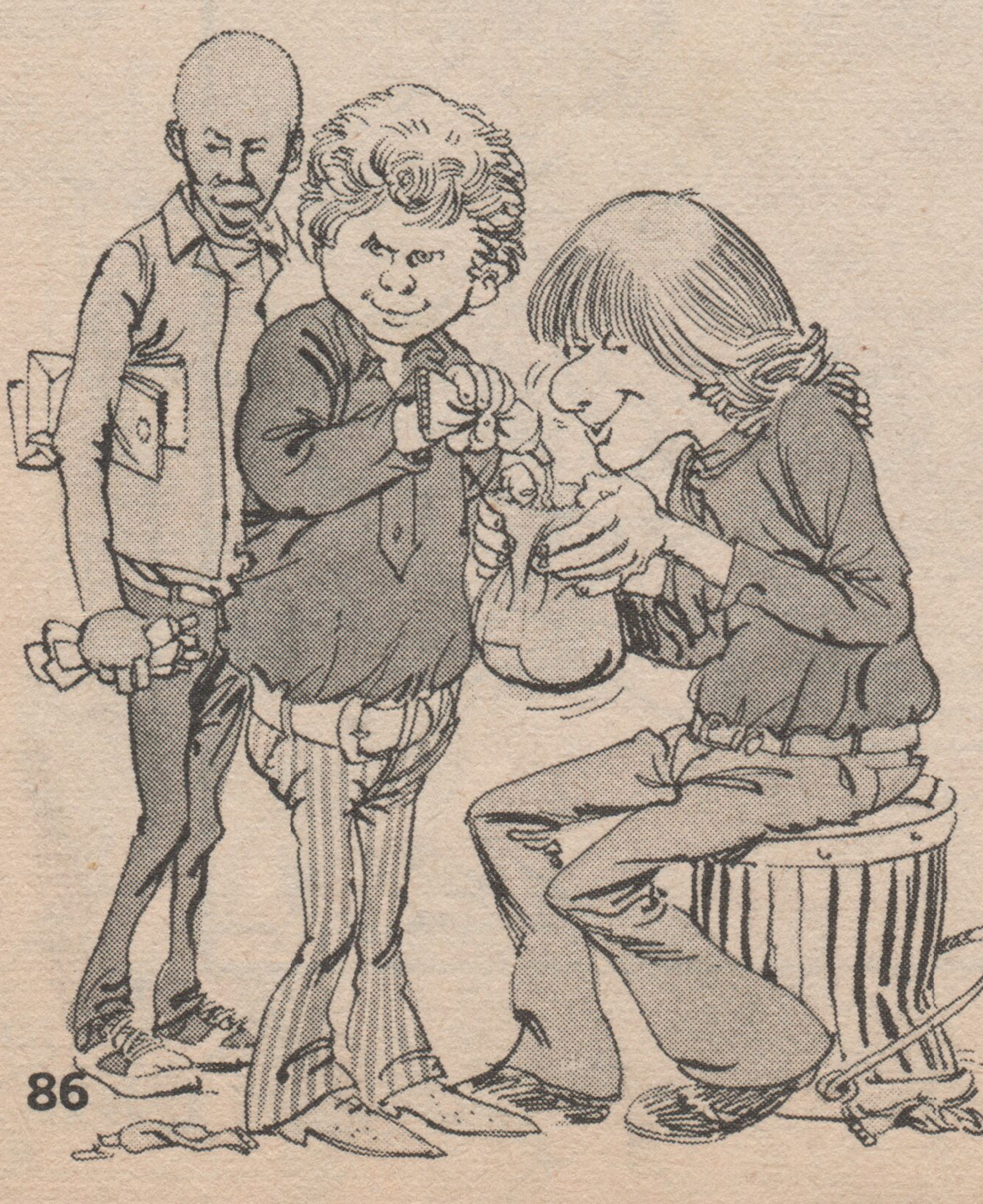


According to the scientists,
Loud noise makes your ear numb,
Switch to Lawrence Welk, or else . . .
Pop goes your eardrum!

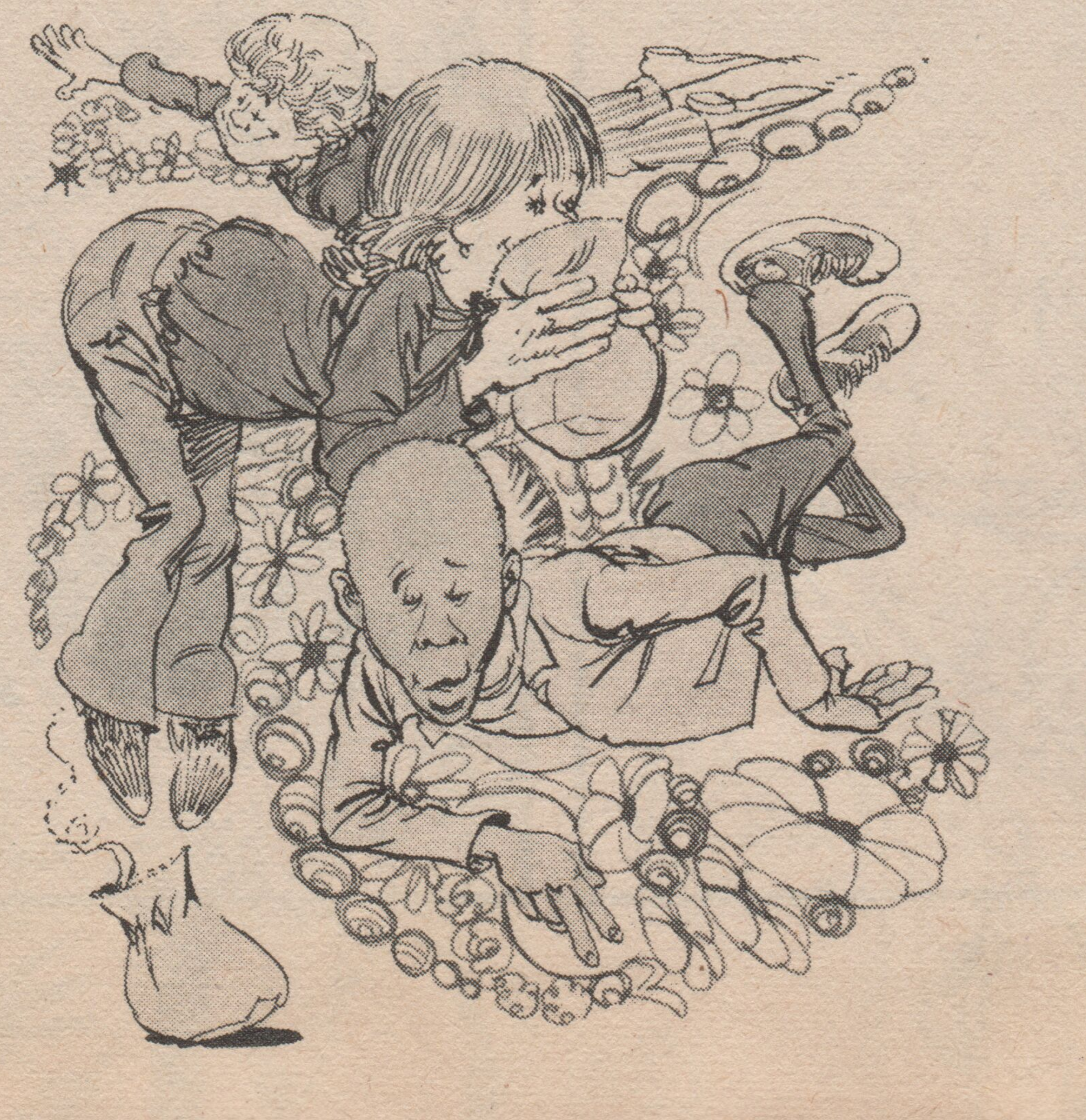


TRIPS'LL HURT YOU *(to the tune of "Skip To My Lou")*

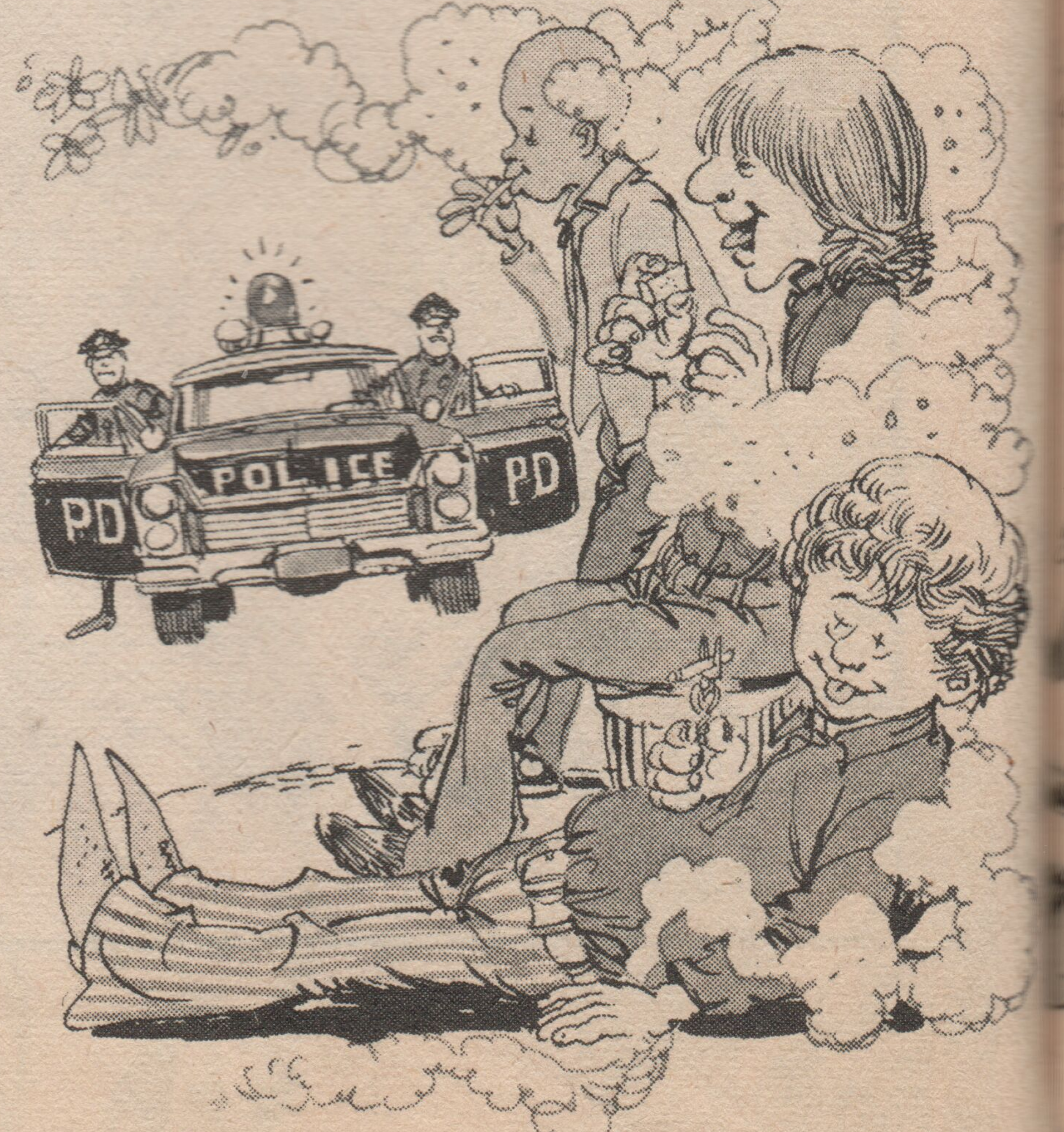
You want kicks, so what do you do?
You go sniff some airplane glue,
You take off like a DC-2!
Trips'll hurt you, my darling.



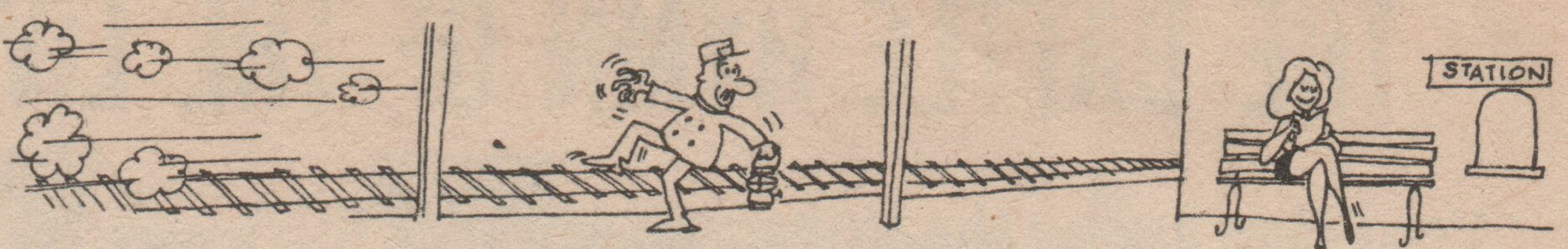
Trips, trips, trips'll hurt you,
Trips, trips, trips'll hurt you,
Trips, trips, trips'll hurt you,
Trips'll hurt you my darling.



You get tired of sniffing glue,
You take pot and acid too,
Soon the fuzz come after you!
Trips'll hurt you, my darling.



H-bombs, plastic bags, air pollution. Well, as we all know, over the past five years life has gotten even rougher. And so we now present:

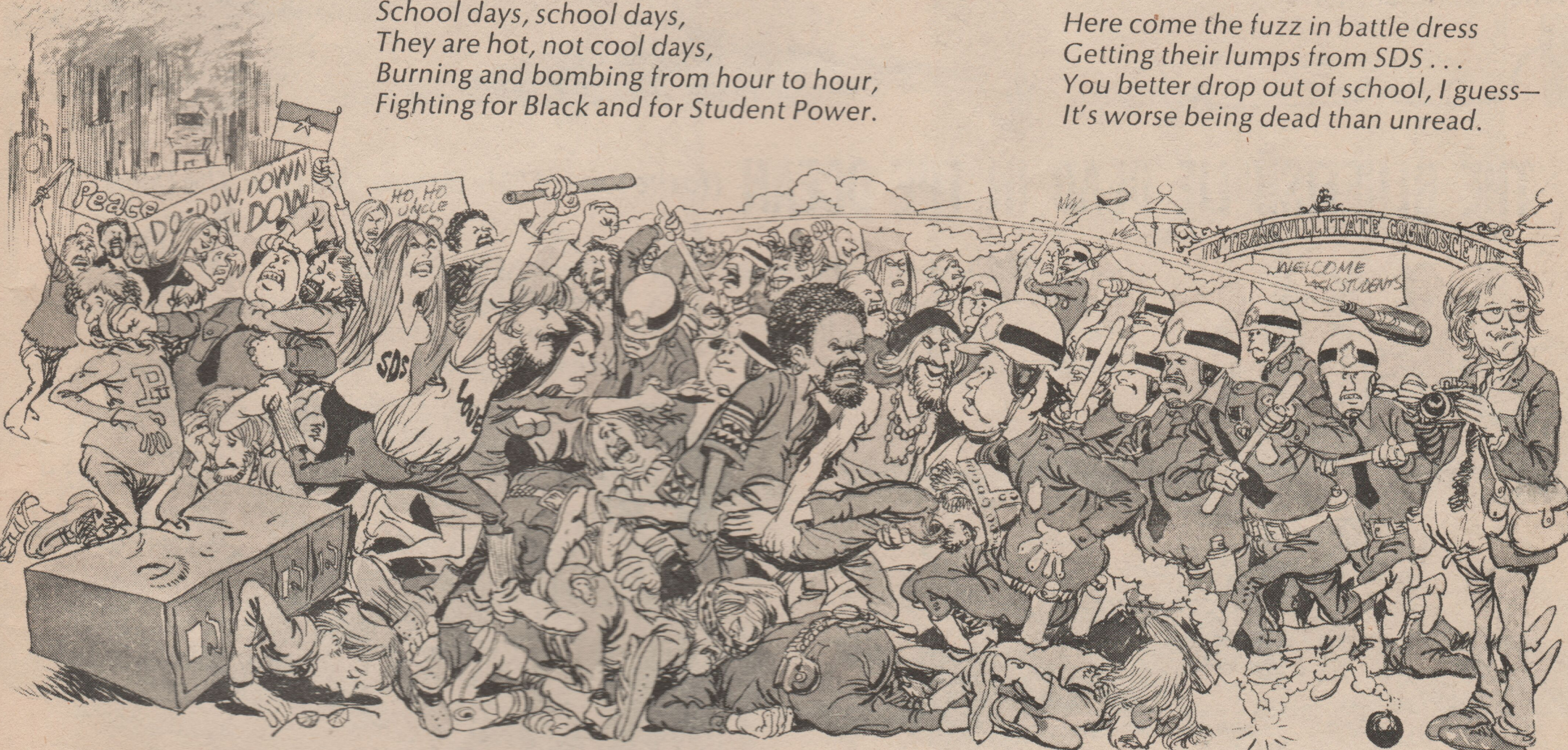


SONGS for CHILDREN

SCHOOL DAYS *(to the tune of "Guess What Song!")*

School days, school days,
They are hot, not cool days,
Burning and bombing from hour to hour,
Fighting for Black and for Student Power.

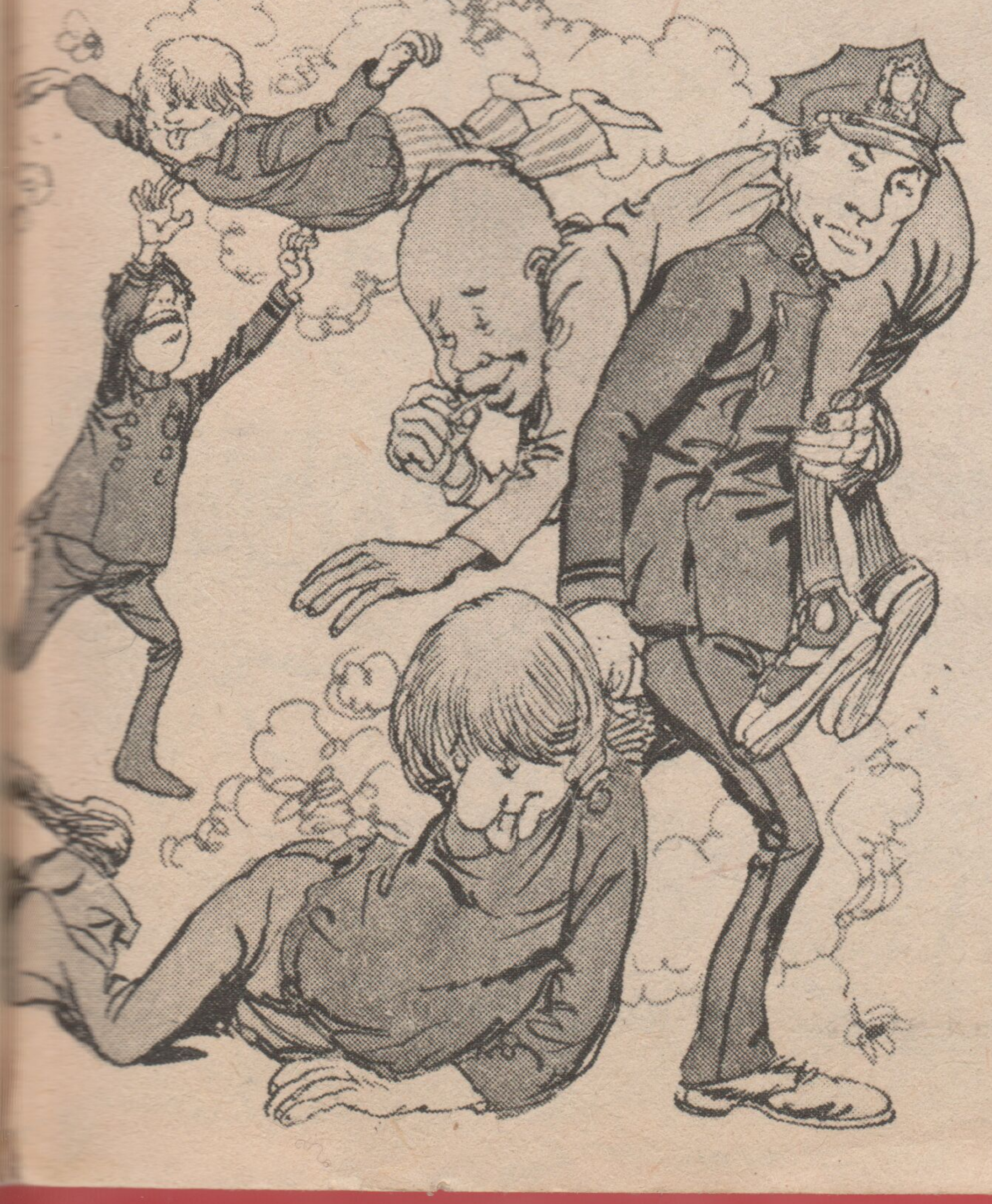
Here come the fuzz in battle dress
Getting their lumps from SDS . . .
You better drop out of school, I guess—
It's worse being dead than unread.


Peace
DO-DOW, DOWN
TH DOWN
HO, HO UNCLE
SDS
LOVE
IN TRANQVILLITATE COGNOSCETIS
WELCOME STUDENTS

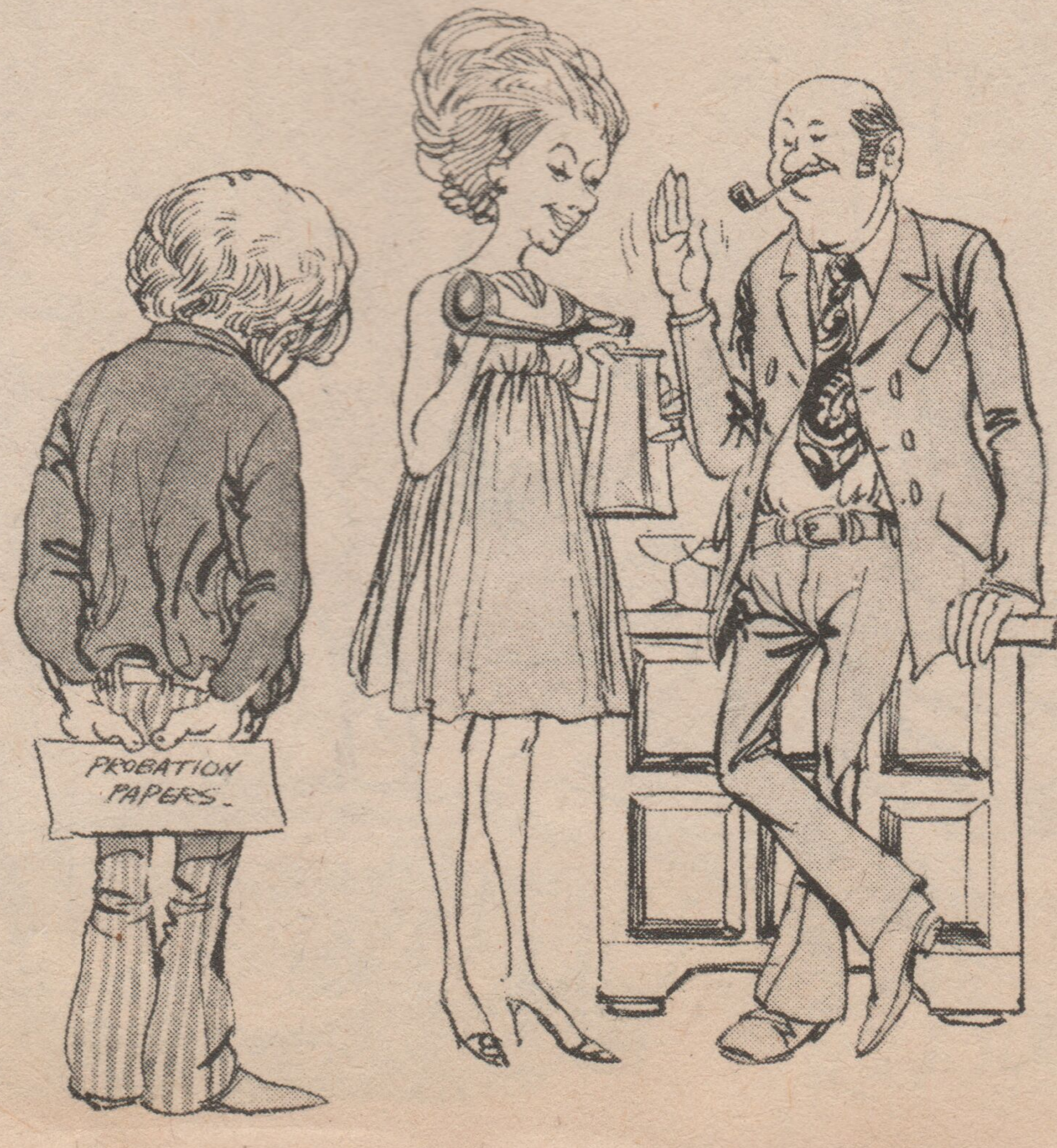
ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

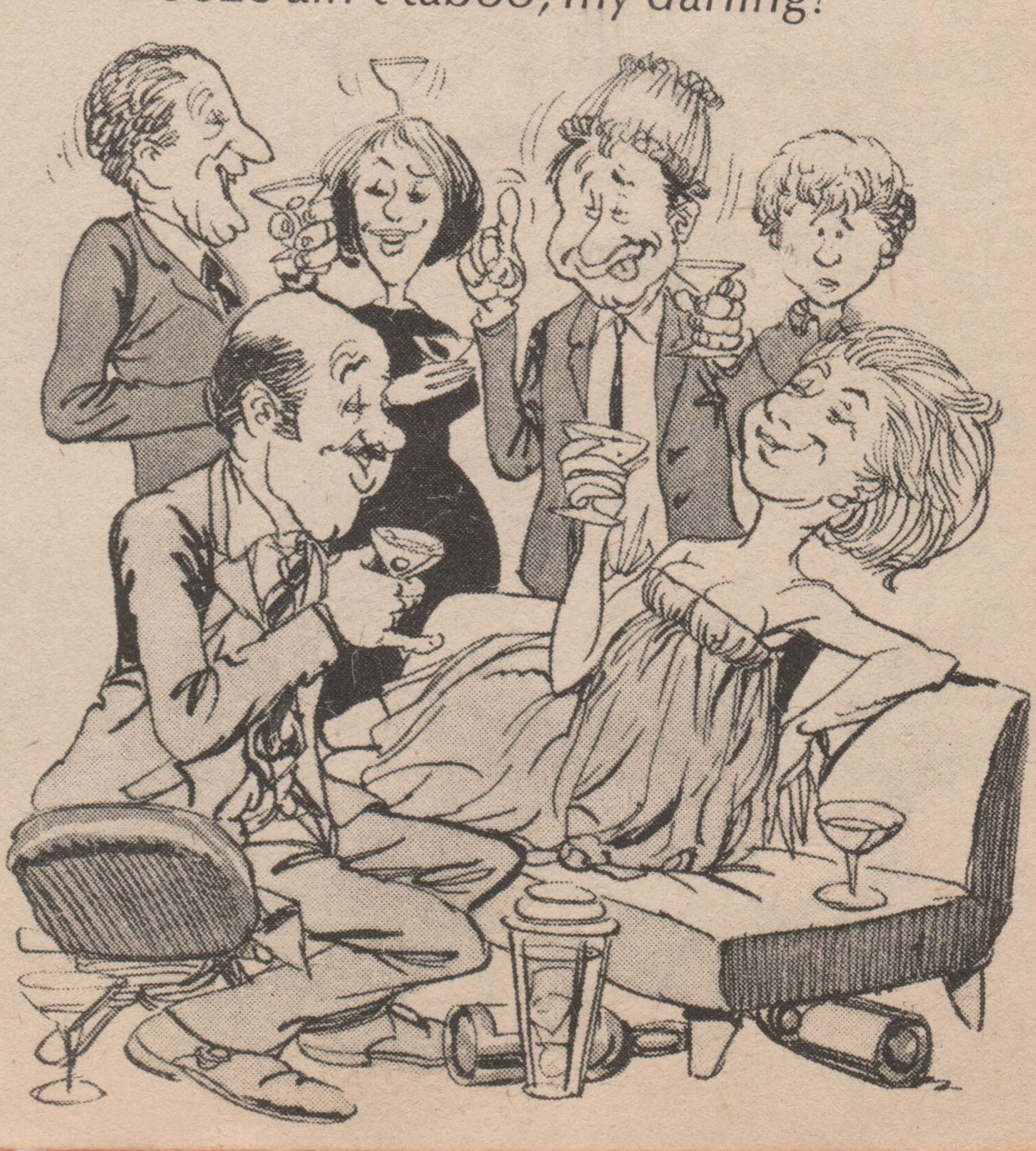
Trips, trips, trips'll hurt you,
Trips, trips, trips'll hurt you,
Trips, trips, trips'll hurt you,
Trips'll hurt you, my darling.



Why not do what your parents do?
Their example's set for you:
They drink scotch and bourbon too,
And Schlitz's brew, my darling!


PROBATION PAPERS

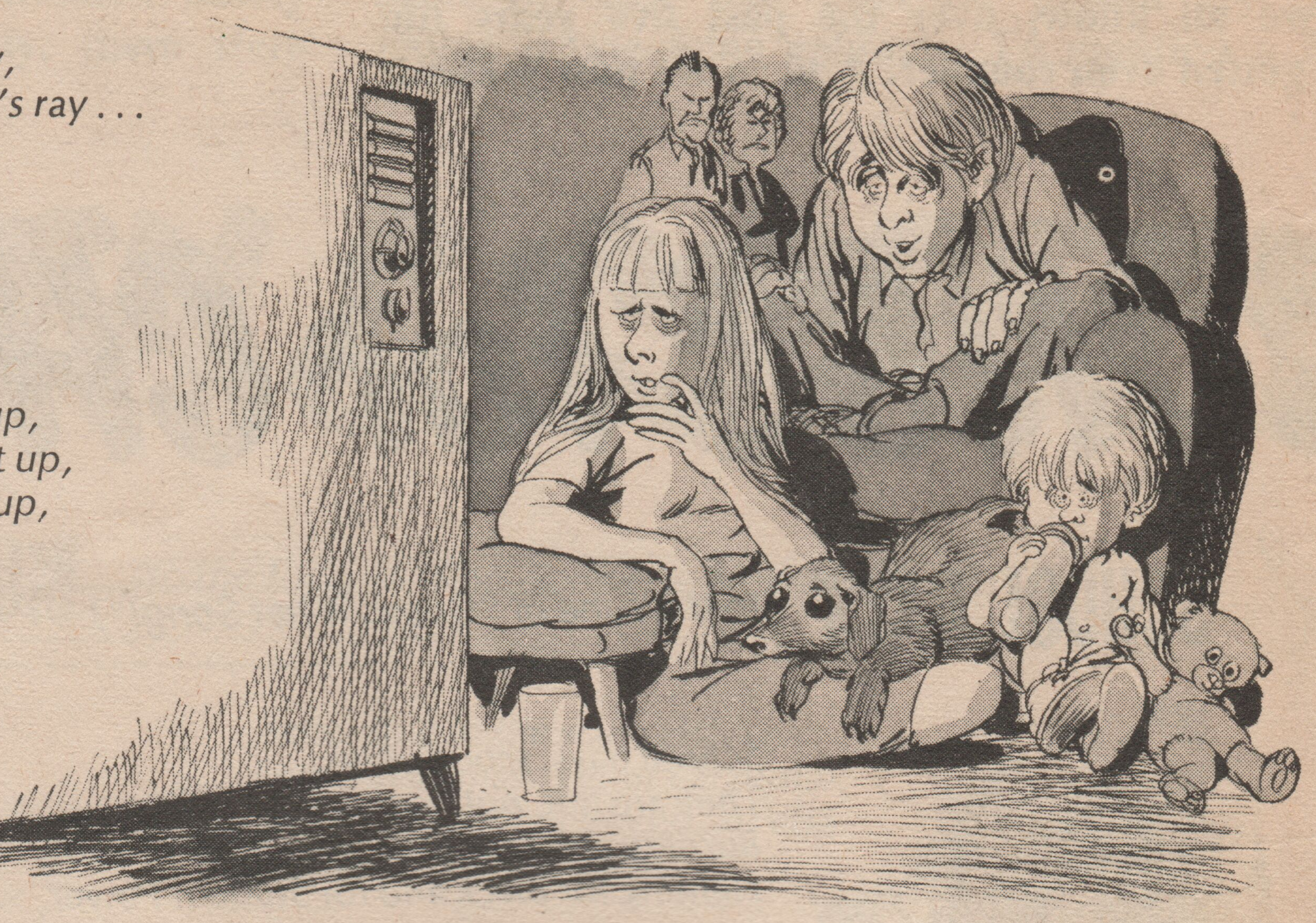
Booze, booze, can it hurt you?
There's no "warning" sign in view!
V.I.P.'s all belt a few!
Booze ain't taboo, my darling!



THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE LIVING ROOM *(to the tune of "The Battle Hymn Of The Republic")*

Your eyes are on the story on your color RCA,
You are seated in a chair, alas, that's just five feet away,
Which means your eyes are both exposed to radiation's ray . . .
Your corneas are gone.
Glory, glory, glor'ious color
Glory, glory, glor'ious color
The color's starting to get duller,
Your corneas are gone.

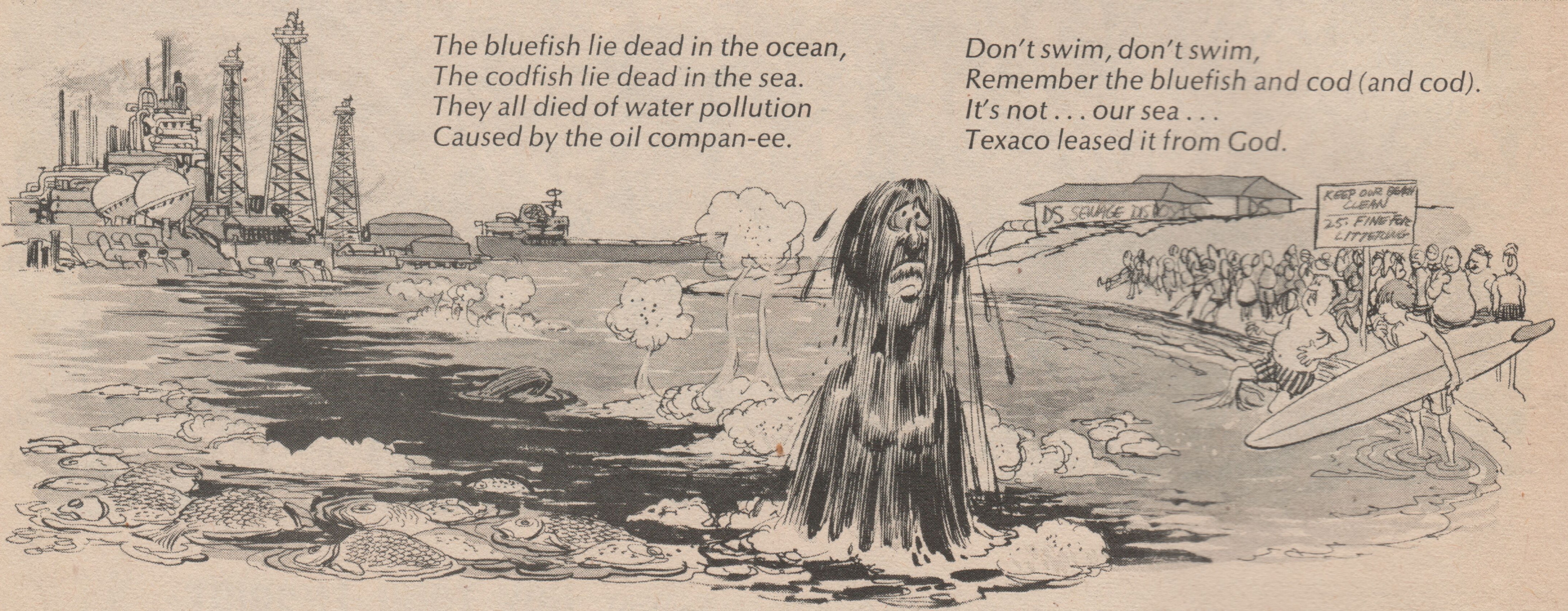
You started watching Disney without taking time to sup,
And then you switched to Lassie, but you had to give it up,
Who needs a dog on TV; what you need's a dog and cup,
Your retinas are gone.
Glory, glory, how they fool ya,
Radiation's quite peculiar,
It's hard to keep your eyes on "Julia,"
When retinas are gone.



THE BLUEFISH LIE DEAD IN THE OCEAN *(to the tune of "My Bonnie Lies Over The Ocean")*

The bluefish lie dead in the ocean,
The codfish lie dead in the sea.
They all died of water pollution
Caused by the oil compan-ee.

Don't swim, don't swim,
Remember the bluefish and cod (and cod).
It's not . . . our sea . . .
Texaco leased it from God.



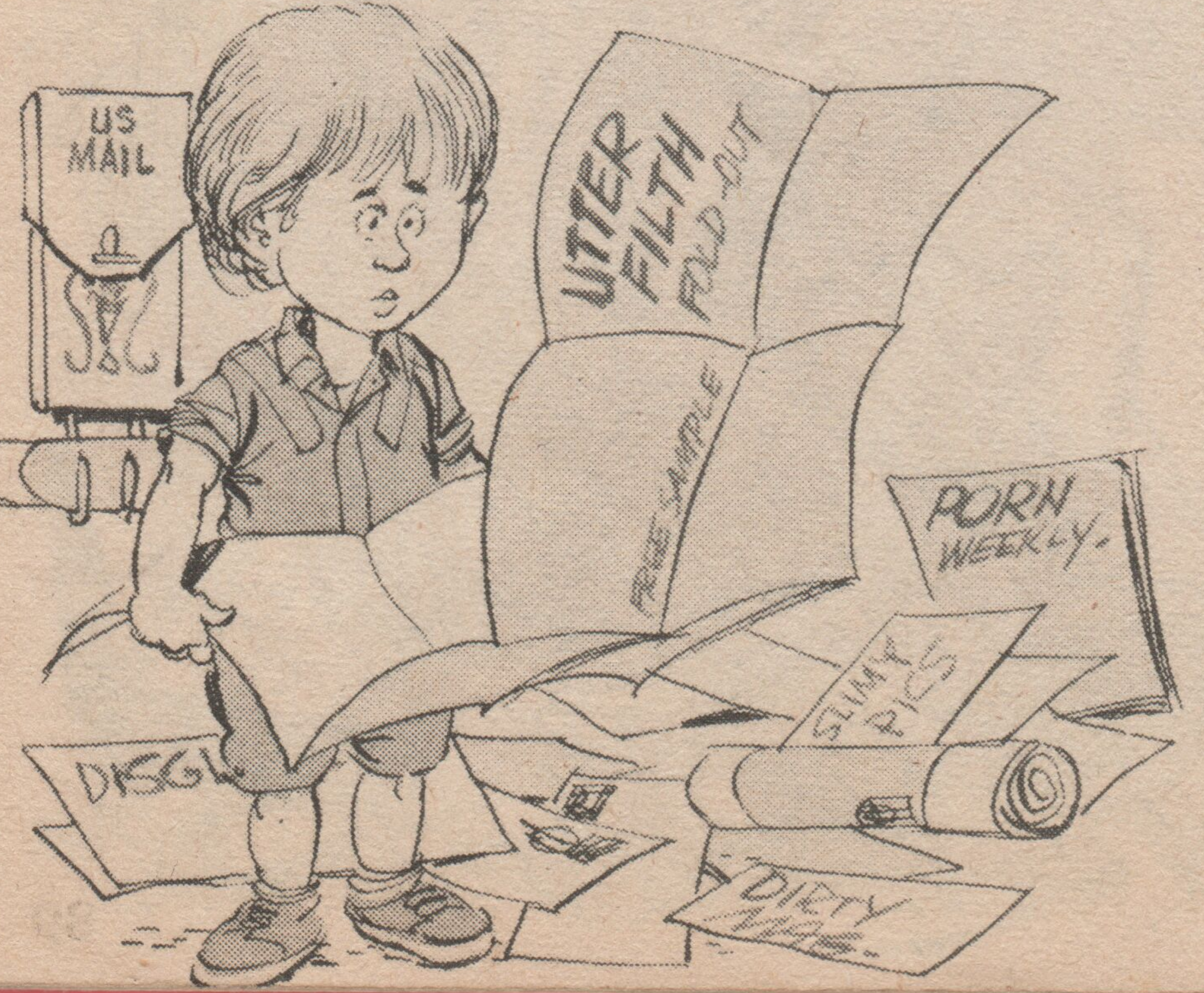
YOU'VE BEEN GETTING QUITE A MAIL-LOAD *(to the tune of "I've Been Working On The Railroad"*

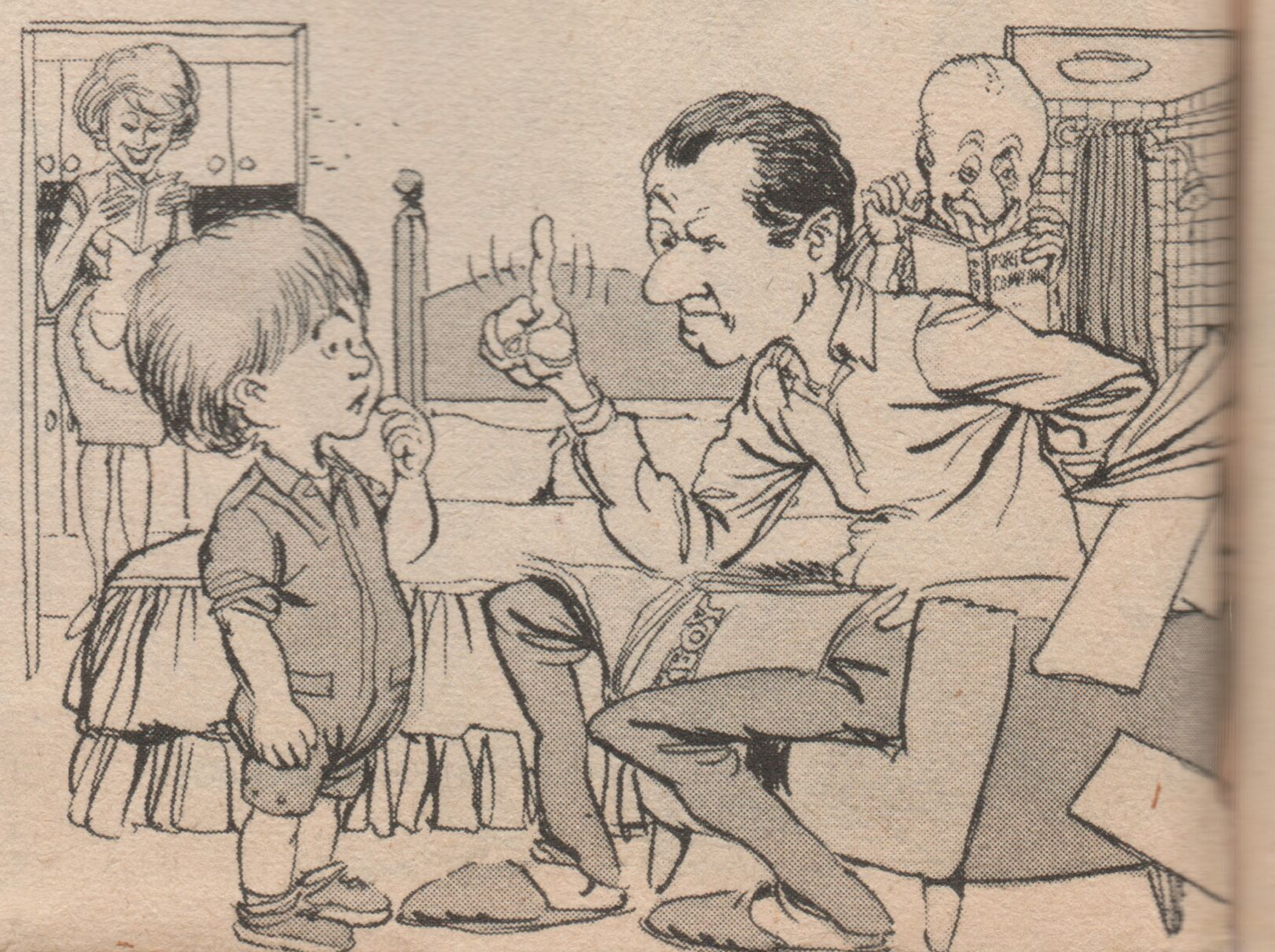
You've been getting quite a mail-load;
Stuff that's pretty raw!
You've been getting quite a mail-load;
Like you've never seen before!
Catalogues and advertisements;
Loathsome and sick as they can be;
Of-fering to fill your eyes with
Crass pornography!

Tell your fam-i-ly! Tell your fam-i-ly!
They will know just what to do-oo-oo!
Save morality, tell your family,
They'll protect your mind for you!

Mommy's in the kitchen with Rob-bins,
Daddy's in the bedroom with Play-ay-ay-bo
Grandpa's in the bathroom since Tuesday . .
Reading all about Port-noy!

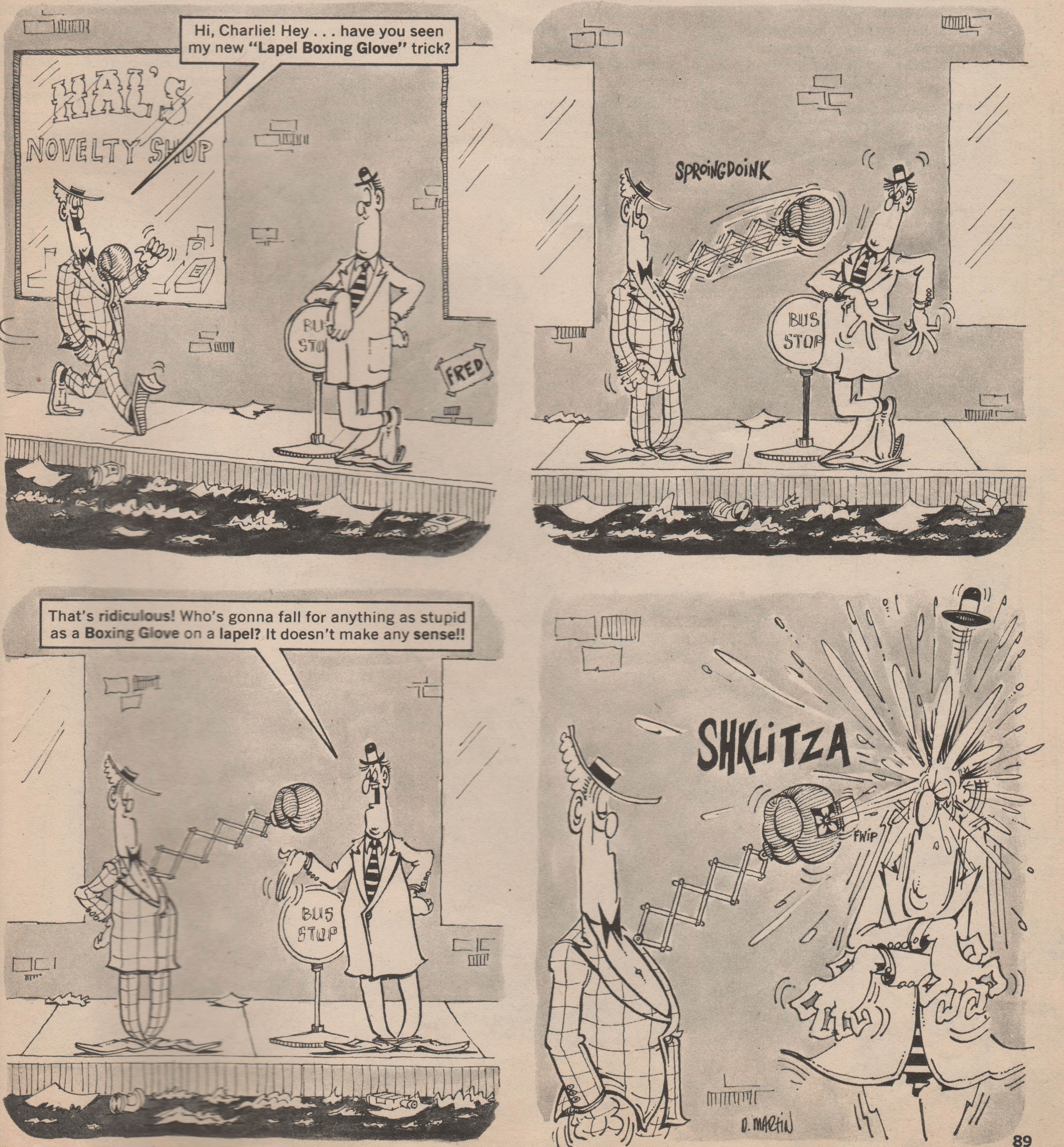
Fee-fi-fiddily-i-ooh,
They will know just what to do-oo-oo!
They'll pro-tect your mind for you . . .
Just as soon as they are through!





DON MARTIN DEPT. PART V

Once Again In Front Of A Novelty Shop

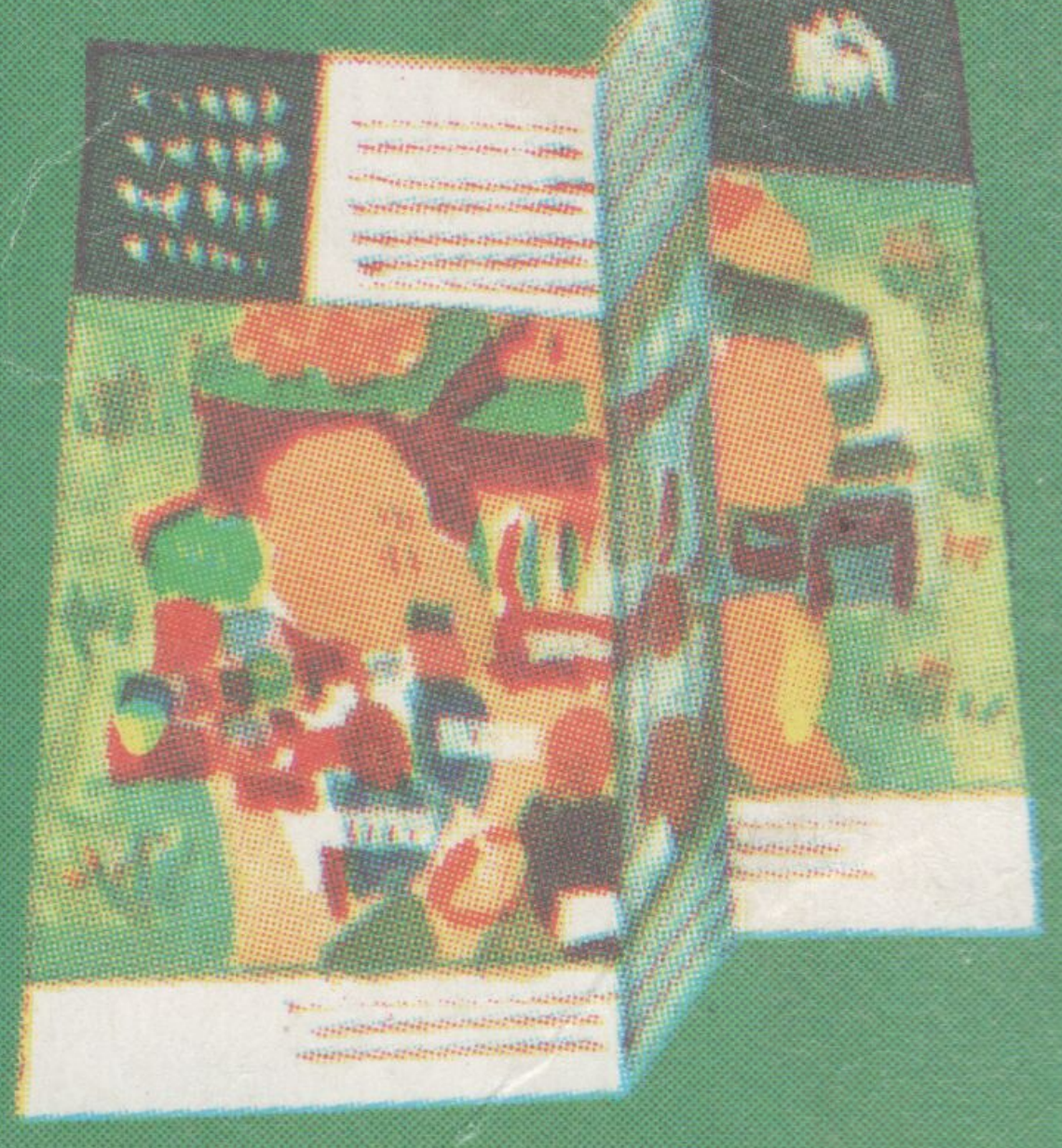

Hi, Charlie! Hey . . . have you seen my new **"Lapel Boxing Glove"** trick?
HAL'S
NOVELTY SHOP
BUS STOP
FRED
SPROINGDOINK
BUS STOP
That's **ridiculous!** Who's gonna fall for anything as stupid as a **Boxing Glove** on a **lapel?** It doesn't make any **sense!!**
BUS STOP
SHKLITZA
FWIP
D. MARTIN

WHAT FORM OF INFLATION ARE MOST AMERICANS CONSTANTLY FIGHTING?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER REVOLTING

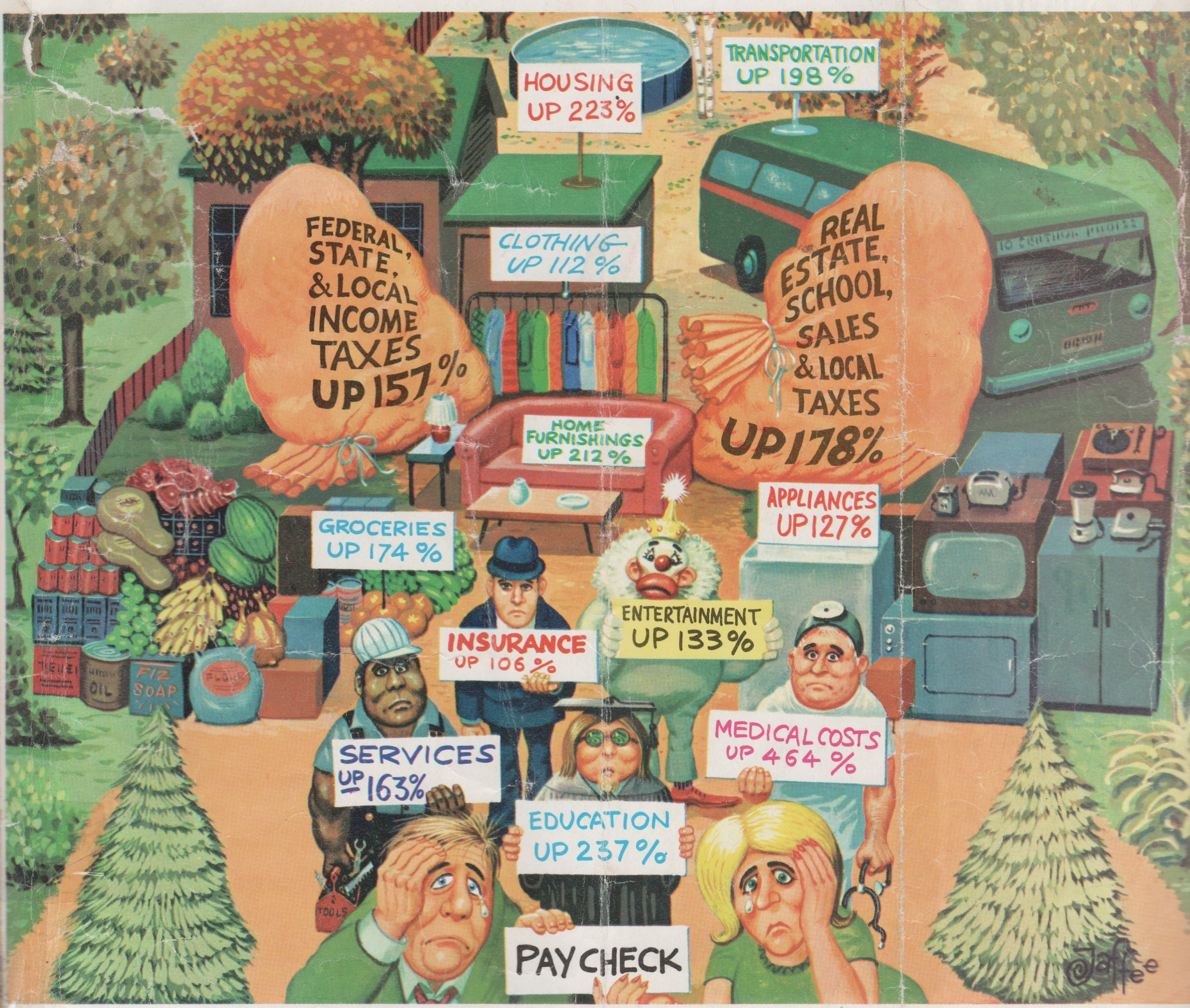
MAD FOLD-IN

The dangers of inflation are apparent to us all. But there is one insidious form of inflation that is far more dangerous than the rest, and has occupied the minds of millions of Americans for years. Fold in page as shown to find out what it is!



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▶ FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT ◀B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"


HOUSING UP 223%
TRANSPORTATION UP 198%
FEDERAL, STATE, & LOCAL INCOME TAXES UP 157%
CLOTHING UP 112%
REAL ESTATE, SCHOOL, SALES & LOCAL TAXES UP 178%
HOME FURNISHINGS UP 212%
APPLIANCES UP 127%
GROCERIES UP 174%
ENTERTAINMENT UP 133%
INSURANCE UP 106%
OIL
FIZ SOAP
FLOUR
SERVICES UP 163%
MEDICAL COSTS UP 464%
EDUCATION UP 237%
TOOLS
PAYCHECK
Jaffee

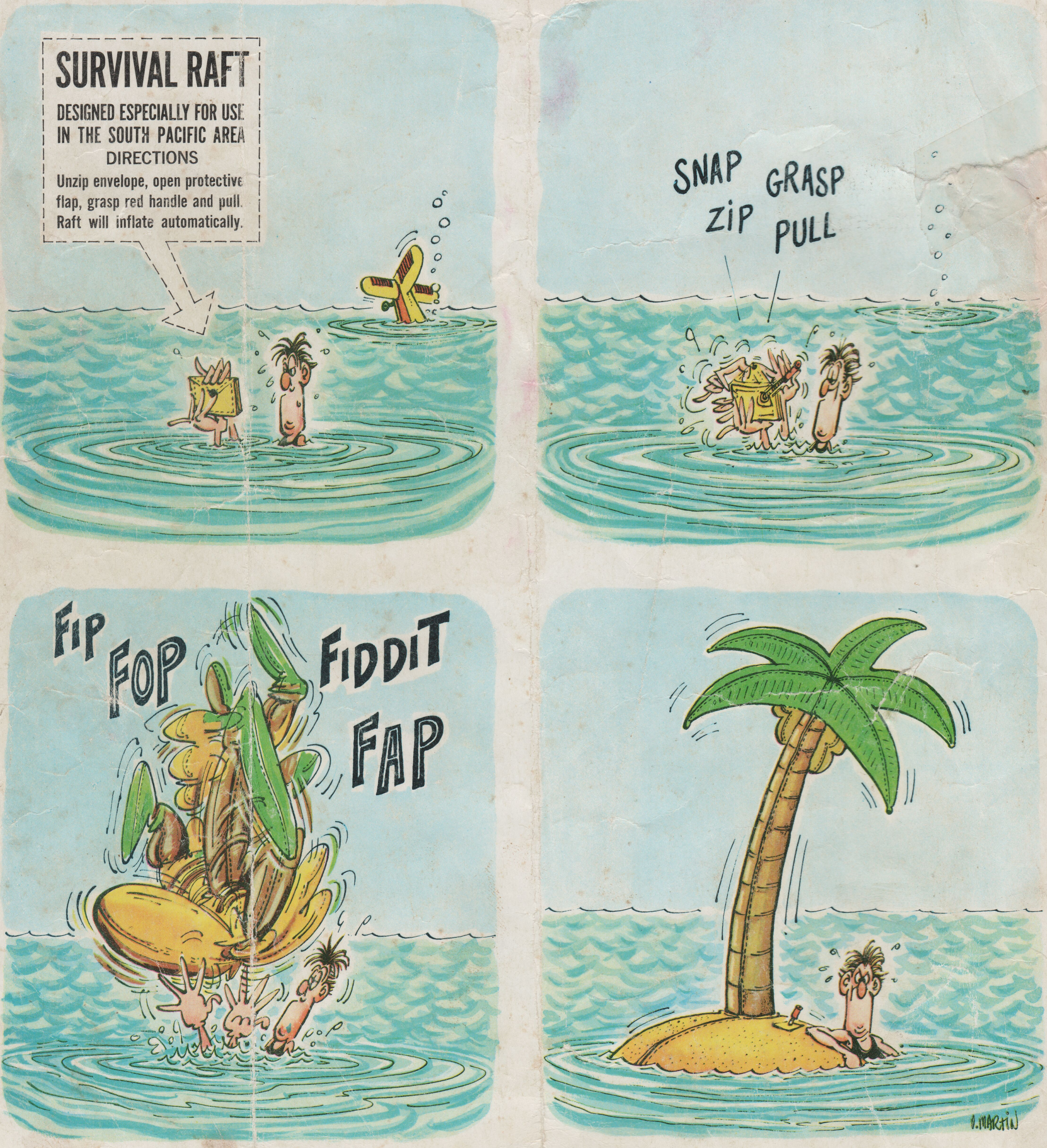
ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

GENERALLY, ALL THE ATTEMPTS AT COMBATTING INFLATION IN THIS ONE AREA HAVE FAILED TO PUT AN EFFECTIVE STOP TO IT

A▶ ◀B

DITCHED IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC

WRITER & ARTIST: DON MARTIN


SURVIVAL RAFT
DESIGNED ESPECIALLY FOR USE IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC AREA
DIRECTIONS
Unzip envelope, open protective flap, grasp red handle and pull. Raft will inflate automatically.
SNAP
GRASP
ZIP
PULL
FIP
FOP
FIDDIT
FAP
D. MARTIN